ARRIAGE PROSPECTS OF KING EDWARD VIII

Liberty

SEPT. 5,
1936

5¢

EDGAR FRANKLIN WITTMACK 36

Why
IN HARDING
Wants Her
Child to Be
"A LADY"

BEHIND THE
LACK LEGION—WHAT?
A STARTLING REVELATION

Also Stories and Articles by
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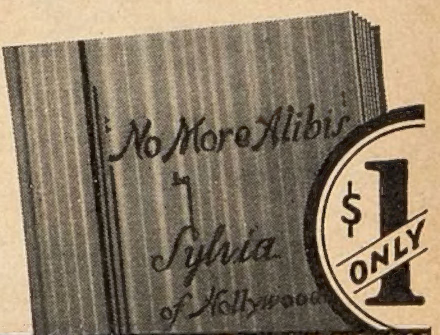

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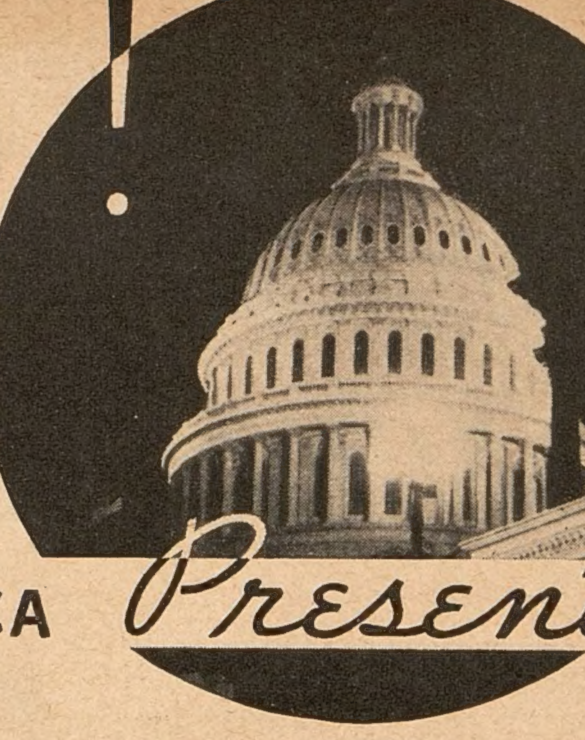

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SEPTEMBER 5, 1936

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WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

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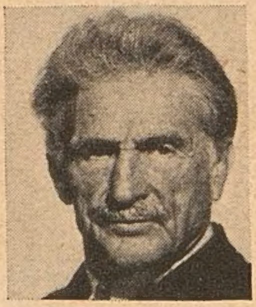
The Property Class—Who Are They?



BERNARR MACFADDEN

EVERY home owner belongs to the property class, regardless of the value of his equity.

But the property class also includes indirectly every worker. The ownership of property is necessary to pay wages. In some factories, for example, an average investment of from five to ten thousand dollars is required for every job.

The attack on business so well popularized by the present administration at Washington unquestionably prolonged the depression, perpetuated the dole, and added millions to the unemployed.

Naturally those out of jobs and those who are working on dole wages are dissatisfied. They are inclined to agree that employers are unfair; that they are taking an undue share of the earnings; that they ought to make more jobs for the unemployed, regardless of business requirements.

And when it is stated that a man is worth many millions, the idea prevails among many workers that the entire amount of his wealth is available—lying idle in banks.

But many so-called millionaires often find it difficult to secure the cash necessary to defray the expenses of themselves and their dependents. All their money is frequently invested in stocks, bonds, real estate. We often hear of people who are "land poor." They may own thousands of acres of land, and in some emergency the entire property has to be sacrificed to pay taxes.

Some of my critics maintain that I am for the property class. I certainly favor the principle of government that protects the home owner. And as long as the principle of property ownership is maintained we cannot make exceptions. We have to protect both large and small owners.

We often hear complaints by Communists against the control of property by a small percentage of the people. But identically the same situation exists in Russia—with this difference: in this country the property class and the owners of great businesses have learned through long years of experience how to conduct their affairs.

Experience has taught them how to manage them profitably. And, with but few exceptions, American employers are more liberal to their workers than those in any other country in the world, Russia included. The Russian Communists, however, have possessed themselves of the riches of their country by force, and have not had the experience necessary to manage business intelligently and economically.

It has been stated that there are one or two million members of the Communist Party in Russia and that they own, or at least control, all the property.

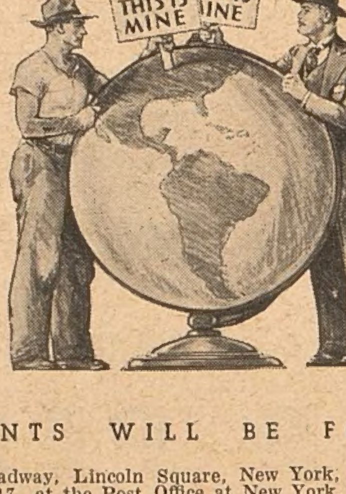
There may be a million or more of our citizens who own and control our great enterprises. But they earned them through individual efforts. They did not acquire them through violent political upheaval.

I do not favor governmental interference with business, because it usually leads to disaster. When workers imagine that by taking over business enterprises they will be treated with more consideration, financially and otherwise, they are grossly deceiving themselves. An incompetent, inexperienced management can never be fair to workers. They are minus the knowledge necessary to manage a business, to insure the profit required to pay good wages. It is only men who have had long experience in managing a business who are able properly to conduct the affairs of an enterprise and keep it out of the bankruptcy court.

Furthermore, inefficiency backed by government means huge losses that must ultimately be paid by the taxpayers.

And who are the taxpayers? Everybody who buys anything. Regardless of what we buy, it is heavily weighted with hidden taxes—shoes, clothing, groceries, vegetables—everything.

We want a continuance of the fundamental principles back of our business organizations that have made us the richest nation of the world and have given our workers a higher standard of living than any other country. If we tear down these principles and adopt European standards—as in Russia, Italy, and Germany—we must expect to lower our living standard to their level.



Bernarr Macfadden

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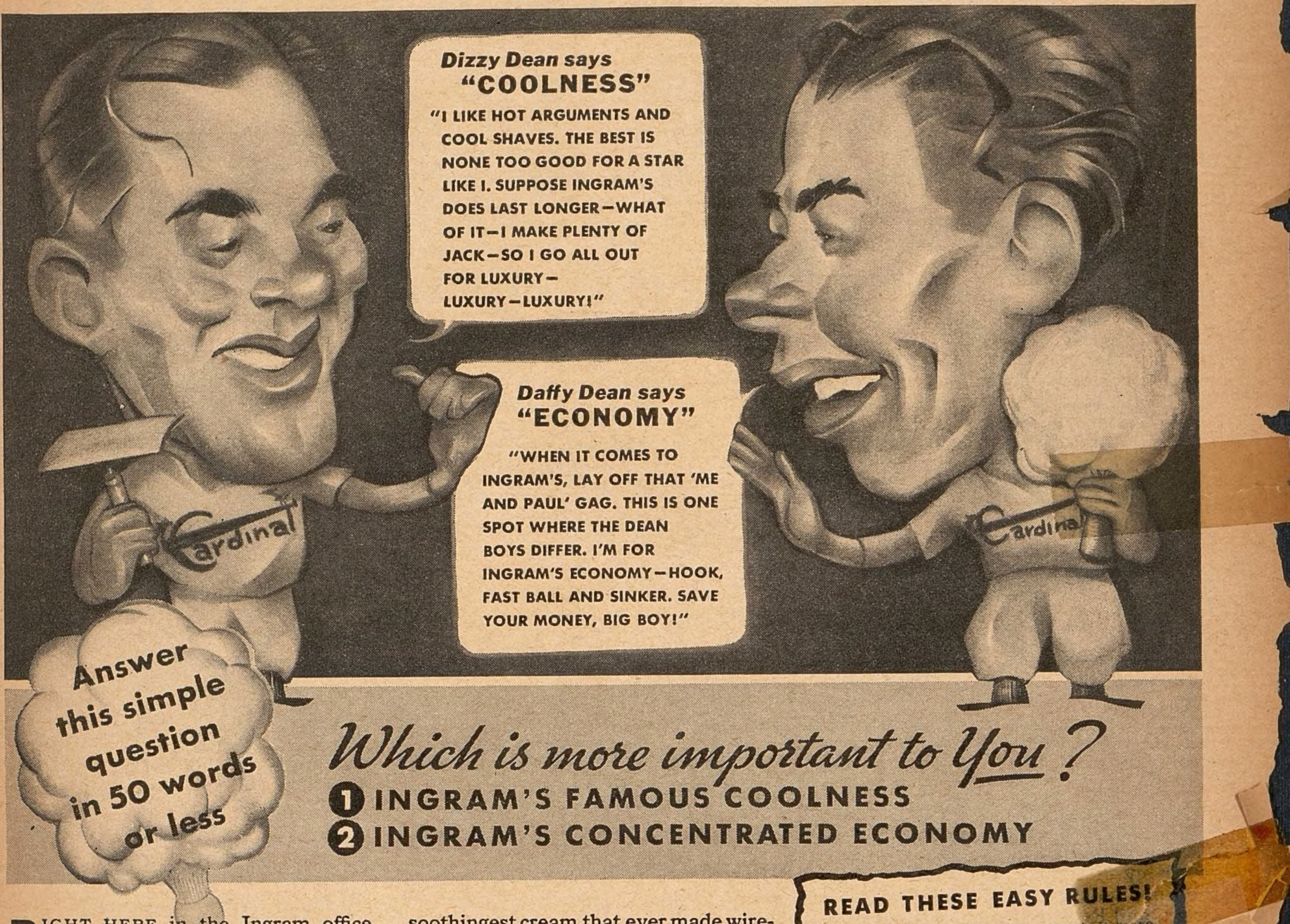
DIZZY & DAFFY talk INGRAM'S Shaving Contest and its $2,500 FIRST PRIZE

ALSO 10 PRIZES OF $100 EACH AND 2,000 RUBBERSET SHAVING BRUSHES—2011 PRIZES IN ALL


Dizzy Dean says
"COOLNESS"
"I LIKE HOT ARGUMENTS AND COOL SHAVES. THE BEST IS NONE TOO GOOD FOR A STAR LIKE I. SUPPOSE INGRAM'S DOES LAST LONGER—WHAT OF IT—I MAKE PLENTY OF JACK—SO I GO ALL OUT FOR LUXURY—LUXURY—LUXURY!"
Daffy Dean says
"ECONOMY"
"WHEN IT COMES TO INGRAM'S, LAY OFF THAT 'ME AND PAUL' GAG. THIS IS ONE SPOT WHERE THE DEAN BOYS DIFFER. I'M FOR INGRAM'S ECONOMY—HOOK, FAST BALL AND SINKER. SAVE YOUR MONEY, BIG BOY!"
Cardinal
Cardinal
Answer this simple question in 50 words or less

Which is more important to You?

❶ INGRAM'S FAMOUS COOLNESS
❷ INGRAM'S CONCENTRATED ECONOMY

RIGHT HERE in the Ingram office another controversy started that turned into a *contest*—a contest with a first prize of $2,500—ten prizes of $100 each and 2,000 genuine Rubberset shaving brushes worth $2.00 each.

"What do men like best about Ingram's?" What wins them and *holds* them to this fast-selling cream—its *famous* "Coolness" or the *downright, rock-bottom* "Economy" of its concentrated form? And now we want this big question settled—and we're paying heavy money for the winning answers.

Try Ingram's today! You can win dollars—thousands of them! You can win a lifetime of comfortable shaves. For Ingram's is the Arctic and Antarctic of shaving creams—the chilliest, soothingest cream that ever made wire-whiskers say "Uncle." It's a triple-play formula that gives you cream, lotion and face tonic in every cool brushful.

Before you vote "Coolness"—test its "Economy." A little Ingram's goes a longer way because it's concentrated—with a laboratory finding over other creams of 15% to 20% more lather and cool shaves from the same amount of cream.

TRY INGRAM'S AND THEN TELL US

But try Ingram's and give us your verdict. Your face can't lose. Read the rules in the box to the right. Then send us your entry. Remember, there are 3,500 Ingram cash dollars and 2,000 Rubberset brushes for winning answers.

READ THESE EASY RULES!

1. Decide which quality of Ingram's is more important to you, its coolness or its economy, and state why *in 50 words or less.*

2. Mail your entry to Ingram's Shaving Cream, Post Office Box No. 505, Elizabeth, N. J. *All entries must be postmarked before midnight, December 1, 1936, to be considered.* Send in as many entries as you wish, but each must be on a separate sheet of paper (a) bearing your name and address, (b) the name and address of your regular druggist, and (c) accompanied by the top of the carton from a 35¢ size jar or tube of Ingram's Shaving Cream.

3. To insure absolute fairness, we have engaged Liberty Magazine to be the judges of the contest. Their decision will be final. Names of winners will be announced in Liberty as early as possible in 1937.

4. All entries will be judged on the basis of originality, sincerity and applicability to advertising. No extra consideration will be given to decorated or fancy entries. Literary skill or "clever" writing will not count.

5. Anyone may enter the contest except employees of Bristol-Myers Co. (makers of Ingram's), their advertising agents, Liberty Magazine, or their families. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

6. Contestants agree that entries become the property of Bristol-Myers Co. and may be used by them, in whole or in part, for advertising or other purposes. Entries cannot be returned, nor can Bristol-Myers Co. or the judges engage in correspondence about the contest.

LITTLE INGRAM'S GOES A LONGER WAY BECAUSE—*it's Concentrated*

Marriage Prospects of KING EDWARD VIII

A Penetrating Look at the Life of a Very Modern Young Monarch...Will a New Queen of England Share His Coronation Next Year?

by FREDERICK LEWIS

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

LAST winter, in a bedroom at Sandringham, occurred a scene which could have been enacted only in England and by English folk. A beloved father lay dying. Around the bed stood his devoted wife, three of his four sons, his daughter. Over the dear face on the pillow leaned the old family doctor.

Presently the doctor rose. "Your Majesty," he said, addressing the oldest son, "your father is dead."

There followed a moment of unspoken grief. Then everybody in that room became suddenly aware that in that instant one of their number had become King of England.

The widowed Queen, forcing back her tears, turned to her firstborn son and raised his right hand to her lips, not as a mother but as a subject. Followed his two brothers, bowing and kissing his hand; his sister, first curtsying, then impetuously embracing him.

David Windsor had automatically become acknowledged ruler over nearly a fourth of the world's inhabitants scattered over a fifth of the earth's surface. But British tradition wasn't willing to let it go at that.

A week later, in London, precisely at ten A. M., Earl Marshal Bernard Marmaduke Fitzalan-Howard, Duke of Norfolk, resplendent in the gold braid of his high office, stepped out on the grim old balcony of St. James's Palace. With him stepped the Garter King-of-Arms, the Norroy King-of-Arms, and the Clarenceux King-of-Arms; the four pursuivants (Blue Mantle, Portcullis, Rouge Croix, and Rouge Dragon); the Herald of York, the Herald of Windsor, the Herald of Richmond, the Herald of Chester, the Herald of Somerset, and the Herald of Lancaster.

Two mace bearers advanced. Two heralds raised silver trumpets to their lips. Two cannon in St. James's Park began a salute of forty-one guns. And the Garter Principal King-of-Arms, Sir Gerald Woods Wollaston, unrolled a great parchment scroll and, addressing the loyal citizens gathered on the paving below, spoke as follows:

"We therefore, the Lords spiritual and temporal of this realm, being here assisted with these of His late Majesty's Privy Council, with numbers of other principal gentlemen of quality, with the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and citizens of London, do now hereby, with one voice and consent of tongue and heart, publish and proclaim that the high and mighty Prince Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David is now, by the death of our late Sovereign of happy memory, become our only lawful, rightful Liege Lord, Edward VIII, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India."

And now, after all that, they're going to crown him!

They will take him next May-day morning—May 12 to be exact—and they'll dress him up in white silk knee breeches, white silk stockings, buckled shoes, and long rmine-trimmed crimson cloak, and they'll ride him in rgeous panoply down the broad avenue from Buckingham Palace to Westminster Abbey, and they'll set him on that dowdy old chair which was the throne of Edward I and which still contains the Stone of Scone or the Stone of Destiny, and they'll crown him.

Yes, they will. Nothing can stop them. For Englishmen like things that way—things as they have always been.

Their new King doesn't care for display. But he knows his people. Typical of his thoughtfulness is the moving forward of the date of the ceremony from May 27, chosen by the court dignitaries, to May 12, because, as he explained, the leaves would not be so far out and the view of the procession would be better from the housetops.

Once at the abbey—which will be packed with notables—the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Archbishop of York will take turns anointing the King with oil on the forehead, on the breast, and on the palms of the hands. Then, as the entire congregation will drop to its knees, the Canterbury prelate will lift up St. Edward's crown and place it on the new King's brow. And he will say, as Archbishops of Canterbury have been saying on such occasions for centuries:

"God crown you!"

This is only the first crowning. The crown of Edward the Confessor is not the imperial state crown, at which visitors to the Tower of London gape. In fact, the real crown of Edward the Confessor doesn't exist any more, because Oliver Cromwell had it smashed up. The one used nowadays is a copy.

But the imperial state crown, with which Edward will presently crown himself, is the genuine article. It contains a ruby as big as a small peach that came from the crown of Edward the Black Prince, the huge pearl eardrops Queen Elizabeth used to wear, the sapphire Edward the Confessor used as a coronation ring, the famous Stuart sapphire from the crown of Charles II, the three-hundred-carat Star of Africa diamond which speaks for itself, and, surmounting all, the famous Maltese cross.

This is the little bauble which Edward VIII will place upon his own head as he prepares to receive the homage of his subjects.

Throughout the ceremony the entire royal family will have been kneeling in front of the throne. Now, one by one, in the order of succession, they will rise and make their oath of allegiance.

Next, court functionaries will invest the monarch with the insignia of orders of nobility.

Staggering under the burden of crown and medals, and to the reverberating fanfare of trumpets, His Majesty will make his way through the crowded abbey, enter again the carriage of state, ride in triumph past huzzaing thousands back to Buckingham Palace, divest himself of his folderol—and then, if I know my man, beat it for a cold tub at York House or a good thumping in his favorite Turkish bath on Jermyn Street.

His Majesty has learned how to take this sort of thin in his stride. As some wise man has said, he has listene to more dull speeches and met more bores than any other living man. That he hasn't let it get him down is due in large measure to his insistence between boredoms on leading an individual and more or less unfettered life. That he intends to continue to do so is already apparent.

The new King's private wealth will be a big factor in making this possible. He isn't dependent on the public grants. His Duchy of Cornwall now yields about $500,000 annually; his Duchy of Lancaster another $400,000. And as oldest son, he is sole heir to his late father's estate, which includes, among other tiny items, a stamp collection worth $2,000,000 and gold plate worth $10,000,000 or more.

A British king's will is not subject to publicity, so it is impossible to arrive at accurate figures as to Edward's total wealth; but it is believed that the royal fortune—his principal, I mean—is increasing at the rate of $2,000 a day.

"His range of choice is much wider now than it was as Prince of Wales."

At right: Princess Eugenie of Greece.

Below: Princess Alexandrine Louise of Denmark.

At left: Princess Irene of Greece.

Below: Princess Juliana of Holland.

Edward won't interfere with this pleasant accretion. He is no niggard. He enjoys the good things of life and is willing to pay for them; but as "Prince of Sales" he has acquired a thorough familiarity with business and a high regard for the value of money. John Stewart, the Lord Provost of Glasgow, was telling what a democratic fellow the new King was.

"Why, when we were in my rooms, he showed me how to balance a penny. Then, when I tried to emulate His Majesty and failed, he said, 'Please give me back my penny. You know I'm a Scotsman.'"

Of course King Edward isn't a Scotsman. The House of Windsor is of German origin. But the Scots always liked the slim young Prince, and are much inclined to claim him as their own.

They liked his grandfather, Edward VII, and used to call him "Good old Teddy." On the new King Edward's first visit to Scotland, the Glasgow crowds called him that too!

There was some feeling among his Scottish subjects over his taking the name of Edward VIII, because the first six English Edwards weren't Kings of Scotland at all; and therefore, they thought, he should be Edward II.

There is a good deal of talk about the new gravity and earnestness which have appeared on the young King's features. The fact is, both have been there for a long time. It wasn't for nothing that he and his father and all three of his brothers were born on Saturday. They are Saturday's children, all of them: foredoomed to carry more than their share of the world's burdens.

Above: Princess Cecile of Germany.

At right: Princess Frederica Louise of Hanover.

Above: Grand Duchess Kyra of Russia.

At left: Princess Catherine of Greece.

Edward began carrying his in 1914. Four days after war broke out he resigned from Oxford. Four days later he enrolled in the Grenadier Guards. Four days later, over the protests of Lord Kitchener and His Majesty's government, he left for France. Since then he has been the world's busiest man and the most conscientious.

His routine as King is hardly more arduous than it was as Prince, except that he must go every day to "Buck House" to sign state papers. Even so, he refuses to occupy his late father's elaborate suite, and has set up a flat-top desk in what used to be the waiting room of King George's private secretary—a room that has a door which gives directly on the lawn, and enables him to get out in the open air as soon as possible.

As King, he continues his devotion to outdoor life and sports. Horseback riding he has finally consented to give up as too dangerous, but he has substituted—flying! One of his first acts after becoming King was to fly to London in his own plane; which made him the first British sovereign to leave the ground in anything giddier than a lift—elevator to you.

Except for his imperviousness to the idea of danger, the new King takes good care of his health. He ought to. His father died of a bad cold five days after he caught it. His uncle, the Duke of Clarence—"Collars and Cuffs"—died of a bad cold seven days after he caught it.

His grandfather, King Edward VII, died of a bad cold five days after he caught it. No wonder Queen Victoria's favorite Christmas present for her "dear little Davie" was several suits of red flannel underwear!

Today his respiratory organs are swell, thank you. But he doesn't intend to neglect them. The day after he became King he donned sweat shirt and shorts and ran three miles from Fort Belvedere to Windsor Lodge. For years, now, he has slept almost every night thirty-five miles out of London at his beloved Fort Belvedere—and, in spite of his new dignities, he is continuing to do so. He used to make the night trip to Belvedere at the wheel of his Phantom Rolls. Now, as a concession to his new office, he lets himself be driven by a royal chauffeur in one of his father's old Daimlers. A Canadian Buick limousine, designed by the royal hand, is already under way.

"His American-born special dancing pal, Mrs. Ernest 'Wally' Simpson."

In the months before he became King there was some talk of a revolt among his brothers and sisters-in-law, led by Marina, the prim little Greek princess, against Davie's non-royal, non-noble, chiefly American-born dancing partners—including, of course and especially, Mrs. Ernest "Wally" Simpson of Baltimore and New York. In fact, when he became King, the most asked question in London society was: Where will Mrs. Simpson get off now?

The questioners didn't have long to wait for their answer. The official Court Circular's list of twelve guests at the new King's first formal dinner contained the names of Prime Minister and Mrs. Stanley Baldwin and Mr. *and* Mrs. Ernest Simpson. Others at the table were Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten, the latter being the famous Edwina Ashley, former flame of the then Prince of Wales and current close friend of Gloria Vanderbilt and Gloria's sister Thelma, Lady Furness; the Right Honorable Alfred Duff Cooper, Secretary of State for War, and Lady Diana Duff Cooper, who, as Lady Diana Manners of Miracle fame, is almost as well known in America as in England; Lady Cunard, the former Maud Alice "Emerald" Burke of New York; and Colonel and Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh.

The presence of the political head of His Majesty's government, Mr. Baldwin, was generally interpreted as serving notice on the world that Edward was sticking to his pals, and especially his American pals, and especially his American dancing pal, beauteous Wally Simpson.

And will he stick by his idea of not getting married?

WELL, that is another question. There has never been any principle involved in Edward's devotion to the single life. He has certainly shown no dislike for the companionship of the opposite sex; and he has shown considerable capacity for constancy. His close friendship with Mrs. Dudley Ward lasted for years. The Thelma Furness and Wally Simpson friendships so telescope one into another that they scarcely count for more than one. On the evidence, therefore, the King is not a fickle man. There is no reason why he would not be a devoted and faithful husband.

The real reason why he has never married, I have always thought, was that his family badgered him so about it. Queen Mary was the worst offender; and it was natural that she should be. But she was not the only royal matchmaker. Every member of the family took a hand. So did the aides his father assigned to him. And the girls his brothers married. And those old romantics, the ministers of His Majesty's government.

"So you're retiring because you're getting married?" he once said to Gene Tunney.

Gene allowed it was so.

"Well," laughed the Prince, "I sometimes think I'll have to retire because I'm not."

There was truth in that remark. The pressure on him was tremendous and unremitting. Small wonder that he became obstinate.

But as King he can do as he chooses. Not even his mother will dare put pressure on him now. So, the inhibitions which have kept him from marrying no longer exist. He may and probably will marry soon. There are definite indications that he is planning to do so.

Most definite, but perhaps not most significant, is the message which Edward himself sent on black-bordered parchment to the Speaker of the House of Commons:

"His Majesty desires that the contingency of his marriage be taken into account. . . . There should be provision for Her Majesty the Queen and the members of his family."

Provision was duly made: $200,000 a year for the as yet unwed wife, and $395,000 a year for her as yet unconceived oldest son. So it looks as if King Edward would just have to get married—if only to keep faith with the British taxpayer!

THERE are other indications. After his father died he immediately announced that his mother would not be designated Dowager Queen or Queen Mother, but would remain The Queen. As such, she would remain at the head of the King's household. More recently there has been definite talk in Court circles of readying this, that, or the other palace for Queen Mary's separate occupancy; and the impression is general that she is planning an early retirement to semiprivate life.

Also, immediately after the accession, it was said that the King was about to cede to his brother, the Duke of York, the rich Duchy of Cornwall to help the Duke maintain that state which befits the heir to the throne. Now, apparently, he isn't. The inference would seem to be clear that he is holding it for his own future son.

That he has any one woman in mind for Queen and for mother of the heir to the throne, I very much doubt. That he is "in love" with any such eligible woman is even more unlikely. But that he will marry *somebody* during Coronation Week, "so as to get the whole fuss over with all at once," is at least a good bet.

His range of choice is much wider now than it was as Prince of Wales. The law says the heir to the throne cannot marry outside the royal blood without the King's consent. The King, theoretically, can do as he pleases. This fact has led to the rumor that he may marry some unroyal English girl, even some unr[illegible]merican girl, "for love"; but inasmuch as there [illegible]eem to be any such maiden on the horizon, the ch[illegible]are all against Edward's taking so radical a step.

The royal eligibles, although fewer than they were twenty years ago when the problem of the Prince's marriage first rocked the world, constitute a goodly list, which includes Princess Alexandrine-Louise of Denmark, Princess Cécile (daughter of the former German Crown Prince), Princesses Irene, Catherine, and Eugenie of Greece, Princess Juliana of Holland, the former Grand Duchess Kyra of Russia, and Princess Frederica, daughter of the Duke of Brunswick and Lunenburg.

The British public seems to think that Edward will find in this list a suitable Queen for England.

Let's hope he does. He is the first bachelor King of England since George the Third—and, as every student of history knows, that particular George was no fit company for a regular fellow like Edward the Eighth!

THE END

Paddy's Lucky Half-Buck

by

EDWIN BAIRD

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

"It was Paddy's lucky half-buck." The hunchback was like a grinning gargoyle. The big man was like a sullen ox. They sat facing each other across the table. A kerosene lamp flickered between them. The big man was counting money.

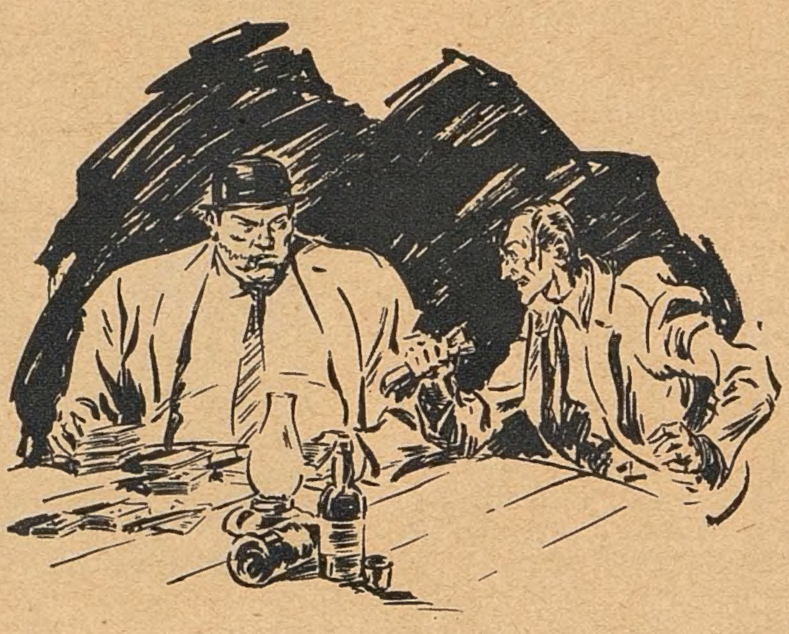
"It was Paddy's lucky half-buck," the hunchback continued, "that got you the breaks."

The big man went on counting. He had a great deal of money, largely in five- and ten-dollar bills, and he was arranging it in hundred-dollar stacks and penciling the amounts on a scrap of paper. His thick head sat solidly on beefy shoulders. A purplish scar zigzagged from ear to chin, giving him a saturnine leer. He nursed a fetid cigar stump with flabby lips.

"You been gettin' the breaks," the hunchback grinned, "ever since you got Paddy's lucky half-buck."

The big man finished counting his money and added the figures on his scrap of paper.

"Oky doke," he muttered around his cigar stump. "Twenty-five grand. I'll cut you in for a coupla Cs, Gimpy." He pushed two of the green stacks across the table. "Jake?"



"Just as you say, Turk." The hunchback hooked his misshapen fingers around the two hundred dollars. "I recall the night Paddy give it to you," he said, still grinning toothily. "The night he croaked in Frisco. Remember, Turk?"

The big man lifted an empty suitcase from the floor and opened it on the table. He did not speak.

"And I remember," grinned the hunchback, "what Paddy says to you that night. 'Always carry this,' he says, 'and you'll get the breaks. But if you ever leggo it you'll have bad luck, sure as hell.' You remember, don't you, Turk?"

The big man made no reply. He was packing the suitcase with bills.

"*I* could 'a' pulled this snatch," said the hunchback, his repulsive lips writhing, "if *I'd* 'a' had Paddy's lucky half-buck."

The big man spat the rancid cigar stump upon the floor.

"You dizzy little gimmick!" he said with calm contempt. "Why, you couldn't snatch a gazooney in a garbage pail. It was brains, not luck, that pulled this sneeze. That phony clinker you're yabberin' about— Here!" He thrust his fat fingers in a pocket and fished out a coin. "If you think it's so lucky, take it!" It fell to the table with a dull *plunk*.

Paddy's lucky half-buck was a lead half-dollar.

The hunchback picked it up. He looked at the big man wonderingly. The big man went on filling the suitcase. The hunchback put the coin in his pocket and shoved back his chair.

"You ain't lammin' outa here, un'erstan', till I tell you to, see?" growled the big man.

"I ain't lammin', Turk. I'm gettin' a drink o' water." The hunchback hobbled around the table toward the washstand. His malformed body cast a monstrous shadow. He filled a glass. "Wanta drink, Turk?"

The big man made no reply. He was cramming the last of the money into the suitcase. The back of his head bulged from beneath his derby hat, and a thick wedge of red flesh bulged over his coat collar.

Eying this wedge of flesh, the hunchback put the glass down, clinking it against the pitcher, and reached his right hand into his hip pocket. His hand came out holding an automatic pistol. His deformed face was twisting in a hideous grimace. Holding the pistol ahead of him, he inched toward the broad back of the man in the chair.

The big man closed the suitcase. He started to rise. And the back of his head almost touched the muzzle of the hunchback's gun.

"Now, you big tub o' guts," snarled the hunchback, "we'll see if you need any luck!" And he fired five shots quickly into that thick wedge of flesh.

With scarcely a sound the big man pitched forward. He was quite dead.

The hunchback returned the pistol to his pocket and licked his lips. He lugged the suitcase from the table. He sidled from the room and crept from the back door of the shanty, his ratlike eyes darting warily about. . . . Swell hide-out, this shack. Way out here on the edge of town. Nobody around. And only eight blocks from the airport. . . . He slithered across the back yard, cut across a vacant lot, and started down a dim-lit street. A taxicab slid to the curb.

"Taxi, sir?"

"O. K." He climbed in, planting both feet on the suitcase. "Municipal Airport." . . .

Well, here he was. Only a five-minute trip.

"When will the next air liner leave for the Coast?"

"Thirty minutes."

"Oke."

He bought a ticket to Los Angeles. Then he bought a newspaper and sat in the waiting room. Everything was sure breakin' swell. The law wasn't lookin' for him. The law was lookin' for Turk. This time tomorrow he'd be in L. A., spending Turk's sugar. Twenty-five Gs! Hot sugar, but safe. Mostly small lettuce. Yeah; he sure was gettin' the breaks. And he'd keep on gettin' the breaks as long as he had Paddy's lucky half-buck. And he'd always have it. No guy'd ever take it from *him!* He felt in his right-hand vest pocket. Then, puzzled, he felt in his left-hand vest pocket. And then, frantically, he began feeling in all his pockets.

Paddy's lucky half-buck was gone!

"Always carry this half-buck," Paddy had said, "and you'll get the breaks. But if you ever leggo it—"

"There he is, officer! Arrest him!"

He looked up, startled. Two policemen stood before him. Between them stood his taxi driver.

"Come along," said one of the officers, and took his arm while the other took his suitcase. "Whiskers wants to see you."

"Lay off, copper. You got me wrong—"

"We got you dead to rights," said the copper. "Only ten minutes ago you shoved the queer on this cabby. And here's the evidence."

Violently shocked, he looked at the evidence.

It was Paddy's lucky half-buck.

THE END

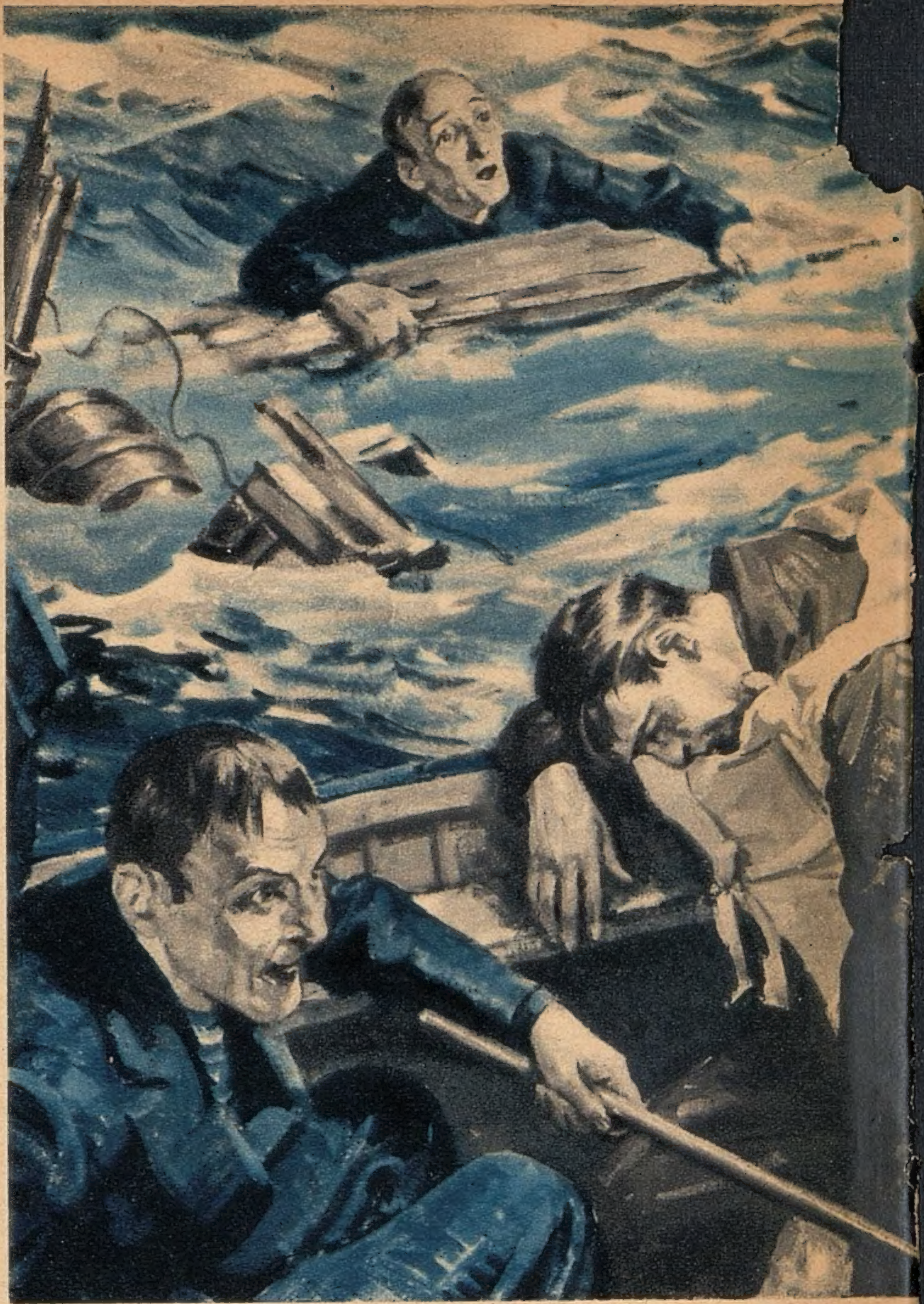
Alive with the Tang of the Sea! . . . A Stirring Tale of an Old Salt in a Newfangled World

"SAILORS AIN'T WANTED"

by Captain Dingle

ILLUSTRATION BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 19 SECONDS



Suddenly the wreck dived

THERE are men who will die believing that no automobile is safe without a horse somewhere handy; and by that same token many a good sailorman still looks upon a steamship as something which he may yet be called upon to jury-rig with canvas in order to get her home. As long as men survive who knew the roads before the advent of motors, and the deep seas before steam drove sail from them, there will be men who are entirely incapable of seeing the good in the new or realizing that the old is dead.

They may be good men too, in their old-fashioned way. Eben Calder had been a first-class sailorman, otherwise his credentials could never have secured for him the berth of bosun; but he was a rat in a strange garret aboard the motor cargo ship Stromboli, and after three days he finally admitted it—to himself.

He shared a light and spacious room with the carpenter. Chips was a young man, as unlike as possible any of the hairy-chested gnarled old ship carpenters he had known in sailing ships. Chips took a bath every day, ate with a fork, and spent most of his leisure time reading—physics, electricity, higher mathematics.

" You ought to study a bit, bose," Chips remarked, seeing, as he stood up to reach a volume from his shelf, that the bosun sat on the settee with his strong broken hands hanging between his knees, an idler to whom idleness was hateful.

" Study! " growled Eben harshly. " Laddie, I learned all there was to learn about a real sailor's job before you were born—aye, and did the work, too. Sailors ain't wanted in this tin box o' tricks! "

" You are doing a different job now, bose. What you used to have to do with brute power and gristle is all done for you by machinery, and done better—"

" The hell you say! What if a machine chucks in its hand? Will that lot of Willyboys for'ard be any use? "

" Any one of them could fix a motor winch."

" Could any of 'em tuck a long splice in a wire? Tell me that! " Eben stood up and snorted.

" Perhaps not. They'd join the wire with clamps so it was usable until the bosun or bosun's mate could do it. That would be a job for spare time."

Eben sat on the doorsill, and with his legs outside began to whittle a piece of wood into the form of a hull.

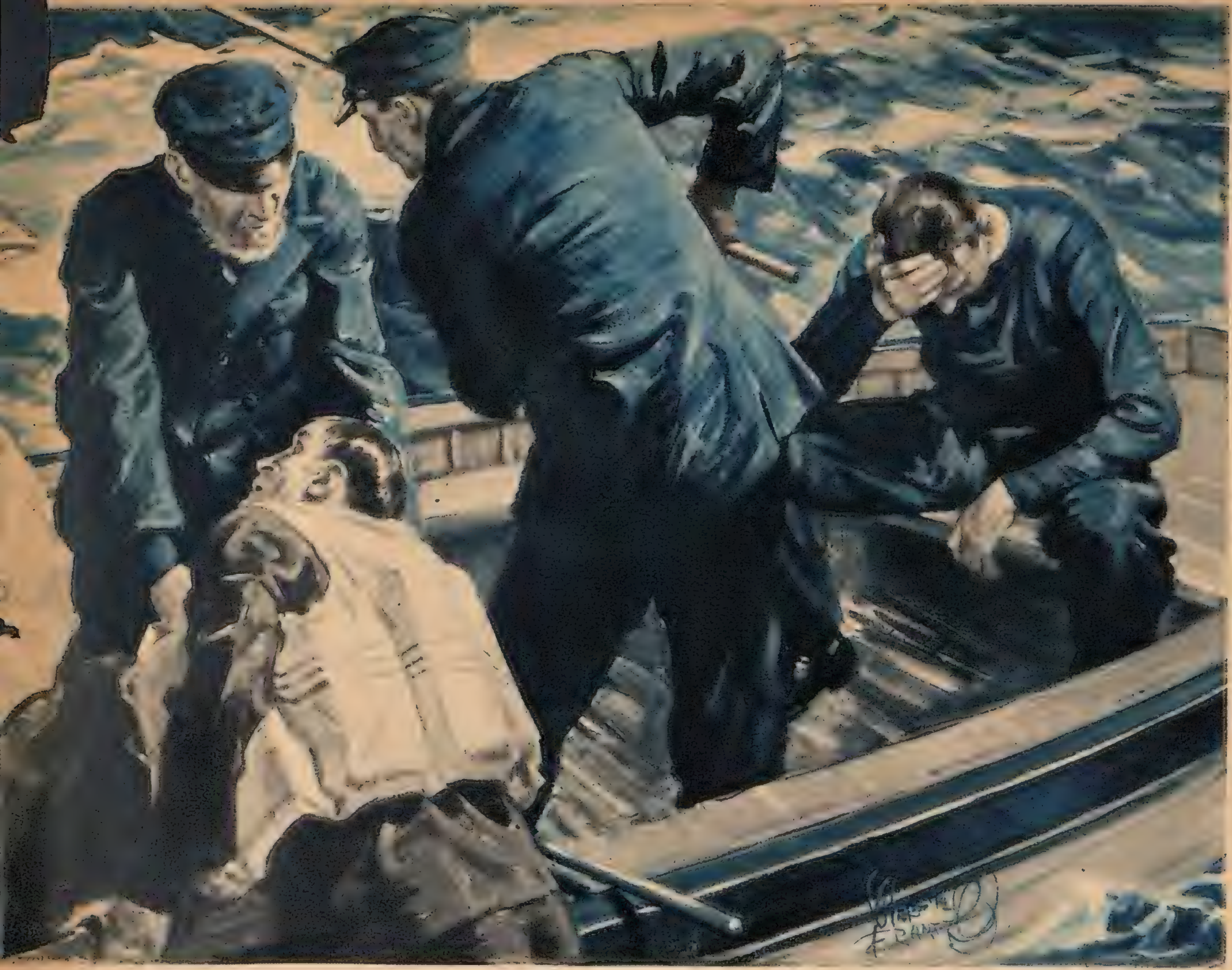
" The captain was telling the mate today that he might put you wise to a few things you haven't been used to," Chips remarked, " patent boat davits, motor drums, cargo hoists; and the mate laughed and said you wouldn't learn—you were too old. The Old Man seems to like you, bosun. If I were you I'd try to get acquainted. I'd show you anything you asked me to."

That ignited Eben's wrath. Ask to be shown a bosun's duties by a snip of a carpenter young enough to be his son and the father of his grandchildren? He hurled overboard his knife, and never realized it until he tried to double up the piece of wood to put it in his pocket.

He stumped forward and up the forecastlehead ladder.

" H'lo, bose! What's the weather goin' to be? " called out a lithe youngster at a card game on the forehatch.

" It'll blow up, likely, and discover the sailors among you! " growled Eben. A jeering laugh followed him.



under, so swiftly that her remaining men were washed from her like beetles from a plank.

"Wrong, old-timer! Radio says fine weather! You're all out of date, bose."

He went right up into the bows and rested his arms on the pipe rail, staring at the smother of the ship's onrush. This thing of steel and oil, with two propellers everlastingly grumble-grunting under her stern—he turned to sneer at her. She had not even a funnel. Forecastle, well deck, bridge, well deck, poop—all clean and unbeautiful, efficient and inhuman. That ugly stem parted the seas to the tune of sixteen knots. If the wind rose and smote her she would still bully her way forward, though her well decks be flooded and her middle and ends be islands.

Yet there was the sea, the same eternal sea, glorified by the setting sun, rolling in majesty to the round horizon. The same old sea which he had reluctantly quit when the ship of which he had been mate for so many years was sold to be a fish-canning factory; the sea which had given him his modest savings to invest against his old age, and to which he had perforce returned when industry went smash and with it his means of existence ashore. His old owner had pulled the strings to get him this berth; his long service without a stain secured for him a bosun's job, which he believed was beneath him.

Everything was wrong. There was scarcely a single piece of gear with which he was familiar. Davits were not swung out: they simply leaned outboard at the turning of a handle; boats were lowered and hoisted at the touch of a button; when a wire rope was handled at all, it was only given into the giant grip of another piece of machinery which did things with it which a whole watch of real sailors would have found backbreaking.

And the weather made him liar. By the time the big wind blew, as he predicted, this steel monstrosity had run so far from it that it never touched her. The radio had been a better prophet than he.

His cup was full next day. He was called up to see the captain in his room, a room like a magnate's drawing room ashore.

"Bosun," said the captain, thirty years old, smart as paint, and looking more like a broker than a sailor, "Mr. Turner informs me that you are not competent—"

"I can do anything a sailor can do, sir!" shouted Eben.

"Your references told me that. But the sailors you refer to and the seamen in a ship of this kind are very different. You could learn if you liked to apply yourself. 'Different ships, different long splices'—you've heard that old saying, I'm sure. Mr. Turner admits that you can splice a wire better than a rigger; he gives you full marks for being a sailor of the old school, but that isn't wanted here. I don't want to be hard on you, but the men are not happy working under a man whom they have to tell how to do a job. I'm sorry, but I'll have to disrate you. You can serve as bosun's mate, and if you go to work and try to make yourself familiar with the new system, I'll consider taking you on again next voyage. Take my advice, Calder. Try to adapt yourself. Your old ships are done with. They'll never return. If I can lend you any books—"

"Thank you! I finished with books when I passed for master—that's more than thirty years ago, sir!"

Eben went forward and bundled his gear out of his room into the smaller berth of the bosun's mate, cursing Chips, who gave him a word of sympathy.

He now shared a room with the winchman, a young fellow who didn't know a shroud knot from a funeral march but to whom any piece of machinery seemed actually to talk.

The room was quite a bit smaller than that of the bosun and carpenter, but still it was larger than any mate's room in the ships Eben knew. It had electric light, hot water laid on in a cabinet washstand, and steam heat for cold weather. It had a radio too, but the winchman had taken that apart to fix it so as to receive world-wide programs. He was going to do it, too. He chatted in friendly fashion while he was fiddling with bits of wire and brass, Eben stowing his gear away.

"You'll get on to it in time, bose. We kids were born in a different age to what you were. It's all natural to us and strange to you. Things are easy nowadays. Even now you're reduced a grade you'll earn more wages than when you were mate of that old windjammer. I'll bet you never had all night in, with reading lights and electric fans over your bunk—did you now?" The winchman suddenly looked up with a friendly grin.

"My son, I was a sailor!" growled Eben, and went on deck to take orders from the young fellow who only yesterday had been taking orders from him.

He was given a job, along with a seaman, to overhaul the ship's boats. They were steel; the falls were steel; even the fenders were rubber, and there was not one thing which he could find to do which the seaman did not perform as well and with utter nonchalance.

He started on another ship model to put in a bottle, in his evenings, and meant to get it finished while staying in port.

"You won't get that done in ten voyages, Eben," the winchman told him. "Not if you go about it in your old way. I made a dozen ships in bottles last trip." Diving into a locker the winchman produced an electric-light bulb in which was a perfect little model of the Stromboli. "Look at that, bose. I make a nice piece of dough that way. I'll do some more soon's I get this radio doing its stuff. I'll show you how to break and mend glass so nobody can detect the join—"

Eben slung his bottle overboard, and the bits of wood he had begun to carve along with it.

The Stromboli made her steady sixteen knots and came to anchor in Pernambuco. Eben had about decided to ask for his discharge. Then another shock was heaped upon his shocked spirit: the Stromboli put out her cargo and took in some to carry on while he was doing the first bit of real sailor work of the voyage.

He was contentedly and most competently reeving off and splicing a new wire for one of the hydraulic cargo hoists, in the belief that it was essential for the ship's dispatch; but the cargo was handled by shore power, with shore stevedores, and the first hint he had of such speed was when he was called from his job to stand by the anchor windlass with the mate and Chips.

So on to Bahia and at last to Rio. Never twenty-four hours at rest; down anchor, off hatches—and these were mysterious rolling arrangements like the tops of the great desks he had seen in shipping offices while seeking employment—a bit of bawling, but by shore people, not mates, out cargo, in cargo, and up anchor again before you could say "Knife!"

IN Rio his mounting irritation burst forth when the bosun sharply told him off concerning the making fast of a line.

"You telling me how to take a turn?" he shouted. "I was handling—"

"I know, before I was born!" retorted the bosun. "You make that wire fast my way. This ship ain't lying here half a year, like your old windbags!"

Eben ought to have known better. He was sailor enough to handle a line in every way known to man, but he had let his spleen master him, and while he argued he let the line surge. The Stromboli gave to the stream, and before the bosun and men could take the wire again to a winch it flew out in murderous snarls, knocked two men silly, and plopped overboard. It took half an hour longer to moor the ship, and there was a job for a doctor on one man.

When Captain Arlington returned from entering his ship he was met by Mr. Turner, and immediately sent for Eben. The young skipper had been in high spirits when he came on board: he was newly married, and in his mail had been the first love letter he had ever received from his wife as a wife. Her picture hung above his bed. A sweet merry little woman was revealed in that picture, with great dark eyes.

The captain was smiling at her when Eben knocked and entered, and the smile gave place to grim decision.

"Calder, you're acting like a fool. I thought you were a sailor. You've sent one man to hospital, and that's bad enough. It isn't your fault my ship isn't damaged. I've been patient with you, though you haven't once showed any inclination to try to adapt yourself to the new scheme of things. I have hoped you would, because I owe you a good deal. That surprises you? Well, perhaps you wouldn't remember a boy who only made one voyage with you in the old Seahorse, but I remember you. Mr. Calder, mate, was pretty hard on boys, but he was a sailor, and made sailors. He was fair. He laid the foundation for all I have learned since, and that was good enough to make me master of a ship three times the size of the Seahorse before I am thirty. Mr. Calder was a sailor, hard and square. Eben Calder, bosun, bosun's mate, and now seaman, is a fool!"

"I don't remember you as a boy, but if you're disrating me again you can pay me off," muttered Eben. "If I'm to go seaman at my age, I'll go where a seaman's appreciated."

"I shan't pay you off. You'll complete the voyage. There's still time for you to come to your senses before we get home. Just put your mind to it, and think what would have happened to one of your own foremasthands who behaved as you are behaving."

SO Eben spent the few days in Rio washing paintwork, slapping on shellac, sweeping up litter after work was done, and accumulating a fine grouch against Captain Arlington. And the night before sailing, when he had about determined to slip ashore and hide, Mr. Turner put him on anchor watch, with a hint of horrible things done in Brazilian jails to deserters.

Standing at the gangway, gruffly retorting to the jovial remarks of his shipmates bound for a good time, he heard a row going on in the captain's room close by. Presently Captain Arlington went ashore, and soon after the steward came to the gangway.

"Have a li'l' snort, bosun," he invited thickly, producing a black bottle.

"I don't drink," returned Eben surlily, "and I'm no bosun."

"Well, bosun's mate, then. Go on, take a drink."

"Not bosun's mate, either, my son. Go and sleep it off. I heard the captain giving you wotto. You'll get disrated to the scullery if you don't watch out."

"Ah!" The steward spat, then upended the bottle and gurgled noisily. "It's him that'll get disrated, or worse, if he comes any hard stuff with me! Swipe his liquor, do I? I'll show the scut! My gosh, man, I could tell you things about Mister Captain Arlington—"

"Put a sock in it and dry up!" growled Eben, walking away. "I ain't here to listen to no yarns about the captain."

The steward flung his empty bottle on to the wharf, and weaved his unsteady course to the nearest café through the shards of broken glass.

It was late when the captain returned, and he brought three men with him. They were beefy prosperous-looking men, each with a big suitcase.

"Watchman, put these suitcases into my room," Captain Arlington ordered. "Rouse the steward and send him to the chartroom."

"Steward's ashore, sir," grumbled Eben, lifting two of the suitcases. The captain made some sound of annoyance, picked up the third suitcase himself and ushered his guests into the chartroom, the portholes of which opened upon the deck on which the gangway was.

Eben, pacing fore and aft, heard the pop of corks and satisfied laughter. Passengers, he supposed. He heard Captain Arlington hush one of them when he spoke too loudly.

"Oh, what's the fuss, Arlington?" the man laughed. "You can buy that pretty little wife of yours some furs for the cold weather this trip. She'll love that."

"Give her our love when you hand her the furs, cap," chuckled another of the trio. "Money in the bank. And when you get a bigger ship—"

Eben walked farther away. He might be a misfit in this newfangled ship, but he had the training and instincts of a sailor, and he wanted to hear neither the ill-natured gossip of a steward nor scraps of private conversation caught through a porthole.

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The three visitors left; men drifted aboard, the steward last of all, so drunk he carried himself with a vast dignity.

Eben had fetched himself a mug of coffee and some food, and was sitting against a ventilator where he could just see the gangway, when Captain Arlington stepped out on deck and looked carefully around. He went down the gangway to the wharf, walked about awhile, then came back on board, Eben remaining out of sight. If a man wasn't entitled to eat his supper in peace on night watch, well!

"Hullo, my lad!" Eben muttered and suddenly sat up straight. Captain Arlington was loosing the cover of the big motor launch which stood in chocks just abaft the bridge and opposite his own room. He lifted out the bread tanks, took them inside, and presently returned with them. Each time he approached the launch Arlington glanced sharply around, as if he knew that the watchman might be away at his supper but would pop up at any moment. He replaced the bread lockers—big square metal canisters used for storing emergency rations of hard biscuit—and relaced the canvas cover on the boat.

Then Eben appeared, unwilling to be accused of vacating his post too long, and desirous also of letting Arlington know that even a captain may not prowl about the deck long after midnight in port without being seen.

"Oh, there you are, watchman! Make fast this damned cover, will you? The flapping of it woke me up."

"Aye, aye, sir," growled Eben, and completed the lacing, noting that if the captain had been awakened he must have gone to bed fully dressed, boots and all.

HE meant to have a look at those bread tanks during the northbound passage.

He never got the chance. The Stromboli put to sea in the morning and headed homeward. Now Eben had new trials, for he had to stand a trick at the wheel, and here was another new gadget to plague a sailor—a blessed gyro compass which ticked at him like a clock, had no magnet, and stood tilted up almost on end. But he adjusted himself to this more readily than he had to other new ideas.

Mr. Turner grinned and told him that he was a real old soldier, and had known all along which was the softest job. Captain Arlington commented generously on his steering and gave him a long black Brazilian cigar.

But still he found no opportunity of looking into that launch. It was right under the bridge—at least the bow was—and never once was it out of sight of the watch officer; never was there any excuse for uncovering it.

He was sent below one day to paint the steward's storeroom.

"Have a drop o' rum, old sailor," the steward invited him as he started to slap on the paint; then: "Oh, you don't drink, do you? A hell of a sailor you are!" The steward was a regular sailor, judging by his breath. He took a drink himself, and sat on a case of preserved vegetables, smoking, which was unlawful.

"You don't love the Old Man, I guess," he said. "Ain't getting the wages you expected. You can, and more on top of it."

Eben brushed away, chewing his plug. He did not love his skipper, that was true, but it was no business of anybody's.

"REMEMBER the Old Man bringing aboard some stuff in suitcases? You were on watch. Where did he stow it, Eben?"

"In the chartroom, I suppose. Or his room. Where would he stow gear?"

"Ah! That's telling! It ain't in any place I can get at, sailor. If you knew what it was—"

"I don't want to know. Here, my son, you shove off and let me get on with the job. I've been disrated twice—"

The steward chuckled and took another drink.

"The old Stromboli's the disratin'est ship! I'm going to be disrated too, or fired. But believe you me, sailor, it won't be either! I've got him in my pocket, Captain Lovely Arlington, with his flip little floosy of a wife who thinks he's going to be High Admiral of Heaven! Him running dope, too—"

Eben stuck his brush into the paintpot.

"You buzz off, steward! I don't put another lick o' paint on until I see your back through that door. I don't know anything about the captain's business, and don't want to. See?"

The steward backed out before Eben's menacing advance, and the painting went on.

"So *that's* the new seamanship!" Eben cogitated. "Smart and smug, righteous and fair-spoken, disrating good sailormen for their soul's sake, and up to the neck in a dirty game as would turn a real sailor's stomach! All right, my bully boy!"

Before the ship touched at Pernambuco, homeward bound, the steward was disrated, and when he slipped ashore nobody expected to see him again; but he came back, surprisingly sober, and wore a look of beatitude which almost fooled Eben. He winked at Eben. "I've fixed him!" he said slyly.

When the Stromboli had reached up to the Gulf Stream, the weather grew unsettled. After a rain squall, Eben came from the wheel and found the bridge deck deserted on the side where the big launch lay. Eben swiftly unhitched the lacing of the boat and began to roll back the canvas.

"What are you doing there, Calder?" The skipper's voice came sharp and peremptory from his porthole.

"Cover's shrunk. Rain, I s'pose, sir," muttered Eben.

"Leave it. Tell Mr. Turner, with my compliments, I'd like to see him." Captain Arlington stepped out, regardless of rain, and laid hold of the boat lacing. "I'll see to this. Hurry," he snapped.

Eben obeyed. He didn't believe that Mr. Turner was wanted at all.

When he reached the forecastle door Eben turned to glance aft. Mr. Turner stood there alone, by the bridge ladder, gazing at the sea and sky to windward and looking like a man who has been dragged from his rest for no reason visible to any sane man.

"All he wanted was to get me to hell away from that boat!" Eben concluded, and freshened his determination to get to the root of the mystery. He couldn't be disrated any further, and he was fed up with the new seafaring anyhow.

But the old Gulf Stream chipped in with a spell of foul weather which brought Eben back to his bearings. The Stromboli stuck her nose into a green hillside, washed the lookout man off the foremast ladder as he started up to his crow's-nest, and jammed his leg cruelly under the forward cargo winch. They took him aft; and Eben heard his name called by the skipper himself.

"Calder," Captain Arlington's face was chalky and his lips quivered, "will you look at that leg? The knee's smashed. I—I passed all the examinations for first aid—but I've never cut off a limb. Mr. Turner's afraid of it. I saw you take off a leg once in the Seahorse. This is where experience is—"

Eben entered the charthouse. The seaman lay quiet, biting his lips, his leg a horror. His boot and clothing had been cut away.

"Nasty," muttered Eben. "He ought to have something to put him to sleep if I'm to take a hack at that lot."

"There was a hypodermic, but I broke it and haven't replaced it," Arlington said uneasily. The seaman groaned, his real pain just starting as the numbness of the injury wore off.

"Haven't you got something you can give him in a shot of liquor?" Eben was rolling up his sleeves and eying the case of instruments. The acting steward ran for hot water at his order. The captain was nervous, he gulped, and avoided Eben's gaze. The seaman cursed and tried to get up. "Well?" growled Eben, his hand on the man's chest. The man fell back and fainted.

There was a moment when Eben felt as if the room was filled with some powerful dramatic influence, then Arlington ran outside. Through the porthole Eben saw him go to the bow of the launch, rip off the cover, and climb in. Then he was back, with a small packet. The steward appeared with hot water and was sent for rum; and while waiting for him Arlington spoke, harshly:

"Calder, keep your mouth shut about this! It's because I can't see a man pass out like this I must trust you, Calder! If you give me away—I know you have been curious about that boat—I'm sunk. Come on, steward. Get a glass."

The seaman swallowed the drugged liquor with agonized eagerness, and in due time lay quiet. Then Eben went to work, unskillfully, clumsily, but with grim deliberation; and the mangled limb was off, the stump bandaged, and the patient carried away to the ship's hospital before he awoke to his loss.

"Thank you, Calder. I won't forget this," said Arlington.

"You're welcome, sir. I shan't forget it either," retorted Eben, and marched forward. Arlington watched him go, wondering.

WITHIN a day of home, they sighted a miserable little salt schooner, dismasted, sinking, the seas running high on the heels of the wind and sweeping her fore and aft. Four men toiled at the pumps; two others on the reeling deck frantically signaled.

Eben kept his eyes on the bridge. Arlington had been pale and uneasy since the operation, but now he stood up there like a sailorman and scanned the heaving seas around the wreck.

The Stromboli was already swinging in a narrowing circle, and though he had heard no order Eben saw a heavy film of oil spreading down toward the schooner from spouting pipes aboard the motor ship. Was nothing left to man power in these modern monstrosities?

"Clear away the launch, Mr. Turner. Take Calder with you, whoever else you pick," Captain Arlington called out evenly. "He's an old hand at this sort of thing."

Eben was at the launch before the order was well uttered, and now nobody interfered with his removal of the cover. Shock on shock. Here was a heavy boat, which if rowed would need at least ten oars, and the lowering of it job enough; but in jumped the mate and Eben and only one other man. Chips did something to the davits, and they picked up the launch and swung it out over the oily unbroken sea. Mr. Turner at the wheel, one man aft, and Eben forward, the launch struck the water while the Stromboli made a smooth patch as she turned, and the blocks unhooked themselves, the motor started at a touch of the starter, and she was away.

"Take your boat hooks, fore and aft!" shouted Mr. Turner. "They'll have to jump for it and they'll choke if they stay long in the oil. I'm going to stick the launch in as close as I can under her stern, so watch out for wreckage, Calder."

"Aye, aye, sir!" answered Eben, comfortable at last with a bit of seamanship in hand, however modern, that was familiar.

OIL-SLICKED seas became unbroken swells, but they rolled relentlessly over the little schooner. The motor launch slid over them without apparent effort, although they still rolled so steeply that when in the trough Eben could not see either the schooner or the Stromboli. The wreck was down by the head so much that her stern, high in air, was like a wind vane and kept her head to wind, and Mr. Turner made no more fuss about his job than if he were coming alongside a dock in harbor.

The motorboat nosed up to five fathoms of the stern of the wreck and Mr. Turner shouted orders to the men to jump one at a time. The first man jumped, and Eben dragged him in; then something went wrong—the motor stalled when Mr. Turner wanted to send it ahead again to recover the few yards lost while stopped, and the boat began to swing across the seas.

"Here! Catch!" screamed a man on the wreck, and a coil of line snaked out, snatched up on the instant and flung with the unerring skill of a sailor of sail. It flew across the launch, and Eben caught it as neatly as it had been thrown.

"Attaboy! Atta sailor!" grunted Mr. Turner, rising from the motor with vast relief in his face. The motor started, the launch swung head on again, and now it was held by Eben's line. Suddenly the wreck dived under, so swiftly that her remaining men were washed from her like beetles from a plank.

Mr. Turner backed away, the waters came together, and all the broken spars stood on end for a moment before the schooner dragged them down. Men, wreckage, motorboat, and oil were all mixed up in a mad pudding.

Then, for the first time, Eben Calder acknowledged that the new methods were good; Mr. Turner handled his boat deftly, moving in and out among scattered barrels, hatch covers, and the accumulated rubbish of a badly run small craft. Eben forward and his shipmate aft fished with their boat hooks for men and caught them all. Then, looking up for the first time since hauling in his first man, Eben saw the Stromboli riding the swells to leeward in the center of a vast field of oil.

On the way back to her Eben found himself hidden from the mate by the rescued men, and the bread tanks were to his hand under the short bow deck. He unscrewed the cap of one. The tank was stuffed full, not with honest hard bread, but with small packets of waterproof paper. He glanced up to see the Stromboli close at hand, and hurriedly replaced the cover to stand by with his boat hook again for the fall block.

The Stromboli was moving slowly ahead, turning to her twin screws to give the launch a good lee, and Eben got his block and hooked it smartly. The man aft was not so smart. He caught the block, leaned out too far, shoved against the ship, and fell into the sea. He was swept astern, and Mr. Turner left his wheel to grab for the dangling block.

But it was from the ship that the seaman was saved. Captain Arlington, from the bridge wing, fully dressed as he was, dived and reached the man as he was floundering helplessly toward the thresh of the starboard propeller. The officer on the bridge ran to stop the engines. Mr. Turner made fast the after block, and flung a line with a buoy to the skipper. It was all so swiftly done, so efficiently. Eben stood by his job in the bows, feeling superfluous, while the wrecked men hauled in their shipmate and his rescuer, and the machinery on deck lifted the launch so rapidly and evenly that no licking sea more than kissed her dripping keel.

The Stromboli proceeded on her course. Captain Arlington heard the report of Mr. Turner and the rescued skipper while he changed his clothes. And Eben replaced the cover on the launch while other men finished securing her to the chocks.

Eben went to his berth almost persuaded that the new idea was better than the old. His berth mate kidded him about his new contentment.

" Maybe you're right, laddie, but there's still things you don't know," said Eben with a bright gleam in his seawise eyes.

Then port. Eben watched Arlington as the ship came to her dock, and saw that he was suddenly nervous. Among the first to board the ship was a pretty little woman, all gladness and admiration as she ran to greet her husband. But over her head Arlington had seen customs men and policemen, and his greeting was not as glad as hers.

Eben found excuses to be near, and dodged the mate with all the cunning of an old-timer. He saw the captain in serious conversation with two officers, while other officials guarded the gangway and called from the dock still more, who immediately began to search the ship. The bewildered bride sat in the captain's room, wondering what had come over her man that he could be so distrait on this, their first meeting after their first separation since becoming man and wife.

Men swiftly went through all the saloon quarters, they brought up beds and ripped them apart, opened the settee covers, and searched the crew quarters and belongings. But it was not until two men started on the covered boats that Arlington really showed panic. Then Eben went up to him and touched his arm. The captain swung around on him in fury.

" Take it easy, sir! You're all right! " whispered Eben, and pulled powerfully upon the captain's jacket to hold him back, for he was about to try to stop the search of the launch, and one keen-eyed searcher detected the movement and smiled his satisfaction.

" Pipe down, sir! " said Eben fiercely. " There's nothing there! I dumped it overboard after you dragged that man out o' the sea. A real sailor's act, that was. Pull yourself together. Go and talk to the lady, and don't go telling her about them furs—yet! "

ARLINGTON flashed one look of amazed relief at Eben, saw that all was well, and went to his room. He was humming a tune as he went, and there would be no more cause for a ship of his ever to be searched in the future.

His first crooked essay had not been altogether a failure if he decided upon that.

Eben turned away, for Mr. Turner was bawling for him; but there was the disrated steward, looking popeyed as the searchers stepped disgustedly from the launch, and he stopped Eben.

" Hey, Eben, what do you know about that? I swear the stuff was there. I saw it one night. I—"

" You cabled from Pernambuco, I suppose," growled Eben. " Well, here's your reward—you—"

" Here! Stop that! " Mr. Turner came running. The steward sat on the deck holding a bloody nose. " Calder, my lad, I saw you sock that man. You'll see the captain about this. Shouldn't wonder if you go to prison over it. Troublemaker, you are! "

But Eben only laughed. Somehow he knew what the captain would say. And, when the search was over and the ship returned to normal again, he saw the captain, met his wife, and jail was not even mentioned.

" My dear, this is Mr. Calder, who was mate of the ship I first went to sea in," Arlington said to his now happy wife. " He taught me everything I know. I owe him more than you'll ever guess. He's to be my bosun next voyage."

" Pleased to meet you, ma'am," said Eben awkwardly. He made his exit as quickly as politeness allowed, and before going he glanced at the bookshelf.

" You said you could lend me some books, sir," he hinted.

THE END

GOOD BOOKS—*by* OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ BALKAN MONASTERY by Stephen Graham. The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

A story of war. Yet a story, primarily, of human beings at war with themselves. Stephen Graham at his best—which is saying plenty.—*Achmed Abdullah.*

★ ★ DOES MAN SURVIVE? by George Lindsay Johnson. Harper & Brothers.

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★ ★ ENGLAND HAVE MY BONES by T. H. White. The Macmillan Company.

A rambling English diary, alternately fascinating, dull, and precious. To quote the author: " Fishermen will be maddened by the flying, aviators by the snakes, zoologists by the instructions for playing darts."

★ ★ THE SPIDER'S TOUCH by Valentine Williams. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Well written, Valentine Williams being unable to write badly. But more or less the usual international spy hodgepodge.

★ ★ DOWN COME THE TREES by Anthony Thorne. Doubleday, Doran & Co.

The hero wants to destroy, the heroine to love, in Kravnik, a glittering new Albanian city. The tale is facilely written, delightful in spots, hard to take in others.

★ A FURTHER RANGE by Robert Frost. Henry Holt and Company.

A Further Range will add little to the author's reputation. Genial, slightly heavy humor, here and there a memorable phrase, but little music and fire.

★ EYELESS IN GAZA by Aldous Huxley. Harper & Brothers.

Only the name of Aldous Huxley could make you tackle such a complicated and overintellectual novel, and not even Huxley can make you enjoy it.

Why ANN HARDING *Wants Her Child to Be "a Lady"*

"I Tried to Be a Lady," She Says. "Hollywood Resents It"— The Story Behind a Famous Star's Dramatic Hegira of Bitterness

by FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

WHAT'S all the shootin' fer about Ann Harding's kid? Bannister is a swell guy, and solvent. Ann said the nicest things about him when they quit. Why has she changed her attitude? Why doesn't she cut out all this detective-story stuff for the sake of her career and his happiness, not to mention Jane's?"

An old Hollywoodian said that to me the other day—and, in the opinion of a good many other Hollywoodians who know both Ann and Harry, he said a mouthful.

Not that there aren't two sides to this Bannister-Bannister business. And not that Ann Bannister's side, when fully illumined and understood, may not prove the brighter. But feeling was running strong at the moment. So were the headlines. Ann had just made a spectacular getaway, via Quebec, dodging an abduction warrant sworn out by her ex-husband, and taking her daughter with her out of the jurisdiction of United States courts.

Up to this time the sympathy of everybody who did not know the inside story of the Bannister-Harding "love divorce" was wholeheartedly with Ann.

"I am in Reno," they remembered her saying, "not as an actress but as a mother who wants and has to have the right to bring up her child to the best of her ability and judgment. As a mother and a woman, it seems a little strange to me that courts have to have anything to do with that. But they do, and I am here to ask the court to give me the right to my own baby."

THE following quotations are taken from public statements and interviews credited to Ann Harding and Harry Bannister during the past five years. They tell in graphic form the sad story of the catastrophe that overtook "Hollywood's happiest couple." The real facts behind that sad story are now told for the first time.

ANN HARDING:	HARRY BANNISTER:
1931	1931
Harry Bannister and I have been married four years and we are still sweethearts. When we decided to come out here [Hollywood], our friends warned us that our marriage would go to pieces like other film marriages, but we knew better. We knew that Hollywood couldn't hurt us.	
1932	1932
We, Harry Bannister and I, are getting a divorce because, during our three years in the motion-picture industry, we have been placed in an untenable position.	During the five and a half years I have been married to Ann Harding, I have had the love of and respect and devotion of the very great and lovely person who is my wife.
1933	1933
When we separated and divorced, we parted the best of friends. Nothing can interfere with that friendship now.	Ann and I are still in love, as we announced when we separated. We are merely trying to live our own lives.
1934	1934
The obvious disintegration in the man himself in the last two and one half years indicates he is not fit to have the child's care.	The defendant [Ann Harding] is not a fit and proper person to have the custody, care, and control of said minor child [Jane Bannister].
1935	1935
He wrote me obscene letters demanding that I come through within twenty-four hours, as he had startling information about me. He demanded one half the value of my property, which amounted to robbing the baby of whatever I am able to save for her.	Never has she given me a penny and never have I wanted a cent from her. All in the world I have desired has been to have my little daughter with me two months of every year. I think I am entitled to that. But because of it, Miss Harding would paint me as a blackguard in the newspapers.
1936	1936
I gave Mr. Bannister $100,000 in cash in the property settlement that ended our divorce and gave my daughter to me. It seems that because Mr. Bannister is the father of my daughter, I am to be continually harassed and annoyed and that I am to be threatened by him indefinitely. I do not intend to accede to his demands. I do not fear his threats.	It is absolutely untrue that I ever accepted $100,000 or any other amount from Ann Harding to relinquish all claim to custody of our daughter. Sooner or later Miss Harding must realize my right to see my child and enjoy her companionship. I'd like to say some very complimentary things about the mother of my child—but I can't.

The court gave her that right—reserving, however, to the father "reasonable rights of visitation." Now she was taking the child away to a foreign land, perhaps forever. "Ann Harding is saying farewell to Hollywood," the press notices read. "She may return; she may not. She has not reached a definite decision."

Truth is, the decision didn't altogether lie with her.

The once great star of Paris Bound and Holiday had reached the end of her Hollywood contract. There was no great talk of a renewal—on any terms. The English, however, still wanted her. Gaumont-British had offered her one picture; would probably offer her more. Her future seemed to lie abroad.

Bannister was understandably alarmed. He asked that he be permitted to have his daughter with him for three weeks before she sailed. This request was refused. Immediately he brought suit in Reno to regain the custody of his child. Ann ignored the suit. Her attorneys asserted that the Reno court, which had granted her custody, did not have jurisdiction to take it away.

"I think the mother should have the child," announced Bannister, "but if she establishes a foreign residence, I may never see Jane again."

This statement was a master stroke. Mothers, who had sided with Ann on general principles, were appeased. The motion-picture public, which had naturally sympathized with their old-time favorite in her fight for "my child," suddenly realized that Jane Bannister was her father's child too.

Bulwarked by permission from a California judge, Ann started across the state line. She carried her daughter with her, but she was bitterly aware that she did *not* carry with her the home folks' sympathy.

"I've tried to live as a lady would, unpretentiously, quietly," she was quoted as saying. "My only supposition is that Hollywood resents a lady."

Hollywood wasn't altogether sure about that word "lady." Nobody ever has been! But it was sure about Ann's own definition of what a lady was *not*. She was *not* an actress.

"I'll never permit Jane to go on the stage or act in the films," she told British newsmen who met her at Liverpool. "She is to be educated as a lady."

THIS was the straw that broke the back of the profession which had loved and honored Ann and lifted her to wealth and fame. "Oh, lady, lady!" it protested. "Would you be any more of a lady if you had remained a clerk in the office of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company? Are you any less a lady because you fought your way up through little theaters and stock companies to Broadway and Hollywood? Or *are* you?"

The circumstances which led to that fantastic "love divorce" in the spring of 1932 are quite pertinent to the present situation. To all of us who are friends of Ann, who have admired and respected her as an artist and a woman—and I still believe our name is legion—they are decidedly significant.

Ann was born Dorothy Anna Walton Gatley, daughter of General George G. Gatley, U. S. A. Her birthplace was Fort Sam Houston, Texas. Her birth date—well, it was an August 7 in one of the first years of the century.

Dody Gatley—she is still Dody to her family—was not very pretty as a child. She wasn't a particularly happy child either. She early decided that army life was not for her, nor was life in the private school to which she was sent. So she left home and school to win her own way in New York.

Her father never forgave her for that, or for going on the stage—never, unless he did so at the time of his death in San Francisco in 1931.

In the big city she landed not only the clerical job in the insurance company but an overtime reading and synopsizing post with Paramount Pictures.

Up to now she had had no particular yen for acting; but through some one she met in the Paramount offices she heard about the Provincetown Players in Greenwich Village. Soon she was enrolled as a regular member of their group at thirty-five dollars a week—more than her combined income at her two previous jobs.

Ann made good with the Provincetowners. There followed in rather quick succession a season in stock at

Ann Harding with her daughter Jane, who "is to be educated," she says, "as a lady."

Detroit; another at Jasper Deeter's Hedgerow Theater in Rose Valley, outside Philadelphia; a smash success on Broadway in Tarnish, The Woman Disputed, and The Trial of Mary Dugan; and finally Hollywood and $6,000 a week.

In the stock company at Detroit she met Harry C. Bannister. Harry was older than she; twice married, once divorced; an experienced and talented actor; a graduate of the University of Michigan. It was through his influence that Ann went back to New York and started on her rapid rise to fame. October 21, 1926, at the Little Church Around the Corner, they were married.

Harry was playing in Yellow. Ann was playing in A Woman Disputed. After the wedding each went back to his or her separate theater—and the show went on. During the run of Mary Dugan, Jane Bannister was born. After five weeks Ann went back into the cast and played a Chicago engagement. Harry, who was appearing in the Theatre Guild's production of Strange Interlude, was starting a cross-country tour which would eventually land him in Los Angeles. Ann decided to precede him.

Harry Bannister, Ann's ex-husband, now "cleaning up" as producer in New York.

In Hollywood Ann made little or no impression. It wasn't until Strange Interlude arrived in Los Angeles, and the good-looking leading man, Harry Bannister, attracted the movie eye, that the Bannisters made their first screen test.

Harry, Ann always said, carried off the acting honors in the little scene they did for the camera. In fact, it was common gossip that the studio thought it had a find in him. But it was Ann, appearing in a swell role in Paris Bound, who captured the movie public.

Ann was a new type for the screen. Proud, reticent, lovely, she "snuggled into the hearts of the reserved middle-aged slightly Victorian women." The men she got with the sexiest voice that ever caressed a microphone.

Holiday was the picture that put her at the top and won for her the long-time contract at $6,000 a week. Ever since, she has been almost continuously before the microphone—while Bannister played in only three pictures in four years.

At first there were ameliorating circumstances. Harry's chance, Ann thought, Harry thought, everybody thought, was just around that ubiquitous corner. Then there was the house, the $100,000 mansion on one of Hollywood's highest hills. Ann and Harry built it together, without the help of an architect. It was fun planning their home. It is a big rambling stucco-and-wood red-roofed place, bristling with heavy projecting beams—not much like either Harry or Ann. But it was something for Harry to do—superintending the building of it, I mean. So was the $35,000 playhouse, built into the side of the hill at the far end of the swimming pool. However, the time came when there was no more superintending—no more of anything much—for Harry to do.

At the studio his face had been saved by an appointment as supervisor of his wife's films at a salary of $1,250 a week. It was part of his duty to advise her in the selection of stories. The company holding Ann's contract felt that this money was not badly invested, since the actress, following her first success, had become hard to handle, especially in the matter of story material.

But the stories selected during the Bannister regime—although he himself may have had little or nothing to say about them—proved even less desirable from the studio's standpoint than those which the star had selected for herself; and, although his contract and salary continued, he found his services less and less in demand and his presence on the set scarcely tolerated.

Ann fretted continuously at the turn affairs had taken. She fought with her superiors at the studio and with the critics. People said that Harry, having conceived a hate for the industry that had so ignored and humiliated him, encouraged her in these antics. Finally, however, she came to the conclusion that there *was* something wrong about her pictures. And who was responsible for it? Not the star, of course! The directors were the same tried and true men she had had before. The casts were hand-picked. The conclusion was inevitable. *It must be the man who selected the stories.*

"My career means nothing to me," Ann had said, "in comparison to my husband and my home."

But when her career was threatened, perhaps doomed, by something in which her husband had had a part, she was not slow to consider him responsible. When she saw that his advice had been wrong in one thing, she began to see that it might have been bad in others. She blamed him, and not herself, for her high-hat attitude toward her associates and the movie press.

It may be that Harry Bannister advised her badly on the choice of plays; but she has had quite as little luck since in choosing them for herself. She hasn't made a really outstanding picture since her divorce. As a matter of fact, she hasn't made a picture outstandingly successful at the box office since Holiday.

It may be that he also advised her badly as to her attitude toward the press; but she certainly has done little, apart from him, to improve that attitude. Here are some of the phrases which she has recently applied to the fan magazines which have criticized her and her pictures: "phony filth," "poisonous gas," "sewer rakings," "they set out to get us," "they are trying so cheaply but so doggedly to wring our personal and professional necks," "they are bristling with pins to stick into us," "they have a taste for unsavory hash."

If she feels that strongly about the harassment to which her life as an actress has exposed her, it is hardly necessary to look further for the answer to the question of why Ann Harding wants her child to be "a lady."

Anyway, out of the welter of unhappiness which was the Bannisters' life came suddenly that extraordinary gesture of renunciation. "Due to Harry's constant and generous effort to forward my interests, often at the expense of his own," Ann announced, "he is gradually losing identity, becoming a background for my activities and looked upon as 'Ann Harding's husband.'

"We have decided that the only way for Harry to reestablish himself in his profession is to set forth on his own—quite apart from me—and win his way back to the standing he enjoyed in the theater, before this unfortunate situation in pictures has a chance to reach us and destroy the love and respect we have for each other."

"There is nothing further I can add to Mrs. Bannister's statement," said Harry.

There was some truth in these outgivings. They probably believed them in their entirety at the time. But those who knew what had been going on for weeks behind the stucco walls of that rambling palace on the mountaintop knew also that the story was still but half told.

Nevertheless, the divorce was carried out in the same *opéra bouffe* manner in which its announcement had been conceived. Harry left at once for Reno by plane to establish the six weeks' residence required by law. Ann followed on the first day that a divorce was legally possible. Harry met her with embraces and kisses, and posed for photographs at the airport. That evening they dined together at the home of her attorney.

Next morning the corridors of the famous courthouse and the street in front were packed with divorce and motion-picture fans. Harry escorted his wife into the courtroom and patted her encouragingly on the back as he accompanied her down the aisle to Judge Moran's dais.

Ten minutes of whispered conversation, and the perfect marriage had resulted in a perfect divorce. Immediately Harry took Ann to the Heidelberg Restaurant, a roadhouse four miles outside of Reno, for a divorce breakfast; then back to the airdrome, where they wandered about holding hands like a young married couple—while the cameras ground—until it was time for the plane to take off for Los Angeles.

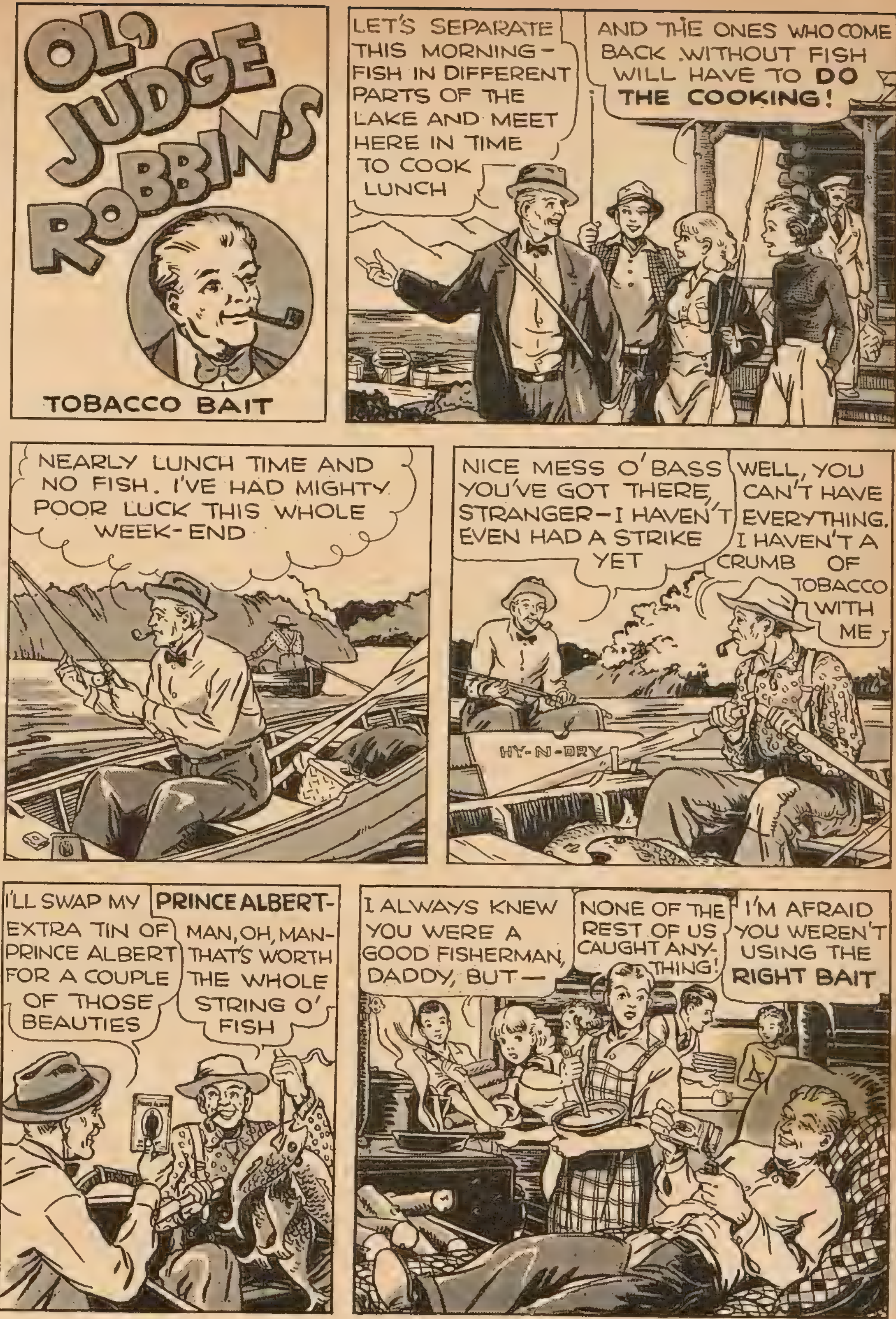
For a year these mushy scenes were repeated on the occasion of Bannister's comings and goings by plane between Hollywood and New York. Rumors were allowed to circulate of impending remarriage, of $200 to $500 long-distance telephone calls. Each gave out periodic statements dripping with drip. Then, when Harry asked for Jane for a two weeks' visit in New York—he was entitled to two months under the decree—the situation suddenly changed.

JANE went. There was no way of preventing her. But as soon as studio engagements permitted, Ann started for Reno to obtain an amended decree that would give her sole custody of the child. Harry, getting wind of her plans, flew to Hollywood. She wouldn't see him. In Reno she made the first of her charges against her ex-husband's character. In a counter-suit in the California courts, Bannister retorted with similar charges. The fight was on—and is still on.

It is not my purpose to go into the merits of these charges and counter-charges. No one seriously believes that Ann Harding is not "a fit and proper person" to bring up little Jane. She has been indiscreet, God knows. Her highly publicized flight to Cuba with Alexander Kirkland—*and* her secretary—was, to say the least, ill-advised. "I have known Alexander for a decade," she was quoted as saying. "Formerly I treated him as a son. Now I regard him as a brother."

No such maternal or sororal explanation was forthcoming, and probably none was needed, of her friendships with Dudley Murphy, director; Rollo Peters, stage actor; Brian Aherne, stage and screen actor; and Gilbert Emery, stage and screen actor and playwright.

No evidence has ever come to light which indicates that Ann's friendships with these men were anything other than what they purported to be —friendships. Personally, I do not believe Harry Bannister ever thought that they were anything else. I am sure he would never have made the charge he did if he had not been angered by similar—and possibly just as unfounded—charges against himself. As a matter of fact, he withdrew that part of his allegation which



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HY-N-DRY
I'LL SWAP MY EXTRA TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT FOR A COUPLE OF THOSE BEAUTIES
PRINCE ALBERT—MAN, OH, MAN—THAT'S WORTH THE WHOLE STRING O' FISH
I ALWAYS KNEW YOU WERE A GOOD FISHERMAN, DADDY, BUT—
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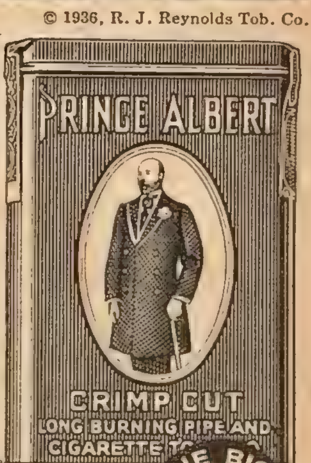

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COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM makes tiny bubbles that get clear down to the skin-line. Its rich soap film soaks your beard soft at the base. Makes your shaves last longer.

THEIR NEXT "NIGHT OUT"
OH, JOHN, HOW NICE, A TABLE RIGHT NEAR THE FLOOR. THAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR SHAVING TWICE TODAY.
NOT ME, HELEN, ONE COLGATE SHAVE A DAY IS PLENTY FOR THE TOUGHEST BEARD... AND MY SKIN FEELS GREAT!
COLGATE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVES LAST HOURS LONGER
COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM
25¢ LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES
40¢ GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES

reflected on his wife's fitness before the case came to trial in the California courts.

It wasn't a pretty situation. If they had thought more of little Jane's future, they might have abstained. On the other hand, both Harry and Ann are human beings with human faults and frailties. As for Bannister's personal life, he has always been a great man with the ladies. Ann knew that when she married him. Naturally, therefore, when he came once more into circulation, his name, like Ann's, was linked first with one person's and then with another's.

In Los Angeles it was rumored that he was engaged to eighteen-year-old Nancy Lyon, daughter of a well known attorney. In New York there were similar rumors about the twenty-three-year-old heiress, Patricia Ranier. He was also seen going places with an old acquaintance, Mary McCormic, opera singer. Then there was beautiful and wealthy Leah Welt, said to be interested financially in some of his theatrical ventures.

NOT a very long list, I should say—and certainly not an incriminating one!

As for the implication that Harry has been blackmailing Ann to extort money from her, it would take a lot of convincing to persuade any of the friends of both parties that there was a word of truth in any such charge.

If Bannister felt that there was serious need of defending himself publicly against these insinuations, all he would need to do would be to point to the fact that his attorney in New York was Thomas E. Dewey, distinguished prosecutor of the Luciano vice gang; and in Los Angeles, Byron C. Hanna, leader of the southern California bar. These gentlemen do not lend themselves to such practices as newspaper dispatches make Ann Harding attribute to her ex-husband.

What, then, *is* all the shootin' fer?

Again the answer is to be found in what has been happening to Ann's career. To millions, the Ann Harding of Holiday fame represented womanhood. She was simple, direct, forthright, and aboveboard. She hated sham and ostentation. She was intelligent as well as beautiful. She was greatly in demand as guest and speaker at feminine conventions; she was the woman's club pet. But when she shattered the ideal they had formed of her by seeming to put fame before love, these women of the clubs and societies turned on her.

"So she is divorcing her husband because she loves him!" they said. "Well, if she loves him so much, why doesn't she stay at home and take care of him?"

As for the men, they just laughed.

Meanwhile Harry Bannister has been cleaning up in New York. Instead of cashing in on his publicity as the ex-Mr. Harding by getting his name put up in electric lights, as some people who didn't know him thought he would do, he quietly turned theatrical producer on his own account. It was he who brought that spectacular success, The Drunkard, to New York.

This last year he followed it with Murder at the Old Red Barn, an even more profitable venture.

In neither of these successful undertakings did he ask or require the aid or advice of the woman who had told the world she overshadowed him.

Ex-wife unsuccessful in Hollywood—and hurt. Ex-husband successful in New York—and proud.

Human nature still human nature.

Need I say more?

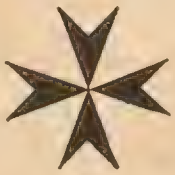
Yes, just a word more. It may be a good thing that Ann Harding caught that boat for England. In a land which has always been hospitable to her pictures, the real Ann, the real actress, may come back to us.

Her holiday may produce another Holiday!

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

1—The reason for a slaying, she became a night-club queen along the Atlantic seaboard. Her son is a crack pilot. Who is shown in the early photo at the reader's right?
2—What did George V die of?
3—Are two strokes under par on a par-three hole scored as an eagle?
4—Who, son of Saturn, was the first underworld "big shot"?
5—The paper in postage stamps comes from what?
6—Who sings Nearer, My God, to Thee in an earthquake picture?
7—How many grandchildren has President Roosevelt?
8—Is a ronquil a fish, a flower, or a lively musical composition?



9—Where, in the Bible, were women prohibited from speaking in churches?
10—All the arms are equal in what kind of cross?
11—Who, prohibited from marrying at Chicago, Newark, New York, and Baltimore, was recently wed at Dallas?
12—What bees have no fathers?
13—Who opposed Mr. and Mrs. Ely Culbertson in a 150-rubber contest in 1932?
14—Streamlined trains run between Chicago and Los Angeles in how many hours?
15—Who is honorary night superintendent of Central Park Zoo, New York?
16—Vimy Ridge, France, belongs to which country?
17—The crossing of what river was anciently equivalent to a declaration of war?
18—Who in one inning recently hit two home runs?
19—What spotted cat, found in Texas, sucks the blood of its victims?
20—Who was overly ambitious in 1914?

(Answers will be found on page 43)

To the Ladies

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 26 SECONDS

AWAY from Hollywood, James Cagney is hard to find. He travels under an incognito I have promised not to disclose. I breakfasted with the Cagneys recently at their New York hiding place, but Mrs. Cagney and I ate all the breakfast. Jimmy was on a diet—and how he hated it!

"*Look* at me!" he exclaimed. "*Me,* the tough guy with the famous grip of iron! Look at my *hands!* Why, I'm so weak from dieting I do that I couldn't even bend a banana."

He was whimming, of course, though not entirely. A small male in the movies really has to be thin. Otherwise he seems comic. So Jimmy trains for his job like a jockey, keeping his weight down, his strength and dander up. His hands and feet are tiny. He is one of the best dressed men that I know in Hollywood.

The Cagneys have just bought a country cottage with some surrounding acres at Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts. *Not* in their own name. Movie stars seldom purchase land for themselves nowadays. If they do, the real-estate boys jump in and start a *development* around their property. Therefore the picture people now negotiate through friends or lawyers.

Jimmy picked Martha's Vineyard because he can sail his boat there. He's been a sailboat fan ever since he worked as a parcel boy at Wanamaker's department store, wrapping up packages that sometimes included elegant toy boats. Now he owns a fine California schooner—with two masts.

JAMES CAGNEY

He gets seasick only when frying eggs in the galley for week-end guests.

● About twenty years ago a small-town girl in Ohio received and accepted a marriage proposal from a young man. Soon after that her family physician told her she ought not to marry—her heart was dangerously affected. She would be obliged to avoid exertion of every kind; no work for her, no *love,* no children. Her young man took the grim news like a soldier. He refused to give her up. For twenty years he paid faithful court to her while she lived the dull dry life of a semi-invalid. Not long ago they decided, mutually, that their ordeal had lasted long enough. She it was who forced the issue. "I want to risk it," she said. "What can I win by waiting? We'll be old before long—and in the end I will die anyway."

They were married last April—five months ago. She is still alive—much more alive than she ever has been. We who know her are waiting anxiously to see what will happen next.

● "Something ought to be done," said a militant friend of mine, "about hot-weather sleeping." Thick padded mattresses, she thinks, are absurd in the summertime. She went on indignantly to tell me she had seen air-conditioned beds for dogs (I've seen them advertised myself) but none for humans. We agreed that the bedding situation should and must be improved to aid the struggle against summer insomnia.

Two French remedies for summer sleeplessness have come to me this year. One is the taking of a tablespoonful of olive oil just before you go to bed. Menthol is the other, menthol sniffed at bedtime.

● Cats photograph well. Due, no doubt, to their feline vanity, they sit for the camera with more patience and more aplomb than dogs do. A friend of mine has just decorated a small cocktail room in her home entirely with enlarged portrait photographs of cats. All her cat pictures are the same size, about eighteen inches square, and are framed alternately with black frames and red frames. It is one of the most entertaining rooms I ever have seen.

Much of its charm, I think, resulted from her clever selection of the photographs. Some of her cats are innocence personified, while others look like shameless flirts, or bloodthirsty pirates, or gay adventurers, or polished Old World diplomats. The variety of their character is astonishing. Women who enter this room for the first time invariably squeal with delight. If you should start collecting cat photos for the same purpose, try to get as many different types as you can.

● You haven't measured your ears lately? Then perhaps you'd better. I suggest it because a scientific friend has told me that our ears often keep on growing after we reach maturity. Says he's heard about authentic cases of people over ninety years old whose ears were still growing. As far as he knows, there isn't a thing we can do to stop it; but, he says, don't worry; the rate of growth is so small that nobody will notice.

● Green peppers are at their best now. Try this Portuguese recipe. It provides an interesting change.

Parboil 4 green peppers for 5 minutes, slice in quarters lengthwise, remove skin, seeds and inner membrane. Lay slices in buttered baking dish. Between the pepper slices lay small cakes of sausage meat mixed with a very little minced garlic. Also put in 1 tomato, peeled and chopped. Over all pour 1½ tablespoons olive oil. Bake 25 minutes in moderate oven. Serve with rice, adding 2 bouillon cubes to the water in which you cook it.

wife Trouble

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 9 SECONDS

FLUSHED with wine at her wedding breakfast, Emmie Stockton, now Mrs. Rod Gill, makes it a point to have Stan Freeman kiss her. To Sara Boyd, in love with Stan, this gesture means that the rich Emmie still cares for the young, struggling, forty-dollar-a-week engineer.

While the Stocktons and Gills are among the wealthiest families in Sycamore Valley, the Freemans and Boyds have had sweeping financial reverses, and Stan has had to go to work before completing his course at M. I. T., and Sara has had to take a job as model in the swanky Jen Riley dress shop. Fred Robley, a millionaire cousin of the Stocktons, more than infatuated with the lovely Sara, got her that position, and would marry her—philanderer though he is—if she would have him. But Sara's heart is Stan's.

After Emmie's wedding Stan leads Sara to a quiet garden spot on the Stockton estate and declares his undying love for her, but despairs of ever getting ahead enough to marry, though he's been promised a fine raise next spring. Also, he's working on an invention that may bring a fortune.

Sara is willing to risk anything to have him for her own. So they are married soon after Emmie and Rod, and take up housekeeping in a little flat on Cherry Street. The losing lover, Fred Robley, tries to furnish it for them in luxurious style, but Stan won't stand for it.

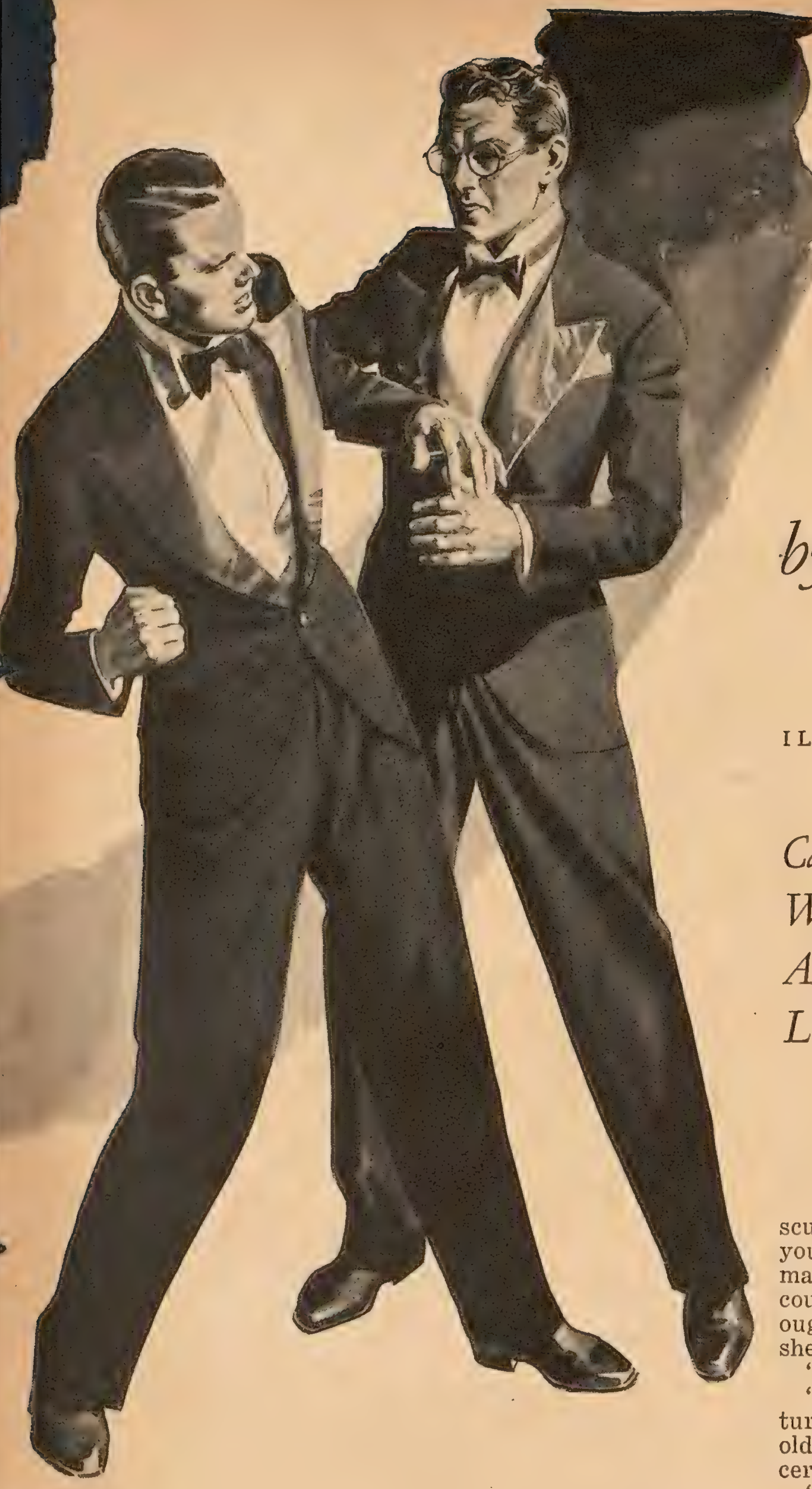
Nor will Sara put up with Emmie's wiles. For when the honeymoons are over, Emmie and Rod visit the Freemans in their little flat. Rod is drunk, and Emmie appeals to Stan's chivalry. He rises to the occasion and takes Rod out to sober him up. Emmie goes with them. Left alone, Sara is furious. When Stan returns she is cold, abrupt. The next morning she finds him gone from the bed. Why? Where to?

PART THREE—"WHAT MAKES US ACT THIS WAY?"

A GAY flat whistle sounded from the kitchen; nobody but Stan could make a noise like that, trying something he had heard on the radio. "Put your—head—down, dear—and let the wind—blow." A clatter of dishes, the smell of coffee. Sara found herself laughing inwardly, foolishly. It was morning. Last night had never happened. They weren't going haywire, making an issue of two nothings like Emmie Gill and Fred Robley.

She pulled a kimono over her pajamas, hurried with her morning slick-up, then tiptoed to the kitchen. His blue shirt was rolled to the elbows, the muscles of his strong back worked harmoniously over the hot-water tap as he swabbed the dishes she had left undone last night in her queer fever. She crept behind him and pinched him under the arm.

"Ouch!" He dropped a plate, put his wet hands around her cheeks and kissed her roughly. That seemed to settle the Emmie business for them. And the Fred



Quicker than light Stan had his arms pinned down; then Rod's drunken gibber, "Horning in again!"

by WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES BRYSON

Can Love Survive When Honeymoons Wane and Storm Clouds Gather? . . . A Vital, Revealing Novel, Real as Life Itself, Plunges into the Problem

business too. "I was going to carry your breakfast to your bed," he said, "the way the guy with the green pants did at the Ritz."

She flirted with a fond little memory. "What makes you so Ritzy this morning?"

"I sort of thought you were tired." Thinking, no doubt, of how she hadn't kissed him last night. "I woke up with a wealthy feeling, Mrs. Freeman. Follow me, kid, and we'll live in marble halls. Prosperity is staring us in the face. You'll wear so many tiaras—"

"Stan, you're not going to work for Emmie's father—" Why did she haul that into their peace?

"Who said I was?" His neck was reddening, a bad sign. "Good heavens, we aren't living off the rich, are we?"

"No," said Sara, and made a joke of it. "When they send us things we send 'em back."

Stan grabbed at her, calling her foolish-face; they scuffled a while, rowdy, rough, and happy. "Let loose, you gorilla!" He had her by the wrists and they were making a great noise, laughing at each other. You couldn't stay mad with Stan, not for long. Only Sara ought to shut up, and not say things out of her turn. But she did ask, finally:

"Did you get Rod straightened out all right?"

"Sure. He was the soberest bird in town when Mike turned him out. Did he apologize! I had to blush. Poor old Rod." Stan was at the kitchen table now, eating his cereal. "He worries Emmie a lot."

"Oh."

"Wouldn't you worry if I fell into my car and fell out again?"

"Maybe."

"Sara, you temperamental little wop!" He dug his spoon into the bowl. Then, since there was nothing more to say about that, he pointed to a pile of wood and tin in the corner. "Going to start on the old garbage destroyer tomorrow. Bert Wiel's coming over to dope it out."

Bert Wiel was some factory genius, going partners with Stan on the invention.

She mused over the woody, tinny rubbish and tried to sound helpful: "Everybody needs something like that."

"Don't you need some new clothes, kid? That old blue thing of yours—"

"Don't I look nice in it?" sharply thinking of Emmie's suave costume and a hundred as fine in Emmie's wardrobe.

"You'd look swell in a gunny sack. But I'll be making real money in the spring. The boss about said it yesterday. You ought to have something nice for the street."

"The same to you."

"I'm not a model."

"You've said it. But if you go to work with holes in your elbows they'll say the Phoenix has dumped you."

"All right, darling. Here's a swap: I'll get a new suit if you do. Huh? Fifty-fifty."

That was settled. Smythe & Florey's were having a sale; Stan's smart double-breasted suit cost thirty-five dollars. Brown was his color, and Sara gloried in it. With Jen's help, she bargained for a gray-green wool affair, very trig, very useful. But fifty-two dollars was the best she could do, even at professional rates.

Her budget system, like other budget systems, wasn't holding up. To get the new clothes she emptied an envelope fondly marked "For Extras," and drew some more out of the housekeeping money. She was stumped here too, because there had been a dentist's bill this month, and she and Stan had either taken too many taxis or gone to too many pictures.

Sara resolved to check the natural spendthrift in her; and that's an easy resolve to make. Oh, well, it would be spring pretty soon, and Stan's raise coming. And Mrs. Riley's business was picking up so that Sara might, with a little tactful coaxing, get more work to do. She compromised by walking to the shop and back again when the weather was good. Once, when the day was wet, she sneezed twice, right in the middle of the shop. "God bless you—don't do that again!" said Jen Riley in her best threatening tone. "No sniffling allowed, my kitten!"

That was the day she caught cold, was laid off, and quarreled with Fred Robley. There was no connection between the quarrel and the cold, except a mean irritation they had in common.

She hadn't seen much of Fred lately. She had planned to avoid him. In one of her silent bargains with Stan they had struck a fifty-fifty: she would sacrifice her Fred for his Emmie. Fred didn't count for anything real to her, but she missed him just the same; as you'd miss a beautiful room, a room that had never known love, yet somehow appealed to the senses. Fred was too smart, she knew, not to realize that she was avoiding him. It had been nearly two weeks since she had let him take her out to lunch, and then she hadn't been very encouraging.

The day the cold came on, Fred sauntered into the shop, wisecracked amiably with Jen and unblushingly asked for something that would look well on a night-club hostess—he was favoring one or two at the time. Sara, in the back of the shop, heard the merry battle and hoped she wouldn't have to come out and strut for him. No such luck. "Sara, my kitten," said Jen, coming to the cubicle with a Venetian effect in ruby velvet, "here's an eye-knocker for poor old Fred. Square girlish cut in front, almost nothing in the back. Hurry. He's passionate."

SARA went out like a walking doll and with a doll's stare for Fred. She wanted to laugh, he was so like an experienced Nero considering a favorable bargain in Circassian slave flesh. Sara, strutting and simpering, became annoyed; more annoyed still when Jen left the room. It had an arranged look—Jen turning her over to Fred Robley.

Sara undulated before him, around him, showed back, front, and sides, avoided his eye. Fred sat in a voluptuous stillness, drinking her in.

"You know," he said at last, "you should have garnets at your ears and throat. Golly, Sara, you were made for that dress."

"It wasn't made for me, though." She couldn't restrain speech and the giggle that came with it.

"It's not for any cheap woman."

"Possibly not." Her hands went up, birds in flight, twittering at Fred Robley and his night-club hostess.

He leaned far over, taking in her hair, her breasts, her feet.

"Sara, you're so lovely in it. Will you let me—"

She stood still now, capering no more; her eyes held his directly.

"Let you what?" she asked.

"Send it to you—" he ventured with a smile.

"No," she interrupted quickly. "And thanks a lot."

"You don't take favors gracefully, do you?" He popped to his feet, stood very straight, very red.

"I'm afraid not—I'm sorry." She was as straight as he, being dignified. Behind her pose she was sorry for him. Poor Fred, working so hard for nothing.

"I'm sorry, too," he said, more gently. "I can give you much, Sara." He reddened again. "But I won't have things thrown back at me. I have my self-respect. I won't trouble you any more—"

"Fred—"

Her cry was smothered by the fat sprightly return of Jen Riley and the battle cry of salesmanship, "Isn't she a-*dor*-able in that red thing?"

"Very pretty," he said, smiling ice glittering over Sara. "I don't think it's what I want, though. Nice dress—older woman, maybe—a little square."

"The damn liar," said Jen, looking over his retreat. "That dress is slim as a pencil, and he knows it. Sara, what did you say to the vain old thing to make him so mad?"

Then Sara began to sneeze again, and went on her four days' leave with a cold.

IT was time for Stan to be home. The telephone buzzed, a troubled sound.

"Honey"—it was Stan's voice, curiously pitched, as though somebody were listening to him—"better not keep dinner for me. I'll be kind of late—"

"Anything happened, Stan? Anything—"

"Nothing important." A pause. "I'm with Rod."

"You don't mean to say—"

"It's all right, dearie. I'll be home pretty soon."

So Emmie had called him again; just called once and he'd gone running to her. I won't forgive him this time, she vowed. I won't laugh that off. Me, buried alive in this hole. This hole—gazing at the little apartment which her taste and work and love had made pretty for him. I won't stay here, waiting for Emmie to let him go.

She bounded to the telephone and began to dial Fred Robley's house. The whir of the instrument brought her to her senses; she stopped in mid-number and hung up.

It was a little after ten when Stan came into the bedroom and found her, as before, reading. She held the magazine in front of her face, but he took it down gently, and his brown eyes made her look at him.

"Mad with me?"

"Look here." She was ashamed of the roughness that sounded in her words. "You've got to choose. Right now, Stan Freeman!"

"For heaven's sake, Sara, what are you trying to dramatize?"

"Call it that, if you want to."

"Good God!" His cheeks were heating, his eyes dangerous. "If you think it's any pleasure to me, soaking a drunken bum in hot water, dosing him with dope—if you think that's pleasure—"

"Then what do you do it for?"

"They're old friends of mine, the Gills."

"Yes, they're frightfully friendly."

"They need help. Haven't you any heart?"

"Heart? If you had one you wouldn't drop me like a hot nail every time Emmie—"

"Sara, that's silly. Utterly wild. But I won't let an old friend die just because—"

"No! You'd let me die—"

"Sara!"

She didn't know how it happened. Out of frothing rage came peace. He had her in his arms, that was it. But as he kissed her quiet she was thinking, We quarrel and make up. Quarrel and make up. . . .

Sara was on morning duty now, and sometimes Jen Riley would give her an extra hour after lunch. Every dollar counted; she still walked to and from her job when the weather was good. It improved her figure, she thought. When she told Stan that they must cut out taxis and movies and the bottle of claret for dinner, he said, "Sure," absently.

He brought books home with him and studied in the evening. That was fine, too. It would get them ahead in the spring. It made the flat very silent, though, as if he weren't there. When she turned on the little radio they had bought in a fit of extravagance, he would stop reading and look up, his forehead all knotty.

"Does it bother you, dear?"

"Not at all. Go ahead."

But she would turn it off, to let him concentrate. Fun seemed to be slipping through their fingers like shining water. Clattering around the kitchen, or boring her nose into magazines, she would ask: Am I changing him?

She thought of Fred, too; like something you've read in a book, fascinating but not touching the heart. Once, in a fever of self-confidence, he had had the nerve to ask her to come to his house. She hadn't gone, of course. People said Fred's house was like Aladdin's palace, the floors spread with carpets that made no sound when you walked on them. Fred, trying to make himself attractive by the things he had, the things he could give away.

She kept those thoughts in the stillness of her heart, beside the rapture Stan could give her when they were alone with the night.

She tried not to be bitter about the new rival coming between them. A garbage destroyer! It wasn't funny to her now; it had never been funny to Stan. Stan, working at night over crooked drawings and jumbly technical books. Electricity, to her, was only something to switch on when you wanted it and switch off when you didn't. Feebly she tried to make Stan's enthusiasm a part of hers. She asked fool questions, and he was too patient, explaining all over again.

ONE evening he said, "I know where I can get the sweetest work shop set you ever saw. Swedish steel." Her look asked too plainly, How much? "Two hundred and ten dollars; practically new. It's worth—"

"Darling, we're behind as it is."

"I can pay Bert Wiel gradually for my share. In the spring—"

"I hate getting into debt."

He settled back with his book moodily. I need a lot of things, she thought. My awful shoes; that old tan coat. Then she relented:

"Where'd you put all those Swedish jiggers, if you got them?"

He looked up, more cheerful. "Kitchen's the biggest room."

"Oh." Pausing. "Does the jigger make a noise?"

"Not so awful. The flat below's empty."

"Does it make more noise than the radio?"

"Say, honey, if you like the radio, why don't you turn it on?"

Then came the Bert Wiel epoch. To Sara he was a greasy mechanic with the manners of an ox and the face of a mouse. When he was there she went to bed, feeling that Stan had cheapened himself. They would walk around the kitchen, measuring it off for a factory site. She would wait for Bert's thin "Well, goo' night!" like steel on a grinder.

Then Stan, coming to her door, say-

To laugh at Percy isn't fair

WATER CAUSED HIS TOUPÉE HAIR

Is your hair stiff and unruly? Unless you want to look like the gentleman above, stop soaking your head with water every time you reach for the brush and comb. Water washes away the natural hair oils. Leaves the hair stiff and brittle. Makes it stand on end as soon as the water evaporates.

Kreml is the right treatment for stubborn hair. It contains beneficial oils that make the hair soft and pliable, give it new life and lustre.

In addition it is a splendid hair tonic.

Dandruff vanishes after the first few applications. It is the best defense against excessive falling hair. After a dip in the sea or a day in the open it removes every trace of sea-salt, stickiness and grime.

Ask for Kreml in the barber shops and use Kreml regularly at home.

Try Kreml Shampoo, Too!

The cleansing, purifying lather of this wonderful olive oil shampoo keeps your hair soft, lustrous, and pliantly young.

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REMOVES DANDRUFF AND CHECKS FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

ing casually, "You know, Sara, the kitchen's fine. There's ten feet on the near wall not doing a thing." Eying her nervously. "I mean, if it doesn't bother you."

"If the neighbors don't complain, why should I?" . . .

It had been a month, maybe, since Stan had gone over to the Gills' to take care of Rod. Sara's suppression of jealousy toward Emmie had worked like a charm. Sara had managed the Fred situation rather crudely, with the help of Jen Riley. The last time he came to the shop she peeked out gingerly and appealed to Jen: "Please, don't let him see me, Mrs. Riley." Jen pinched her affectionately, called her a little dope—and saw Fred alone. When she came back she said, "Well, you ought to get a job in a nunnery," and let it go at that.

Sometimes Stan's dutiful self-absorbed home-staying irked Sara more than bitter words might have done. She felt that he was her prisoner, clanking his chains at her. He was staying away from Emmie just because he wanted to show Sara the sacrificial side of his character. That was her troubled imagining as she wondered what had come into their little flat to dull it so. And back of it all their passion, burning from a dull coal to a clear blue flame.

Emmie Gill came to the shop one morning to look at a mink coat Jen was showing in her winter collection. Jen Riley, patting the beautifully matched skins over Sara's shoulders, said amiably, "You can't fool little Emmie on furs, even if she's not so bright when it comes to men. I wonder why we girls are such dumb pickers, the whole lot of us? Look at the so-called human I married out of a clear sky! Sara, you're beginning to look a little skinny. Don't you eat enough? Come along, dear. This has got to be a sale, even if the income tax grabs it right out of my stocking."

Emmie, sitting against an ivory wall, seemed soft to the touch and shimmery as the black velvet she wore. A pallid, pure little face against ivory, above ink-black. Green drops, sparkling in her ears, changed her ash-blonde hair to green gold.

"Oh, Sara!" Emmie's face came alive; she was speaking not to a model but to a friend. "How per-fectly marv you look in it!"

Sara smiled, but she went on strutting and swaying until Jen humanized the situation. "She doesn't fill it out the way you will, Emmie. It's a nice thing, isn't it? Look at the skins—alike as a litter of puppies. That's a Mauré. He doesn't have to sign his things; Mauré collars are just him, that's all. I hate some of his stuff—too much that way, you know. But I wanted to see you in this—"

THEY were fingering the coat, caressing its lovely dark auburn, while Sara stood, a smiling dummy, being pawed over by the girl who had disturbed her dreams these many weeks. But Emmie was saying, "Sara, I couldn't look so lovely in anything."

"Oh, but you could, and then some!" laughed Sara.

"What's this? A beauty contest?" asked Jen Riley. "Just slip this on and have a look." Sara put the coat over Emmie's shoulders, and its gloss fell below her knees. The little animals who gave their lives for it might have been grown for her on a queen's estate. Emmie turned slowly before the triple mirror, her oddly beautiful eyes smoldering. "Isn't she the forest fire!" intoned Jen, who seldom gushed. "I don't carry many furs—they're a nuisance. But you! Emmie! You flatten me out! Don't let old Fred Robley see you in that. He'll dynamite the house, cousin or no cousin." Emmie laughed. Fred and his complex was one of Jen's stock jokes.

"Now I'll show you a puckery hat thing," said Jen. "It makes a lot of girls look like the organ-grinder's pet."

She dodged out for the hat and Emmie said to Sara plaintively, "We don't seem to see anything of you."

"No." Sara was embarrassed. "I suppose you're up to your neck in all sorts of things."

Emmie lit a cigarette, puffed, spoke in a hushed voice. "We're running like mad dogs. Don't think awful things about Rod, will you?"

"I don't—I—" Struggling. "He's one of the nicest boys—"

"When he's sober. Even when he's tight there's something nice about him. And he's so sorry, so ashamed, when it's over."

"Poor Emmie!" Sudden warmth came to Sara, touching the rich furry shoulder. Then suspicion stirred. Why had Emmie become so candid?

"You were so sweet," she said, "letting us keep Stan up all night. But he seems to be the only one who can handle Rod." A thoughtful glance down at her delicate sandals. "Stan's so strong."

"Yes, he is." Quietly.

"Rod's scared to death of his father, yet Mr. Gill can't do a thing." She looked at herself in the mirror, the belle, furred and jeweled. But her voice was like a stone. "Sometimes I wonder if it's worth while—what I'm doing."

Sara's heart went out to her honestly for the first time.

"Anything's worth while," she said, "if you're in love."

"I feel I'm taking care of Rod, somehow. And he feels it too—" Then suddenly, snuffing out her cigarette, "I'm talking a lot of stuff."

"I'm glad you are, Emmie." Sara's hand went across the furry shoulder. They were friends, impulsively, for the instant. Emmie brightened suddenly; hardened again to a diamond.

"Rod and I are O. K. I don't mind getting lit myself, once in a while. A prohibitionist would bore me stiff." There was the flutter of Jen Riley coming back. "Sara" —Emmie's swift whisper—"suppose you and Stan dine with us tonight. Just home stuff. Eight o'clock?"

"That would be lovely."

And Jen intruded with puckery hat things. Emmie held one up and shook her head in gentle disdain. "I saw it in Paris. Not for me. The coat's adorable, though. I think, if you could make the sleeves a little more—"

A gesture of Jen's eyes sent Sara away. It was a sale.

SARA was in the kitchen, at the ironing board, pressing Stan's long unused Tuxedo. She was thinking, Yes, she's in trouble, or she wouldn't have gone out of her way to talk. She's not a spillover. Did she ask us both just to get Stan?

Then Stan came home and stood gawping at Sara's flatiron going over a black sleeve.

"Hey, kid"—grabbing her—"what's on?"

"Emmie's asked us to dinner. I said we'd come."

A dot of silence. "Gee, she's a sudden gal, isn't she?"

"Sort of." Sara's laugh was natural. "But we ought to see more of them, I think."

Sara and Stan were the first to arrive, although it was a trifle after eight. She had time to look around and plague herself with the lust for luxurious things which never quite left her. The white brocaded velours that framed long windows, the deep-piled rosy carpet stretching across the long living room, the exquisite grouping of slim pillars on the high mantel, upholding enameled bowls of jeweled Chinese flowers, the full-length portraits of Rod and Emmie which a French painter had come all the way to Delaine to do for them.

Mr. Gill came popping in, a puffy little man, his bald head pink and polished, as though a jeweler had been working on it, along with the enormous star sapphires studding his shirt front. He was cordial, rich, fussy. Where were they living? Oh, yes, Cherry Street, vaguely. He scolded about his wife in the hospital. Just a state of mind. Women get that way. Look at Emmie. Nerves —imagination!

Emmie wasn't down yet, nor Rod. But quite a number of young people came fluffing in—Emmie's crowd, Rod's crowd. So this was Emmie's idea of a home dinner. There was the blonde stupid Eberhart girl, whom Sara had been crazy enough to be jealous of at Emmie's wedding. Stan was attentive to her now in a large impersonal way. They all began complaining, openly, about having to wait for cocktails.

In came the latest guest, Fred Robley, looking rich as Mr. Gill but differently. A sculptor might have trimmed his thin mustache. His shirt front, adorned with carnelian studs intricately carved, was of soft pleated cambric. A very special shirt from a very special maker.

"Hello, Boze!" Rather patronizingly to the great Mr. Gill. "Everybody here but the hostess, eh?" He was going about the room, reaching out the hand of power, the hand that could scatter favors. Sara, from her corner, watched Fred's company smile, beautifully adjusted to mean nothing. Was there anything behind that smile really? She wondered. And would he be polite to her now, after his queer storm at Jen Riley's?

"Well, Sara! Nice to see you again." The hand of power had come around to her. His horse-breeder's eyes were softer now, looking her over. "Heard you had a cold. Sorry, awfully sorry." So he was making his peace.

"Just a sniffle." She was uneasy, wanting to move away, afraid that Stan was looking at them.

"Hello! Aren't we awful?" Emmie, a speeding goddess in shell-pink fluttering chiffon as she hurried in, sparkling. The pearls around her neck gave a glow to her fair skin. "I simply rushed from the golf club. I don't know what I do with my time."

She kissed a great many people, especially the young husbands. She didn't kiss Stan—Sara noticed that keenly but with no reassurance. Her cool handshake had, to Stan's watchful little wife, a furtive meaning, like a signal.

COCKTAILS were going round when Rod came, charming, sober, handsome. If he only knew how nice he was when he was himself! He took Sara by both hands and kissed her joyously, whinnying, "I didn't get to your wedding. So here it is!" He half reached for a cocktail; thought better of it. This was one of his dry nights. His father was looking at him.

Fred Robley sat on Sara's left; he might have changed the cards again to suit his taste in girls. And Stan was on Emmie's right. He looked so beautiful in his dinner clothes; he hardly ever got a chance to wear them now. He and Emmie were giggling quite merrily, a little tight. Fred Robley must have felt his cocktails and champagne too, for he leaned so close to Sara that his breath was hot in her ear. She tried to inch away, an appeal to Fred's famous good taste. He took the hint, straightened up; but his coaxing tone went on.

"Why shouldn't you ride? There are a half dozen horses in my stables doing nothing. With your figure, you'd look wonderful on a horse. Why shouldn't you?"

"If I fell off and broke my neck, I wouldn't have a figure for anything."

The wine was making her reckless and flip. In this fine room, full of excited young people dressed for an occasion, she had a feeling of coming back to something she had missed. But Emmie and Rod weren't happy here, people said. Funny. She turned again to Fred. She mustn't be flip with him any more. He had warned

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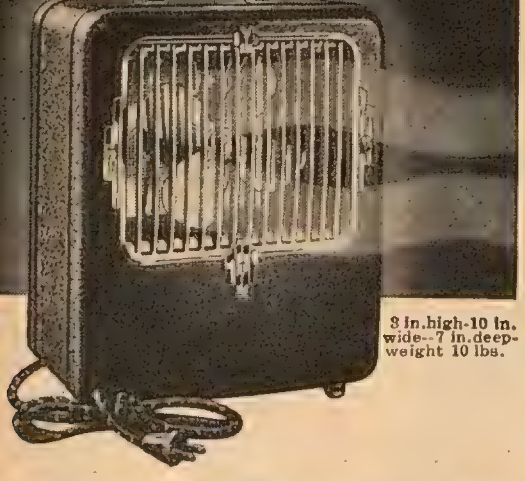
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her. Now he wore his pleasant kindly expression, not showing his liquor at all. Certainly there was nothing to be afraid of. Only that second, when his eyes had grown so hot—

"I can't believe you're a married woman, Sara."

"Must I show my license?" This was better, tossing words back and forth with Fred.

"Bet you can't. They usually lose 'em. But it's like yesterday, you sitting on the lawn with the bride's bouquet."

"And you read my mind, I'll bet."

"Spoofing me, Sara?"

"Not at all. Only—"

"You used to think more of me before you got boy on the brain."

This unbalanced her until she asked lightly, "How did you guess it?"

"I know my lilies." Touching his sculptured mustache.

"Fred, you ought to be in the movies. Bill Powell part. Man of the world, knowing everything in advance—"

"Putting me in my place again, Sara?"

Under the unmoving skin she saw the hurt. Why must she always bruise Fred? Why must she be ungrateful to him? Because he was continually putting himself in places where he must be pushed aside. For Stan. At the end of the table Stan's head was close to Emmie's.

"You have a very high place, Fred," she spoke suddenly. "I couldn't put you there."

"But I could put *you* very high, my dear." Softly, eagerly.

"If you're going to start that again—"

She rose, pushed back her chair. Dinner was over, the ladies were filing into the drawing room. There was the old familiar treble buzz while the men stayed with brandy and cigars. After a half-hour Emmie, bright as a diamond, brought Rod in, and the other men followed. Rod's eyes gleamed, his laugh was only a noise.

STAN and Emmie, over there, were fussing with the dials of a super-elaborate radio set which filled the air with shouted advertising. Stan's hand went over Emmie's as they switched the stations. Sara watched him; Stan who hated a radio in the flat. Now jazz blasted forth. Emmie threw herself into his arms. Rod, who must have had a great deal of something during that half-hour with the men, was dancing wildly with the Eberhart girl.

"Shall we?" asked Fred Robley with his air of bestowing a favor.

Sara was young and frail against his very special shirt front, following Fred's very special steps. When they varied the gyrations by walking side by side, he resumed his questioning. How were they making out? What did they fight about? Of course they fought. Look at Rod and Em. No troubles but the trouble they made.

Fred wasn't dangerous any more. She mocked him and danced on. He was trying to prove something, she thought. That people should marry rich, or maybe not at all. Sara was tempted to string him along with ecstatic praise of her own married life. But look at Stan over there, dancing with Emmie, sunk in her!

"FRED, will you lend me my wife for this one?" asked Stan, coming over dutifully after many dances.

"Stan, go dance with Emmie, or somebody," she begged, pretending to be gay. "Fred's worn me to a frazz."

Stan and Emmie busied themselves at the radio again, finding another station. Their heads together. Then Emmie's profile, turned across the room, like a north wind. Slumped in a chair, back of the piano, Rod was fondling the Eberhart girl; she was trying, not too powerfully, to get away. He had been at the Scotch; he was maudlin.

Stan turned to Emmie's whispering lips; ever so casually he sauntered over to the piano. Roughly, merrily, as though it were all a great joke, he wrested the Eberhart girl from Rod. No fuss. Few people saw them, they were so deep in a corner. But it was sickening, the way Rod raised his fists. Quicker than light Stan had his arms pinned down; then Rod's drunken gibber, "Let go me! Horning in again, huh—Emmie's strong-arm damn chiseler!"

The radio was making lots of noise; that was merciful. At Sara's elbow Fred Robley was saying calmly, "Domestic scene—what?" Stan was gone a long time, putting Rod to bed perhaps, or beating him up. Emmie's strong-arm . . . the insult echoed in Sara's ears. Stan, poor fool, who had been Rod's best friend. Now they were enemies.

At last Stan came back, stealthily, by a different door, patting his tie. He danced with Emmie, talked to her, then came over to Sara.

"Plastered and fighting," he said sheepishly. "Sara, I've got to stay and run this show and get 'em out."

"All right." Indifferently.

"You don't mind sticking around a while, until—" But Emmie's eyes were beckoning him. He hurried across the room.

Whew! Things are getting more tangled in this married quadrangle! What will be the upshot, especially with wily Fred Robley on the side lines ready to mix in at an opportune moment, and with Emmie boldly after Stan? Get the next issue of Liberty for further intrigues.

AMATEUR PAGE PRIZE WINNERS, JULY 18

The $25 first prize this week goes to prisoner No. 27406, in the Florida State Prison, for his poem, Thanks. Second prize of $10 goes to Rose Norton of El Paso, Tex., for her short story, Doctor's Orders. Third prizes of $5 each go to Chris L. Lawless of Bridgeport, Conn., for his cartoon; to Mauryce O. Fortier of Rumford, Me., for his quip; and to Alice Kenney of Laramie, Wyo., for her short story, Euthanasy.

Behind THE BLACK LEGION —*What?*

Whose Is the Hidden Hand that Directs It? Where Is Its Real Goal? Here, Based on Firsthand Facts, Is a Startling New Deduction

by MAJOR GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

A BLOODY and violent uprising threatens the United States, an organized Fascist revolt. The so-called Black Legion isn't a band of robbers or night riders. It isn't a strong-arm political club. It is an army, bigger than the present military forces of the United States. Its goal is the capture of the government by force of arms and the establishment of a Fascist dictatorship.

For four years it has been growing steadily, quietly, getting ready for the "zero hour." Approximately a quarter of a million men had been enrolled when the murder of Charles Poole revealed its existence. It is not dead. It is still growing. The real leaders are still unknown to the authorities. I have talked with all the identified "leaders." None of them has the force, the intellect, the spirit necessary to conceive such an organization, to build it, to direct its actions. Behind the Black Legion there is a hidden hand.

That hand does not belong to Vergil F. Effinger, "reputed major general commanding the Western Division," the Lima, Ohio, electrician who controls the Black Legion in Michigan, Indiana, and Ohio. Effinger is a typical small-town politician. Outside the grooves of his prejudices, his mind flounders badly. He believes in the Constitution of the United States—but has his own interpretations. He believes especially in that sentence of the Second Amendment: "The right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed." Yet he has no comprehension of the purposes of that amendment. Nothing could be plainer, the circumstances indicate, than that he is but a tool. One of the men who had been high in the councils of the Black Legion in Michigan told me:

"I've listened to Effinger many times when he came here to address staff meetings. He sounded like a schoolboy repeating a lesson learned by heart."

Arthur Lupp, "senior brigadier general and commander in chief of Michigan," is of a different type. He is a Detroit city milk inspector. He has the sanctimonious manners of a professional revivalist and the thin-lipped turned-down mouth of an inquisitor.

Wilbur Robinson, "senior brigadier general," is perhaps the most intelligent of those under arrest in Michigan. He was a clerk for the municipally owned Detroit Street Railways. He is pleasant and sincere. He believes the Black Legion does a noble work in warring on Catholics, Jews, Negroes, Communists, and others.

Henry Davis, "colonel of the regiment" to which Dayton Dean belonged, who, according to Dean's sworn testimony, gave the orders for the "execution" of Charles Poole and stood by while Dean fired five shots into the kneeling man's body, is an ex-convict with a record of two terms in Kentucky prisons. It is not among these men that the real leader of the Legion will be found—if he is found.

Effinger gave me a document that set forth the fundamental principles of the Black Legion:

1. We advocate the complete destruction of all isms seeking to overthrow the Constitutional Government of the United States of America.
2. The deportation at once of all undesirable aliens.
3. Private ownership of property strictly in accord with the Constitutional laws.
4. The right of inheritance subject to Constitutional laws governing same.
5. More stringent laws governing and protecting the sacredness of marriage.
6. The God-given right, as well as the Constitutional right, of every citizen to worship God in accord with the dictates of their own conscience, and not in accord with the dictates of some prelate or potentate.
7. The Second Amendment of the Constitution be observed and obeyed by all our public officials.
8. We believe the Second Amendment means just what it says. All gun laws must be repealed and a law passed with severe penalties for the misuse of a gun.

The first principle, the anti-Red plank, is also an anti-Jewish plank. The leaders say that "international Jewry," whatever that is, is the real force back of Communism. They actually claim there is an alliance between the great Jewish bankers, financiers, and merchants of the world, and the Third International—the triumph of whose principles would result in the destruction of capitalism!

An instance of the Black Legion's bitter hatred of Jews is the conspiracy to kill all the Hebrew residents of Detroit by poisoning their milk and cheese. Typhoid germs were to be used. The plot was revealed to Detroit authorities by Fred A. Guthrie of the Legion's "Intelligence Division." He said Arthur Lupp and a "bacteriologist chemist" also knew of the plot.

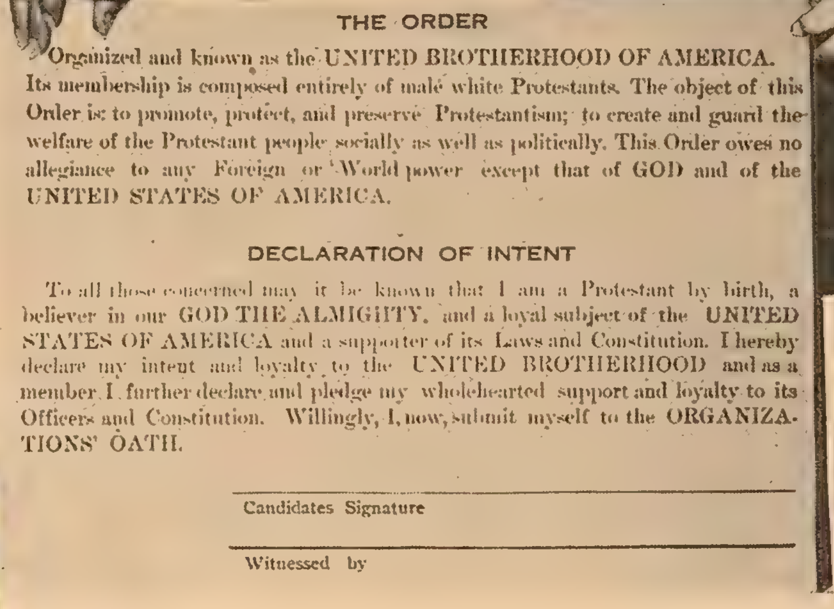
Plank No. 2 expresses the blanket hatred of the yokel mind against all "furriners." Planks Nos. 3 and 4 are just nice words. Plank No. 5 marks a fanatic, nightriderish determination to regulate the private morals of others. No. 6 is the anti-Catholic plank. Nos. 7 and 8 are intended to assure the right of the Black Legion to carry and possess the arms that will be needed at the "zero hour."

Why are the members taught that their enemies are Jews, Catholics, Negroes, and Communists? Because it is easy to arouse the prejudices of certain classes against Catholicism and the prejudices of others against the Jews, and it is easy to arouse some types of white men against the Negro. But there is a deeper reason for the attack on the Catholic Church: the Church is the implacable enemy of Communism and Fascism.

The Communists are organized and have no scruples, so it is "good business" to attack them. Besides, it gives the boys something to do while waiting for that "zero hour." Once a Black Legion is built, it must be kept active or it will disintegrate. It must have victims to cow, to torture, to kill. It even spies on its own members, and occasionally visits severe punishment on them. Anything for practice while biding the time!

Dayton Dean killed because he was afraid of his superiors. He was not a criminal. He was an ordinary man, not overintelligent, not particularly bothered about the lapses of his friends or neighbors. Then slowly he began to change. He grew grim and worried. He was seldom at home. He began to curse his wife, to beat her. He was afraid she might betray him. The terror bred of the Black Legion drove him. When the "woman's auxiliary" was formed, he forced her to join it.

V. F. Effinger, "major general commanding" the Black Legion in three states.



THE ORDER

Organized and known as the UNITED BROTHERHOOD OF AMERICA. Its membership is composed entirely of male white Protestants. The object of this Order is: to promote, protect, and preserve Protestantism; to create and guard the welfare of the Protestant people socially as well as politically. This Order owes no allegiance to any Foreign or World power except that of GOD and of the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

DECLARATION OF INTENT

To all those concerned may it be known that I am a Protestant by birth, a believer in our GOD THE ALMIGHTY, and a loyal subject of the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA and a supporter of its Laws and Constitution. I hereby declare my intent and loyalty to the UNITED BROTHERHOOD and as a member I further declare and pledge my wholehearted support and loyalty to its Officers and Constitution. Willingly, I, now, submit myself to the ORGANIZATIONS' OATH.

____
Candidates Signature

____
Witnessed by

An applicant who wants to get into the Black Legion is given this card to fill out. They are still applying.

Dayton Dean, who shot Poole, and Henry Davis and Wilbur Robinson, Black Legion "officers."

Now, since his confession, he is no longer in terror. He is going to spend the rest of his life in Jackson penitentiary. He doesn't think the Black Legion can reach him there to torture and kill him for talking.

The Black Legion rules by terror. As a man joining it takes the oath, hooded and robed men with guns are all about him. A voice speaks:

". . . We class as our enemies all Negroes, Jews, Catholics, and any one owing allegiance to any foreign potentate. . . . The Republican Party is in the grasp of the rich, while the Democratic Party is in the clutches of the Pope. . . . The purpose of war is to kill. . . ."

Then another voice asks the applicant if he will accept an order and go to his death, if necessary, to carry it out; if he believes in lynch laws; if he will arm himself as soon as possible; and, finally, if he will sign his name in his own blood.

When he takes the oath, he kneels. A gun is thrust into his chest, another into his back. "If they fail or falter," a voice says to the gunmen, "you know your duty." The recruit then repeats the oath after the "colonel":

"In the name of God and the devil, and by the powers of light and darkness, good and evil, here, under the black arch of heaven's avenging symbol, I . . . swear by all the powers of heaven and hell that I will devote my life to obedience to my superior officers . . . that I will exert every means in my power for the extermination of the anarchist, Communist, the Roman hierarchy, and their abettors. . . . Before violating a single clause or implied pledge of this, I will pray to an avenging God and an unmerciful devil to tear out my heart and roast it over flames of sulphur . . . and may my soul be given unto torment; may my body be submerged in molten metal and stifled in the flames of hell. . . . In the name of God, our Creator, Amen. Amen."

The insignia, a bullet, is given to him and he belongs for the rest of his life. Nobody resigns. "The only ex-members of this organization are six feet under."

Effinger and others claim the Black Legion (they call it "United Brotherhood of America") is nation-wide. Duncan McCrea, prosecutor of Wayne County, Michigan, says he has received reports of Black Legion activities from eighteen states. Congressman Samuel Dickstein, who proposed a Congressional investigation, declares it has units as far west as Salt Lake City and Los Angeles.

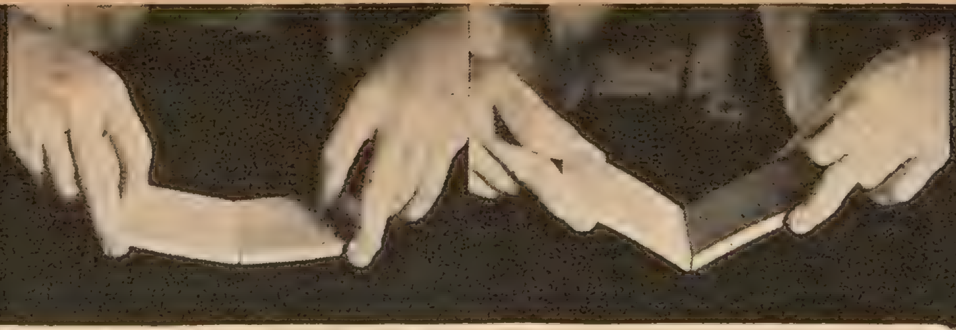
"And I have proof," he has said, "that a National Guard officer in Detroit who is also an officer of the Black Legion has been corresponding with the headquarters of William Dudley Pelley's Silver Shirts in Asheville, North Carolina, with a view to affiliation."

Effinger claims the Black Legion has three million members, but Congressman Dickstein, after investigating, puts the total at "anywhere between 200,000 and 300,000."

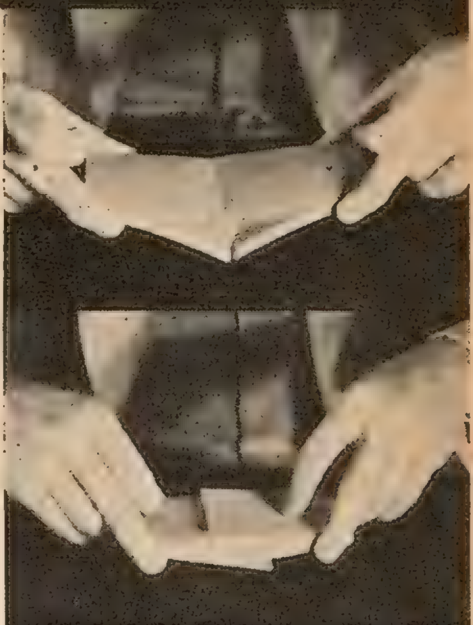
Grand juries now in session in Michigan may unearth further facts, but the essential menace needs no further details to make it apparent to every American.

THE END

When a sharp uses a "stripper" deck he prepares it in the manner shown at the right, holding the two halves firmly at the ends.



Below: By applying even pressure, the cards interlace perfectly. When the riffle is finished, alternate cards are the stripped ones.



CARD SHARPS *in* BRIDGE CLUBS

The Stripper Deck and the Slam in Hearts—A Lesson and a Warning to Players . . . Look Out for This One!

by

THE CARD DETECTIVE

as told to

FRED MacISAAC

READING TIME
3 MINUTES 13 SECONDS

Editor's Note: This is the concluding article of a series disclosing methods of cheating at bridge. The others appeared in the issues of August 8 and 22.

PLENTY of card sharps work the bridge clubs, and if they are smooth "mechanics" do very nicely for a while. When they have won so consistently that the suspicions of the management begin to awaken, they shift to another club.

As a general thing, the proprietors and assistants at bridge clubs are honest people. They have to be first-class bridge players, of course, or they would quickly put the club into the red.

In the case I have in mind, however, the proprietor was a crook. He used a "stripper" deck in cheating the members of his prosperous club. A stripper deck is a pack of cards in which certain ones have been clipped at the ends so that they are a thirty-secondth of an inch shorter than the rest. By holding the ends of the deck lightly and tipping it, the stripped cards will fall out.

While waiting in the manager's office prior to performing my act of card tricks at this club, I had absent-mindedly picked up the deck from a stack on his desk. The proprietor—let's call him Wilkins—was not present, so I slipped the cards into my pocket to use as part of the performance.

"Several of you shuffle and then cut these," I proposed to my audience, "and I'll show you how to deal a slam in hearts."

After three or four had done so, I took the deck. My purpose in having several shuffle and cut was to find somebody who took hold of the ends instead of the sides of the cards when cutting.

I gave the deck a slight shake, causing the twenty-six clipped cards to drop into my left hand. I then laid the two halves of the pack on the table and made an interlacing riffle, which is done by taking hold of the ends of the two halves of the pack, forcing the short and long cards to alternate—a short card on top. It was done at lightning speed.

I then passed it to the person I had observed to cut by grasping the ends of the cards. By this hold, no matter where in the pack a cut was made, it brought a short card on top, which would be dealt to me, while the next short card would be dealt to my partner. A man at my right dealt.

I turned my cards and those of the third hand face up. There were ace, king, queen, jack, ten, and six small hearts; three small clubs; ace, king, queen, and five spades; ace, king, and two small diamonds. As the three clubs were in my partner's hand, a grand slam was inevitable.

"And that concludes my portion of the entertainment," I stated. The proprietor stepped up to shake hands, and I asked to have a word with him in his office.

"The deck with which I made a slam in hearts I found on your desk," I stated bluntly. "And I found several other stripper decks in that pile of used cards."

He looked dumfounded. "I try to keep out crooks," he stammered. "There are a couple of people of whom I've been suspicious. I'll watch them closely."

I had been in my hotel room less than an hour when a young woman, introducing herself as Mrs. Hastings, visited me. She was pale and acted as if she were frightened.

"I saw your performance at the bridge club," she said. "That slam in hearts—that peculiar combination of the two hands—could it occur very often?"

"About once in several billion times," I said, smiling.

"Then I've been robbed!" she cried excitedly. "Wilkins uses that unusual manner of riffling the cards. Almost the same combination of hands occurred twice in the last week, and he made a grand slam in hearts once and then a little slam."

I gasped. So I had picked up a stripper deck belonging to the bridge-club proprietor!

Luckily Mrs. Hastings's "losses" were in the form of I O Us, and, needless to say, Wilkins has not tried to collect. He left town that night, address unknown.

THE END

When held lightly by the ends and tipped, the 26 short cards will fall out.

The fancy flourish, added by some, does not disturb the order of the cards.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIBERTY BY JOHN DREVES

Siren Business

by

AGATHA CHRISTIE

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

THE steamer from Barcelona to Majorca landed Mr. Parker Pyne at Palma in the early hours of the morning—and straightway he met with disillusionment. The hotels were full!

Mr. Parker Pyne partook of some coffee and a roll. He next had a conference with a friendly taxi driver in inadequate French interlarded with native Spanish, and they discussed the merits and possibilities of Soller, Alcudia, Pollensa, and Formentor.

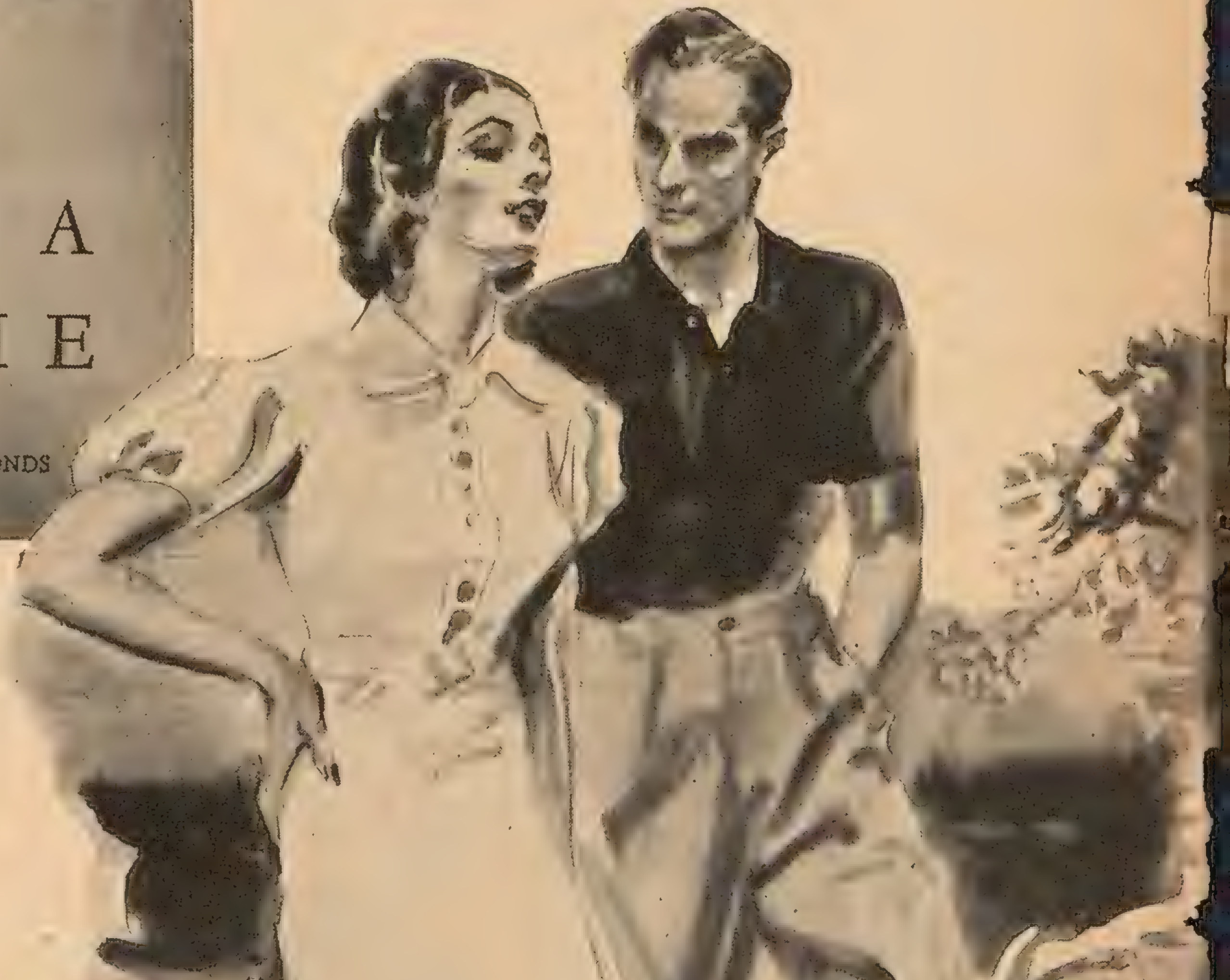
A bargain was struck, Mr. Parker Pyne's suitcases were loaded on the taxi in a somewhat haphazard manner, and they started off to drive round the island, trying cheaper hostelries en route.

After they had passed through the narrow streets of Pollensa and were following the curved line of the seashore, they came to the Hotel Pino d'Oro—a small hotel standing on the edge of the sea, looking out over a view that in the misty haze of a fine morning had the exquisite vagueness of a Japanese print. At once Mr. Parker Pyne knew that this, and this only, was what he was looking for. He stopped the taxi, passed through the painted gate, and was allotted a room overlooking the sea. The suitcases were unloaded, the driver received his fare, and departed with a cheerful Spanish salutation.

Mr. Parker Pyne glanced at his watch, and perceiving that it was, even now, but a quarter to ten, he went out on to the small terrace now bathed in a dazzling morning light, and ordered, for the second time that morning, coffee and rolls.

There were four tables there: his own, one from which breakfast was being cleared away, and two occupied ones. At the one nearest him sat a family of father and mother and two elderly daughters—Germans. Beyond them, at the corner of the terrace, sat what were clearly an English mother and son.

The woman was about fifty-five. She had gray hair of a pretty tone, dressed in a tweed coat and skirt, and had



He heard the girl beside him draw in her breath sharply. Basil was coming up the steps with a girl exotically beautiful.

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

that comfortable self-possession which marks an Englishwoman used to much traveling abroad.

The young man who sat opposite her might have been twenty-five, and he too was typical of his class and age. He was neither good-looking nor plain, tall nor short. He was clearly on the best of terms with his mother—they made little jokes together—and he was assiduous in passing her things.

As they talked, her eye met that of Mr. Parker Pyne. It passed over him with well-bred nonchalance, but he knew that he had been assimilated and labeled.

The English boy rose from his seat, made some laughing remark, and passed into the hotel. The woman took her letters and bag and settled herself in a chair facing the sea. She unfolded a copy of the Continental Daily Mail. Her back was to Mr. Parker Pyne.

As he drank the last drop of his coffee, Mr. Parker Pyne glanced in her direction, and instantly he stiffened. He was alarmed—alarmed for the peaceful continuance of his holiday! That back was horribly expressive. In his time he had classified many such backs. Its rigidity—the tenseness of its poise—without seeing her face he knew well enough that the eyes were bright with unshed tears; that the woman was keeping herself in hand by a rigid effort.

Moving warily, like a much hunted animal, Mr. Parker Pyne retreated into the hotel. Not half an hour before, he had been invited to sign his name in the book lying on the desk. There it was—a neat signature—C. Parker Pyne, London.

A few lines above Mr. Parker Pyne noticed the entries: Mrs. R. Chester, Mr. Basil Chester—Holm Park, Devon.

Seizing a pen, Mr. Parker wrote rapidly over his signature. It now read (with difficulty) " Christopher Pyne."

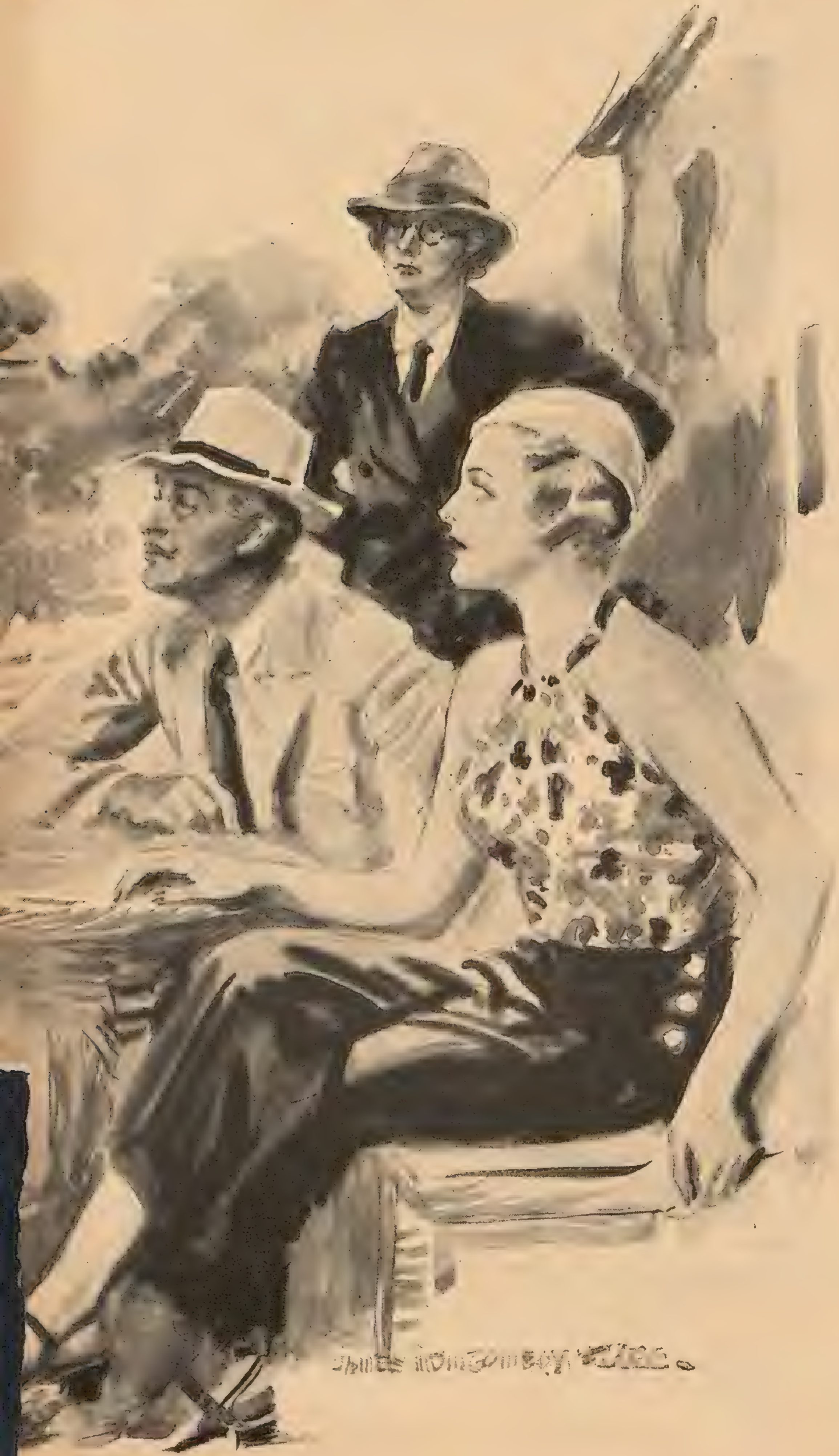
If Mrs. R. Chester was unhappy in Pollensa Bay, it was not going to be made easy for her to consult Mr. Parker Pyne.

Already it had been a source of abiding wonder to that gentleman that so many people he had come across abroad should know his name and have noted his advertisements.

Already his holidays had been interrupted on several occasions. He had dealt with a whole series of problems from murder to attempted blackmail. He was determined in Majorca to have peace. He felt instinctively that a distressed mother might trouble that peace considerably.

Mr. Parker Pyne settled down at the Pino d'Oro very happily. There was a larger hotel not far off, the Mariposa, where a good many English people stayed. There was also quite an artist colony living all round. You could walk along by the sea to the fishing village where there was a cocktail bar where people met; there were a few shops. It was all very peaceful and pleasant. Girls strolled about in trousers with brightly colored handkerchiefs tied round the upper halves of their bodies. Young men in berets and rather long hair held forth in Mac's Bar on such subjects as plastic values and abstraction in art.

On the day after Mr. Parker Pyne's arrival, Mrs. Chester made a few conventional remarks to him on the subject of the view and the likelihood of the weather keeping fine. She then chatted a little with the German lady about knitting.



A Sprightly, Surprising Story—of a Troubled Young Man, the Hazards of Love, and the Wiles of Distracting Beauty

Mr. Parker Pyne found Basil Chester a most likable young man. He called Mr. Parker Pyne "sir" and listened most politely to anything the older man said. Sometimes the three English people had coffee together after dinner in the evening. After the third day, Basil left the party after ten minutes or so, and Mr. Parker Pyne was left tête-à-tête with Mrs. Chester.

Every evening when her son departed Mr. Parker Pyne saw the quickly concealed tremor of her lips, but immediately she recovered and discoursed pleasantly on various subjects.

Little by little she began to talk of Basil—of how well he had done at school—"he was in the first eleven, you know"—of how every one liked him, of how proud his father would have been of the boy had he lived, of how thankful she had been that Basil had never been "wild." "Of course I always urge him to be with young people, but he really seems to prefer being with me."

She said it with a kind of nice modest pleasure in the fact. But for once Mr. Parker Pyne did not make the tactful response he could usually achieve so easily. He said instead: "Oh, well, there seem to be plenty of young people here—not in the hotel but round about."

At that, he noticed, Mrs. Chester stiffened. She said of course there were a lot of *artists*. Perhaps she was very old-fashioned—*real* art, of course, was different, but a lot of young people just made that sort of thing an excuse for lounging about and doing nothing—and the girls drank a lot too much.

On the following day Basil said to Mr. Parker Pyne:

"I'm awfully glad you turned up here, sir—especially for my mother's sake. She likes having you to talk to in the evenings."

"What did you do when you were first here?"

"As a matter of fact we used to play piquet."

"I see."

"Of course one gets rather tired of piquet. As a matter of fact I've got some friends here—frightfully cheery crowd. I don't really think my mother approves of them." He laughed as though he felt this ought to be amusing. "The mater's very old-fashioned. Even girls in trousers shock her!"

"Quite so," said Mr. Parker Pyne.

"What I tell her is—one's got to move with the times. The girls round us at home are frightfully dull."

"I see," said Mr. Parker Pyne.

AND then the worst—from Mr. Parker Pyne's point of view—happened. A gushing lady of his acquaintance came to stay at the Mariposa. They met in the teashop in the presence of Mrs. Chester.

The newcomer screamed:

"Why, if it isn't Mr. Parker Pyne—the one and only Mr. Parker Pyne! And Adela Chester! Do you know each other? . . . Oh, you do? You're staying at the same hotel? He's the one and only original wizard, Adela—the marvel of the century—all your troubles smoothed out while you wait! . . . What? Didn't you *know?* You must have heard about him? Haven't you read his advertisements? 'Are you in trouble? Consult Mr. Parker Pyne.' There's just nothing he can't do. Husbands and wives flying at each other's throats, and he brings 'em together. If you've lost interest in life, he gives you the most thrilling adventures. As I say, the man's just a *wizard!*"

It went on a good deal longer—Mr. Parker Pyne at intervals making modest disclaimers.

That evening, after coffee, Mrs. Chester said abruptly:

"Will you come into the little salon, Mr. Pyne? There is something I want to say to you."

He could but bow and submit.

Mrs. Chester's self-control had been wearing thin; as the door of the little salon closed behind them, it snapped. She sat down and burst into tears.

"My boy, Mr. Parker Pyne. You must save him. *We* must save him. It's breaking my heart!"

"My dear lady, as a mere outsider—"

"Nina Wycherley says you can do *anything*. She said I was to have the utmost confidence in you. She advised me to tell you everything, and that you'd put the whole thing right."

Resigning himself, he said: "Well, let us thrash th matter out. A girl, I suppose?"

"Did he tell you about her?"

"Only indirectly."

Words poured in a vehement stream from Mrs. Chester. The girl was dreadful. She drank, she swore, she wore no clothes to speak of. Her sister lived out here; was married to an artist—a Dutchman. The whole set was most undesirable. Half of them were living together without being married.

Basil was completely changed. He had always been so quiet, so interested in serious subjects. He had thought at one time of taking up archaeology—

"Well, well," said Mr. Parker Pyne. "Nature will have her revenge."

"What do you mean?"

"It isn't healthy for a young man to be interested in serious subjects. He ought to be making an idiot of himself over one girl after another."

"Please be serious, Mr. Pyne."

"I'm perfectly serious. Is the young lady, by any chance, the one who had tea with you yesterday?"

HE had noticed her—her gray flannel trousers, the scarlet handkerchief tied loosely round her breast, the vermilion mouth, and the fact that she had chosen a cocktail in preference to tea.

"You saw her? Terrible! Not the kind of girl Basil has ever admired."

"You haven't given him much chance to admire a girl, have you?"

"I?"

"He's been too fond of *your* company! Bad! However, I dare say he'll get over this—if you don't precipitate matters."

"You don't understand. He wants to marry this girl—Betty Gregg. They're *engaged.* Mr. Parker Pyne, you *must* do something. You must get my boy out of this disastrous marriage! His whole life will be ruined."

"Nobody's life can be ruined except by himself."

"Basil's will be," said Mrs. Chester positively.

"I'm not worrying about Basil."

"You're not worrying about the *girl?*"

"No; I'm worrying about *you.* You've been squandering your birthright."

Mrs. Chester looked at him, slightly taken aback.

"What are the years from twenty to forty? Fettered and bound by personal and emotional relationships. That's bound to be. That's living. But later there's a new stage. You can think, observe life, discover something about other people and the truth about yourself. Life becomes real—significant. You see it as a whole. Not just one scene—the scene you, as an actor, are playing. No man or woman is actually himself (or herself) till after forty-five. That's when individuality has a chance."

"I've been wrapped up in Basil. He's been *everything* to me."

"Well, he shouldn't have been. That's what you're paying for now. Love him as much as you like—but you're Adela Chester, remember, a person—not just Basil's mother."

"It will break my heart if Basil's life is ruined," said Basil's mother.

He looked at the lines of her face, the droop of her mouth. He did not want her to be hurt. He said:

"I'll see what I can do."

He found Basil Chester only too ready to talk.

"This business is being just hellish. Mother's hopeless—prejudiced, narrow-minded. If only she'd let herself, she'd *see* how fine Betty is."

"And Betty?"

Basil sighed.

"Betty's being damned difficult! If she'd just conform a bit—I mean leave off the lipstick for a day—it might make all the difference. She seems to go out of her way to be—well, modern—when mother's about."

Mr. Parker Pyne smiled.

"I wish you'd come along and see Betty and have a good talk about it all."

Mr. Parker Pyne accepted the invitation readily.

Betty and her sister and her husband lived in a small dilapidated villa a little way back from the sea. Their life was of a refreshing simplicity. Hans was an excitable young man with wild blond hair that stood up all over his head. He spoke very odd English with incredible rapidity, walking up and down as he did so. Stella, his wife, was small and fair. Betty Gregg had red hair and freckles and a mischievous eye. She was, he noticed, not nearly so made up as she had been the previous day at the Pino d'Oro.

She gave him a cocktail and said with a twinkle:

" You're in on the big bust-up? "

Mr. Parker Pyne nodded.

" And whose side are you on, big boy? The young lovers' or the disapproving dame's? "

" May I ask you a question? "

" Certainly."

" Have you been very tactful over all this? "

" Not at all," said Miss Gregg frankly. " But the old cat put my back up." She glanced round to make sure that Basil was out of earshot. " That woman just makes me feel mad. She's kept Basil tied to her apron strings all these years—that sort of thing makes a man look a fool. Basil isn't a fool really. Then she's so terribly *pukka sahib.*"

" That's not really such a bad thing. It's merely unfashionable just at present."

Betty Gregg gave a sudden twinkle.

" You mean it's like putting Chippendale chairs in the attic in Victorian days? Later you get them down again and say, ' Aren't they marvelous? ' "

" Something of the kind."

Betty Gregg considered.

" Perhaps you're right. I'll be honest. It was Basil who put my back up—being so anxious about what impression I'd make on his mother. It drove me to extremes. Even now I believe he might give me up if his mother worked on him good and hard."

" He might," said Mr. Parker Pyne, " if she went about it the right way."

" Are you going to tell her the right way? She won't think of it herself, you know. She'll just go on disapproving, and that won't do the trick. But if you prompted her—"

BETTY bit her lip, raised frank blue eyes to his.

" I've heard about you, Mr. Parker Pyne. You're supposed to know something about human nature. Do you think Basil and I could make a go of it or not? "

" Do you sleep with your window open or shut? "

" Open. I like lots of air."

" Do you and Basil enjoy the same kind of food? "

" Yes."

" Do you like going to bed early or late? "

" Really, under the rose, early. At half past ten I yawn, and I secretly feel rather hearty in the mornings, but of course I daren't admit it."

" You ought to suit each other very well," said Mr. Parker Pyne.

" Rather a superficial test."

" Not at all. I have known seven marriages, at least, entirely wrecked because the husband liked sitting up till midnight and the wife fell asleep at half past nine, and vice versa."

" It's a pity," said Betty, " that everybody can't be happy. Basil and I, and his mother giving us her blessing."

Mr. Parker Pyne coughed.

" I think," he said, " that that could possibly be managed."

She looked at him doubtfully.

" Now I wonder," she said, " if you're double-crossing me."

Mr. Parker Pyne's face told nothing.

To Mrs. Chester he was soothing but vague. An engagement was not marriage. He himself was going to Soller for a week. He suggested that her line of action should be noncommittal. Let her appear to acquiesce.

He spent a very enjoyable week at Soller.

On his return, the first thing he saw was Mrs. Chester and Betty Gregg on the veranda together. Basil was

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Next wrap towels, wrung out in hot water, around your head for a good steaming. Then shampoo. For added glamour spray on a few drops of Tonic before setting your wave.

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not there. Mrs. Chester looked haggard. Betty, too, was looking off color. She was hardly made up at all, and her eyelids looked as though she had been crying.

They greeted him in a friendly fashion, but neither of them mentioned Basil.

Suddenly he heard the girl beside him draw in her breath sharply as though something had hurt her. Mr. Parker Pyne turned his head.

Basil Chester was coming up the steps from the sea front. With him was a girl so exotically beautiful that it quite took your breath away. She was dark and her figure was marvelous. No one could fail to notice the fact, since she wore nothing but a single garment of pale blue crepe. She was heavily made up with ocher powder and an orange-scarlet mouth.

As for young Basil, he seemed unable to take his eyes from her face.

"You're very late, Basil," said his mother. "You were to have taken Betty to Mac's."

"My fault," drawled the beautiful unknown. "We just drifted." She turned to Basil. "Angel, get me something with a kick in it!"

She tossed off her shoe and stretched out her manicured toenails, which were done emerald green to match her fingernails.

She paid no attention to the two women, but she leaned a little toward Mr. Parker Pyne.

"Terrible island, this," she said. "I was just dying with boredom before I met Basil. He *is* rather a pet!"

"Mr. Parker Pyne—Miss Ramona," said Mrs. Chester.

The girl acknowledged the introduction with a lazy smile.

"I guess I'll call you Parker almost at once," she murmured. "My name's Dolores."

Basil returned with the drinks. Miss Ramona divided her conversation (what there was of it—it was mostly glances) between Basil and Mr. Parker Pyne. Of the two women she took no notice whatever. Betty attempted once or twice to join in the conversation, but the other girl merely stared at her and yawned.

Suddenly Dolores rose.

"Guess I'll be going along now. I'm at the other hotel. Any one coming to see me home?"

Basil sprang up.

"I'll come with you."

Mrs. Chester said, "Basil, my dear—"

"I'll be back presently, mother."

"Isn't he the mother's boy?" Miss Ramona asked of the world at large. "Just toots round after her, don't you?"

Basil flushed and looked awkward. Miss Ramona gave a nod in Mrs. Chester's direction, a dazzling smile to Mr. Parker Pyne, and she and Basil moved off together.

AFTER they had gone there was a rather awkward silence.

Betty said, "Well, what do you think of our new acquisition to Pollensa Bay?" Her voice was not quite steady.

Mr. Parker Pyne said cautiously:

"A little—er—exotic."

Mrs. Chester said, "She's terrible—terrible! Basil must be quite mad."

Betty said sharply, "Basil's all right." She rose suddenly.

"I think, Mrs. Chester, I'll go home and not stay to dinner after all."

"Oh, my dear—Basil will be so disappointed."

"Will he?" asked Betty with a short laugh. "Anyway, I think I will. I've got rather a headache."

She smiled at them both and went off. Mrs. Chester turned to Mr. Parker Pyne.

"You shouldn't have gone away," said Mrs. Chester. "If you'd been here this wouldn't have happened."

"My dear lady, I can assure you that when it comes to a question of a beautiful young woman, I should have no influence over your son whatever. He—er—seems to be of a very susceptible nature."

"He never used to be," said Mrs. Chester tearfully.

"Well," said Mr. Parker Pyne with an attempt at cheerfulness, "this new attraction seems to have broken the back of his infatuation for Miss Gregg. That must be some satisfaction to you."

"I don't know what you mean," said Mrs. Chester. "Betty is a dear child and devoted to Basil. She is behaving extremely well over this. I think my boy must be mad."

Mr. Parker Pyne received this startling change of face without wincing. He had met inconsistency in women before. He said mildly:

"Not exactly mad—just bewitched."

Basil ran up the steps from the sea front.

"Hullo, mater, here I am. Where's Betty?"

"Betty's gone home with a headache. I don't wonder."

"Sulking, you mean."

"I consider, Basil, that you are being extremely unkind to Betty."

"Please, mother, don't jaw. If Betty is going to make this fuss every time I speak to another girl, a nice sort of life we'll lead together."

"You *are* engaged."

"Oh, we're engaged all right. That doesn't mean that we're not going to have any friends of our own. Nowadays people have to lead their own lives and try to cut out jealousy."

He paused.

"Look here, if Betty isn't going to dine with us, I think I'll go back to the Mariposa. They did ask me to dine."

"Oh, Basil—"

The boy gave her an exasperated look, then ran off down the steps.

Mrs. Chester looked eloquently at Mr. Parker Pyne.

"You see," she said.

He saw.

MATTERS came to a head a couple of days later. Betty and Basil were to have gone for a long walk, taking a picnic lunch with them. Betty arrived at the Pino d'Oro to find that Basil had forgotten the plan and gone over to Formentor for the day with Dolores Ramona's party.

Beyond a tightening of the lips the girl made no sign. Presently, however, she got up and stood in front of Mrs. Chester (the two women were alone on the terrace).

"It's quite all right," she said. "It doesn't matter. But I think—all the same—that we'd better call the whole thing off."

She slipped from her finger the signet ring that Basil had given her—he would buy the real engagement ring later.

"Will you give him back this, Mrs. Chester? And tell him it's all right—not to worry—"

"Betty dear, don't! He *does* love you—really."

"It looks like it, doesn't it?" said the girl with a short laugh. "No—I've got some pride. Tell him everything's all right and that I—I wish him luck."

When Basil returned at sunset he was greeted by a storm.

He flushed a little at the sight of his ring.

"So that's how she feels, is it? Well, I dare say it's the best thing."

"Basil!"

"Well, frankly, mother, we don't seem to have been hitting it off lately."

"Whose fault was that?"

"I don't see that it was mine particularly. Jealousy's beastly and I really don't see why *you* should get all worked up about it. You begged me yourself not to marry Betty."

"That was before I knew her. Basil—my dear—you're not thinking of marrying this other creature?"

Basil Chester said soberly:

"I'd marry her like a shot if she'd have me—but I'm afraid she won't."

Cold chills went down Mrs. Chester's spine. She sought and found Mr. Parker Pyne, placidly reading a book in a sheltered corner.

"You must *do* something! You *must* do something! My boy's life will be ruined."

Mr. Parker Pyne was getting a little tired of Basil Chester's life being ruined.

"What can I do?"

"Go and see this terrible creature. If necessary, buy her off."

"That may come very expensive."

"I don't care."

"It seems a pity. Still, there are, possibly, other ways."

She looked a question. He shook his head.

"I'll make no promises—but I'll see what I can do. I have handled that kind before. By the way, not a word to Basil—that would be fatal."

"Of course not."

MR. PARKER PYNE returned from the Mariposa at midnight. Mrs. Chester was sitting up for him.

"Well?" she demanded breathlessly.

His eyes twinkled.

"The Señorita Dolores Ramona will leave Pollensa tomorrow morning and the island tomorrow night."

"Oh, Mr. Parker Pyne! How ever did you manage it?"

"It won't cost a cent," said Mr. Parker Pyne. Again his eyes twinkled. "I rather fancied I might have a hold over her—and I was right."

"You are wonderful! Nina Wycherley was quite right. You must let me know—er—your fee—"

Mr. Parker Pyne held up a well manicured hand.

"Not a penny. It has been a pleasure. I hope all will go well. Of course the boy will be very upset at first when he finds she's disappeared and left no address. Just go easy with him for a week or two."

"If only Betty will forgive him—"

"She'll forgive him all right. They're a nice couple. By the way, I'm leaving tomorrow too."

"Oh, Mr. Parker Pyne, we shall miss you."

"Perhaps it's just as well I should go before that boy of yours gets infatuated with yet a third girl."

. . . . .

Mr. Parker Pyne leaned over the rail of the steamer and looked at the lights of Palma. Beside him stood Dolores Ramona. He was saying appreciatively:

"A very nice piece of work, Madeleine. I'm glad I wired you to come out. It's odd, when you're such a quiet stay-at-home girl really."

Madeleine de Sara, alias Dolores Ramona, alias Maggie Sayers, said primly, "I'm glad you're pleased, Mr. Parker Pyne. It's been a nice little change. I think I'll go below now and get to bed before the boat starts. I'm such a bad sailor."

A few minutes later a hand fell on Mr. Parker Pyne's shoulder. He turned to see Basil Chester.

"Had to come and see you off, Mr. Parker Pyne, and give you Betty's love and her and my best thanks. It was a grand stunt of yours. Betty and mother are as thick as thieves. Seemed a shame to deceive the old darling—but she *was* being difficult. Anyway, it's all right now. I must just be careful to keep up the annoyance stuff a couple of days longer. We're no end grateful to you, Betty and I."

"I wish you every happiness," said Mr. Parker Pyne.

"Thanks."

There was a pause, then Basil said with somewhat overdone carelessness:

"Is Miss—Miss de Sara—anywhere about? I'd like to thank her too."

Mr. Parker Pyne shot a keen glance at him.

He said:

"I'm afraid Miss de Sara's gone to bed."

"Oh, too bad—well, perhaps I'll see her in London sometime."

"As a matter of fact she is going to America on business for me almost at once."

"Oh!" Basil's tone was blank.

"Well," he said, "I'll be getting along."

Mr. Parker Pyne smiled. On his way to his cabin he tapped on the door of Madeleine's.

"How are you, my dear? All right? Our young friend has been along. The usual slight attack of Madeleinitis. He'll get over it in a day or two, but you *are* rather distracting."

THE END

"The loser's stuck to take her home"

THE very boys who used to seek her out, now match to see who will be "stuck" to take her home. That's what halitosis (bad breath) can do to a girl, without her ever suspecting the reason for the sudden change in her fortunes. Too bad that this offensive condition doesn't announce itself to the victim instead of to the victim's friends.

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Keep Listerine handy in home and office and use it systematically.

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The CASE New Jersey Would Like to Forget

John Hughes Curtis Ends His Story and His Attorney Propounds a Question—Why Was Curtis Arrested and "Jafsie" Praised?

by C. LLOYD FISHER

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

AS all the world knows, John Hughes Curtis confessed that his whole story of contacts with a self-styled kidnap gang had been untrue. Last week Mr. Fisher presented, verbatim, Curtis's explanation to him. Curtis said that on May 13, 1932, he was sent to Cape May with New Jersey State Police officers. He took them to the house where he had met the gang, and they did not search it. They would not look for the boat that had conveyed him to the gang's schooner, nor did they check up on local families named Larsen. In Newark, he was able to guide them to the Scandinavian section, but the search that ensued was not thorough. Although not under arrest, he was under strict surveillance and was not allowed to telephone.

He was taken back to Hopewell for the last time on the morning of May 15. In the evening, he says, they promised to let him go home if he would sign a statement, which they "guaranteed" wouldn't be published, that his story had been a hoax. Worn out and anxious about his wife and his affairs, he did type and sign such a statement, reminding them that it was a lie. Once they had it, pressure was increased, and by 4.35 A. M. he had signed other statements—without even reading these, he says. The next night he was grilled until, at dawn, an officer showed him his "confession" in a New York newspaper and told him he was ruined for life. Thereupon, he says, he was put in the Lindbergh cellar with the dead baby's clothes.

PART SIX—FROM CELLAR TO JAIL

ONE of the first citizens of Norfolk, Virginia, lay on his back in the cellar of the Lindbergh home—in a dank washtub room, a basement laundry so damp a sun lamp was kept burning day and night. Outside the door of his improvised cell sat a New Jersey state trooper.

Inside, on the bare wall opposite the cot, hung a rubber matting to which had been pinned all the little clothing that had come off the dead body which a Negro truckman had found by the Mount Rose road—a body so decomposed that even its sex could not be recognized—which the state police now said was the body of Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr.

There were the little shirt, the band, the colored thread that had been used to sew the band. On the floor lay a child's crib mattings, blankets, a broken shovel.

The sun lamp beat glaringly on these gruesome objects, beat glaringly into John Curtis's tired eyes.

"Here's where you sleep," the guard said, and laughed when he said "sleep."

John Curtis laughed, too, hysterically.

Or was he John Curtis—John Hughes Curtis of Norfolk, president of the Norfolk German, ex-president of the Norfolk Country Club, commodore of the Yacht Club?

He asked himself if he were the same man who had come, a month back, to this very house in the Jersey hills, accompanied by a Right Reverend dean of the Episcopal Church and an admiral of the United States Navy.

Was he the same man who had been an honored guest in that house, who had broken bread with Ann Morrow Lindbergh, who had received her gracious thanks for his efforts in behalf of her and her famous husband?

Was he the same man who, six nights before, had ridden at top speed through a driving rain to give aid and comfort in a new time of trouble?

Why had he done it?

Why had he mixed in this diabolical mystery which had brought him nothing for his pains but mental anguish and financial ruin?

Why, especially, had he come this last time on this last quixotic errand of mercy, instead of rushing home to his ailing wife and his admiring townsfolk?

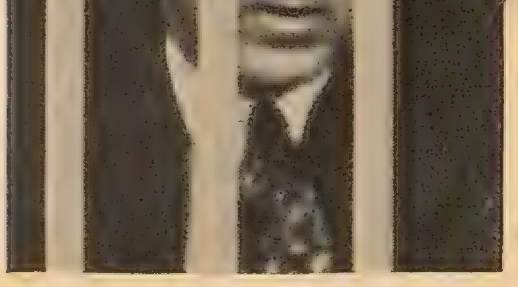
John Curtis couldn't find the answer to any of these questions. He couldn't find the answer to the question of why he—a voluntary visitor, a supposedly free citizen, not under arrest, not even formally accused of any wrongdoing—should be thrown into this damp and dismal cellar laundry with its cot and its tubs and its blinding lamp and, above all, its gruesome souvenirs of the dead baby.

"I thought," Curtis said to the guard, "that the days of the Spanish Inquisition were long since past."

According to Curtis, the man just grinned.

"Of course I

Colonel Schwarzkopf (in center) reading the Curtis confession to newspapermen. The colonel was head of New Jersey's State Police.



The crowd waiting at the jail for Curtis. At left: In his cell. Now you've read his story, how does this snapshot affect you?

couldn't sleep," he continued, " and I suggested that both of us go up in the garage. He stated his orders were to keep me in that room, and in that room I was going to stay. I told him I was worn out and couldn't sleep there, and he only laughed. It was about five fifteen when I was taken down in the cellar. Around seven o'clock I was taken up to the kitchen and we had breakfast. When we had finished, I protested against being taken back into the damp cellar and asked that I be allowed to remain above. My guard replied: ' Nothing doing.'

" I then asked him if I was under arrest.

" ' No,' he said, ' but that doesn't make one damn bit of difference to me. My orders are that you're to remain in the cellar, and into the cellar you have to go. If you go peaceably, all right. If not, all right.'

" With that, he took my arm and headed for the door. Betty Gow and Ollie Whateley were in the kitchen when all this happened. They heard the conversation and saw me led back to the washtub room.

" I THOUGHT it would be a good idea to secure proof that I had been detained in the cellar, as I thought all parties concerned would deny that I had been there. So, while the guard was upstairs, I wandered through the cellar, took numbers of the Lindbergh oil burners, took the size and number of the valves, made a complete description of the whole place, and hid it in the lining of my coat. Incidentally, I saw the broken ladder, as well as the new one they were constructing.

" When the day guard came on, I asked him to go to Colonel Schwarzkopf and see if I could not go out into the yard. It was so damp in that basement laundry that I felt I simply must have sunlight. The guard returned and stated that Schwarzkopf was still upstairs, but that Major Stuttgart said that I could come up if I would stay in the yard and would go no farther than the fence, and that my guard must have another man with him to look after me.

" When Schwarzkopf came downstairs, the guard obtained permission for me to go into the downstairs bedroom and wash up, which I did.

" I then found that my two grips were in the closet of this room, the one I had on the Cachalot and the one I had at the hotel in New York. Both were minus all my memoranda and papers.

Curtis following a trooper on his way to the Flemington jail, where he had to help in pushing through the crowd.

" During the day Agnew and White got me to sign some more statements they had written out. I did this without looking at them. What was the use? I was completely worn out.

" About five o'clock Kelly came into the downstairs bedroom and called me outside. He said he didn't see why they had given it to him to do, but he had to read me the warrant for my arrest. I was then taken into the library, where Hauck, a magistrate named Webster, Schwarzkopf, Lindbergh, and Breckinridge, Lindbergh's lawyer, were standing, as well as several others I didn't know. I waived the reading of the complaint, and my bail was fixed by Magistrate Webster at $10,000.

" I talked with Schwarzkopf and kicked on the bail; and he stated the attorney general's office wanted to make it $50,000, but that he had kicked and gotten it down to $10,000.

" I was then taken out in the yard to be transferred to Flemington jail. Prosecutor Hauck and two troopers were with me.

" As we approached Flemington it was decided we would enter the jail through the back entrance, as some demonstration might be made against me. Upon our arrival, we found a crowd of several hundred people blocking the entrance. The usual reporters and photographers were there. It was necessary for me to assist the troopers in pushing my way through the crowd in order to enter the jail. The remarks made against me were of course vile, but no attention was paid to them.

" I was brought up here on the second floor "—Curtis and Pender, his Norfolk lawyer, and I were still talking in the jail—" to this very hospitable cell. I turned t

DISHEARTENED AT THE CLOTHES SHE MUST WEAR BECAUSE OF • • •

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Warden Anderson and said, ‘My God, this is paradise to where I have been!’

"I was exhausted, having had practically no sleep for ten or twelve days, and, after eating a light supper prepared by Mrs. Anderson, fell across the bed with my clothes on, asleep."

And that, ladies and gentlemen of the great jury of the American people, is the story Curtis told that day during my first visit to his cell in Flemington jail.

There are parts of it which you as a liberty-loving American will be loath to believe. But I could give dozens of similar instances where citizens picked up by the police on the suspicion of wrongdoing were apparently subjected to even more severe treatment than was meted out to John Hughes Curtis by the officials who detained him illegally for approximately a week in the armed camp which was the Lindbergh home in the Sourland hills.

For example, on Memorial Day, 1932, just before the Curtis case came up for trial, the state police arrested a man named Romanowski and a man named Friedman for robbing a silk truck. Like so many people who were arrested during this troubled period, they immediately became Lindbergh suspects. So, instead of being arraigned before a magistrate, as the law requires and as every state police rule book expressly provides, they were locked up for the first night in the Lambertville jail. The next day they were taken to the state police headquarters at Morristown and, according to their story, beaten so badly that they nearly died.

DURING the next nine days they were moved from one jail to another—one at High Bridge and one at Frenchtown—and then brought back to Lambertville, where Friedman, the one more seriously injured, shrieked so loudly that he attracted the kindly offices of the local Catholic priest.

When the authorities got wind of the fact that the priest was investigating their conduct, they promptly arraigned their two prisoners before a magistrate in my native town, who committed them to Flemington jail. It was then that the prisoners sent for me to conduct their defense and, incidentally, to enter still another local struggle in connection with this Lindbergh case.

There was nothing I could do for them on the silk charge, because they had already admitted their guilt; but I did succeed in making the condition in which I found them an indisputable matter of record. I called in two physicians and a number of disinterested witnesses, including the sheriff, warden, and other citizens whose veracity could not be questioned. I took statements also from the town jailers in the communities where they had previously been confined.

Friedman, who had political connections, subsequently changed his story. He now swore that he had suffered his injuries from falling out of an automobile the day before Memorial Day—although he was admittedly well enough on Memorial Day itself to be out stealing silk! After three years out on bail, more than nine months of which were spent in hospitals trying to recover from the injuries he had sustained—as I was informed by Prosecutor Hauck when I asked why the man was brought in for sentence—he was allowed to go free on the payment of a thousand-dollar fine.

Harry Stout, who assisted in the prosecution unexpectedly.

Romanowski, who had no political connections, stuck to his story and went to jail.

Neither of these men had anything more to do with the Lindbergh kidnaping than Edward VIII.

In justice to the Jersey authorities, however, it should be said that from time immemorial police have practiced the third degree and from time immemorial they have denied that they did so.

Naturally, the officials responsible for Curtis's detention deny that they treated their "prisoner" during these six days of illegal incarceration with anything but kindness and respect.

The issue of veracity is clear.

It is for the reader to believe the state police's protestations of innocence, or to believe John Curtis's account of the indignities, the grillings, the infringements of his rights, the verbal thrashings, the bullying profanity, to which he says he was subjected, almost without rest or sleep, for six days and nights.

For my part, I believed and still believe Mr. Curtis to be an upright, honorable, and, in spite of all rumors circulated to the contrary, thoroughly reliable gentleman—and in that belief we set about preparing his defense.

It soon became apparent, however, that this case was to be tried not in the courtroom but in the newspapers.

Canon 20 of the Canons of Professional Ethics reads:

> Newspaper publications by a lawyer as to pending or anticipated litigation

may interfere with a fair trial in the Courts and otherwise prejudice the due administration of justice.

This provision would seem to be especially binding on district attorneys and prosecutors of all sorts, because these officials are the lawyers of all the people and are supposed to protect the rights of all the people, *including the prisoner at the bar.* But the state authorities in the Curtis case apparently disagreed with this view.

Almost from the day of Curtis's arrest they began releasing items to the press which they described as damaging evidence against a man whose legal status, until proved otherwise, was merely that of a citizen accused of a misdemeanor.

It is inconceivable that these statements did not reach the ears of the men and women who subsequently tried him. That they did in fact influence the minds of these prospective jurors cannot be doubted—and by so doing they served to make the resulting trial, in my opinion, pretty much of a farce.

How could anybody expect to arrive at a verdict affecting the mystery of the Lindbergh kidnaping—a mystery which I believe is just as unsolved now as it was on the night of March 1, 1932—at a trial where the public, doubtless including the prospective jury, had been bombarded for weeks with statements from representatives of the great State of New Jersey which, under the traditional application of Anglo-Saxon law, would never have been permitted?

Forget John Hughes Curtis. Put yourself in the prisoner's place at Flemington—yourself or your brother or your father or your sweetheart. Would *you* have been satisfied with a verdict arrived at in such circumstances?

Interest in the Curtis case was, of course, world-wide; but it was naturally most intense in Hunterdon County, where Colonel Lindbergh made his home, where the kidnaping was committed, and where the trial took place. The feeling which had been imposed by the state upon the whole civilized world, that this man was guilty, amounted in Flemington to a deep angry conviction.

THAT this local prejudice was greatly inflamed by the exceptional manner in which the prisoner was treated by the authorities cannot be denied. For example, it was well known in the town—there are only twenty-five hundred of us in Flemington, and everything that goes on, even in the jail, is known to all!—that a special detail of armed guards was maintaining a twenty-four-hour watch in front of Curtis's cell, whereas an accused murderer in the same tier—whom I also represented—had no special guards at all!

There was no apparent reason for such expensive and extensive precautions. Curtis was a model prisoner. He had never shown the slightest tendency to escape. And if he had, it wouldn't have done him any good. The jail at Flemington, constructed in 1928, is guaranteed to be absolutely escape-proof.

Curtis's cell was a particularly safe one. It was guarded not only by its own bars but by the bars of a runway on which it opened, and a stout steel door just beyond. If he had succeeded by some sudden and Samsonlike accession of superhuman strength in breaking through these barriers, he would have had to burst open two more interior steel doors before reaching the outside door of the jail, and to have overcome the armed guards who are normally on duty to maintain order and prevent escape.

Those special guards were not there to prevent Curtis from making his escape. The conclusion is inevitable—and I as a loyal citizen of New Jersey blush to admit it—that they were there to impress the citizens of Hunterdon County, twelve of whom would soon be called upon to sit in judgment at his trial, with what an evil, dangerous, and presumptively guilty person he was.

Also, in the weeks before the trial not a detail was neglected to make this seem like a case of Charles A. Lindbergh vs. John Hughes Curtis, instead of the State of New Jersey vs. John Hughes Curtis—and when I saw what was being done, my heart sank. For I knew that if it came to a question of popularity between Colonel Lindbergh and *any one* accused of injuring him at that

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USE Saxolite Astringent — a refreshing, stimulating skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Refines coarse pores, eliminates oiliness. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel.

time, there could be but one choice. Any one who was on Lindy's side was a hero. Any one who opposed him was a skunk.

This was a situation which obviously had nothing to do with this particular prisoner's guilt or innocence. There would have been no choice between Colonel Lindbergh and you or me, if either of us had sat where Curtis sat, accused as Curtis was accused.

What Colonel Lindbergh had been told to make him willing to lend himself to the prosecution of John Hughes Curtis, we shall never know. But it must have been something pretty terrible.

If the finding of the alleged body of the Lindbergh child was sufficiently damning evidence of Curtis's alleged duplicity to justify throwing him into jail, why wasn't it also sufficiently damning evidence in Jafsie Condon's case too, and why wasn't the same treatment applied to him?

But in the spring of 1932 we had no time to think of these things. Our task was to defend John Hughes Curtis at a trial which we realized was to be held in an atmosphere unfriendly to the point of hostility. Our first move was to ask for a bill of particulars, as the indictment on which the prisoner was to be tried was of the most general sort. This request was refused. We knew, however, as everybody does in a small place, just what the state's witnesses had testified to before the grand jury—namely, that Curtis had hoaxed Colonel Lindbergh.

Our confidence was somewhat heightened by the fact that Curtis and Pender had already talked over in detail with Harry Stout, the attorney they had considered retaining, the proposed plan of defense. Stout, a veteran of the Jersey bar, had apparently guided them wisely in the steps they should take to meet the state's charge.

He knew, for instance, that a Hunterdon County jury would be inclined to believe the testimony of reputable Jerseyites like the manager of the Telephone Company at Trenton who

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had seen Curtis with Larsen, the telegraph operator at the station in Cape May who had received some of his messages to Hilda, and the taxi driver who had driven Curtis to one of his meetings with Hilda.

We agreed with this opinion, and on investigation found that all three of these reputable citizens would be glad to appear as voluntary witnesses in support of Curtis's story.

Curtis had also told Stout of the story of his treatment at the hands of the police during his enforced stay at the Lindbergh home, and had discussed with him the desirability of subpoenaing Colonel Lindbergh himself, who, Curtis felt sure, would substantiate many of the details; also Betty Gow and the butler Whateley, both of whom had been in the kitchen when Curtis was taken down into the washtub room in the cellar. Their testimony, if they told the truth, would offset the expected denials by the police that they had subjected Curtis to such indignities.

Stout told Curtis that if he were in charge of the examination of these witnesses, and allowed to bring out the telling points in their testimony, there wasn't a chance in the world that a Hunterdon County jury would hold Curtis guilty as charged. We naturally felt the same way about our ability to bring out the same convincing evidence; so we prepared to steal a march on the prosecution by serving a surprise subpoena on their own chief witness, Colonel Lindbergh, and on his two servants.

I could laugh now, if it weren't such a serious matter, to think how trustingly we went forward on a defense with which Harry Stout was so completely familiar—for on June 27, 1932, when we walked into the Hunterdon County Courthouse to try the case of the State of New Jersey against John Hughes Curtis, there at the prosecution's table, between Prosecutor of the Pleas Anthony Hauck and Assistant Attorney General Joseph Lanigan—his notes on the Curtis defense piled high in front of him—sat this same Harry Stout!

Curtis was tried on a charge of obstructing justice—in refusing to disclose the kidnapers' whereabouts! Why not on a charge of hoaxing? Why this sudden "complete about-face" on the part of the state? Next week Mr. Fisher will go into that question and the sensational questions that arise from it, and will make a startling revelation anent another angle of the Lindbergh mystery.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 20

1—Evelyn Nesbit (Thaw)
2—Bronchial catarrh.
3—No.
4—Hades, or Pluto.
5—Pine trees.
6—Jeanette MacDonald, in San Francisco.
7—Seven.
8—A fish.
9—1 Corinthians 14: 34, 35—"Let your women keep silence in the churches: for it is not permitted unto them to speak; . . . if they will learn any thing, let them ask their husbands at home."
10—A Maltese cross.
11—Violet Hilton, hip-joined to Daisy, her Siamese twin.
12—The drones.
13—Sidney Lenz and Oswald Jacoby.
14—Thirty-nine and three quarter hours.
15—Alfred E. Smith, ex-Governor of New York.
16—To Canada; France deeded the battleground to that country in perpetuity.
17—The Rubicon (hence the phrase, "Crossing the Rubicon").
18—Joe DiMaggio of the New York Americans.
19—The ocelot.
20—

Ex-Emperor Wilhelm II

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WHERE AM I? WHAT'S THAT HORSE DOING HERE?
DON'T YOU REMEMBER THE PARTY AT THE SMITH'S? YOU TRIED TO RIDE HOME ON THIS ROCKING HORSE
ALL I KNOW IS MY HEAD'S ON FIRE-FIRE-DON'T YOU HEAR ME- ON FIRE!
NEXT DOOR-
FIRE DEPARTMENT! HURRY---THERE'S A FIRE IN THE APARTMENT NEXT DOOR!
OKAY, LADY, WE'LL BE OVER
WE'LL PUT OUT THE FIRE, SIR
GOOF- THE FIRE IS IN MY HEAD!
FALSE ALARM! THE GENT'S GOT MORNING-AFTER TROUBLES. TURN OFF THE WATER AND SEND FOR BROMO-SELTZER
-A LITTLE LATER--
-GOSH, THE OLD HEAD'S CLEARING, THE SEASICK FEELING'S GOING, TOO. BROMO-SELTZER IS A WONDER WORKER
WISH WE COULD PUT OUT FIRES AS FAST AS BROMO-SELTZER STOPS A HEADACHE!

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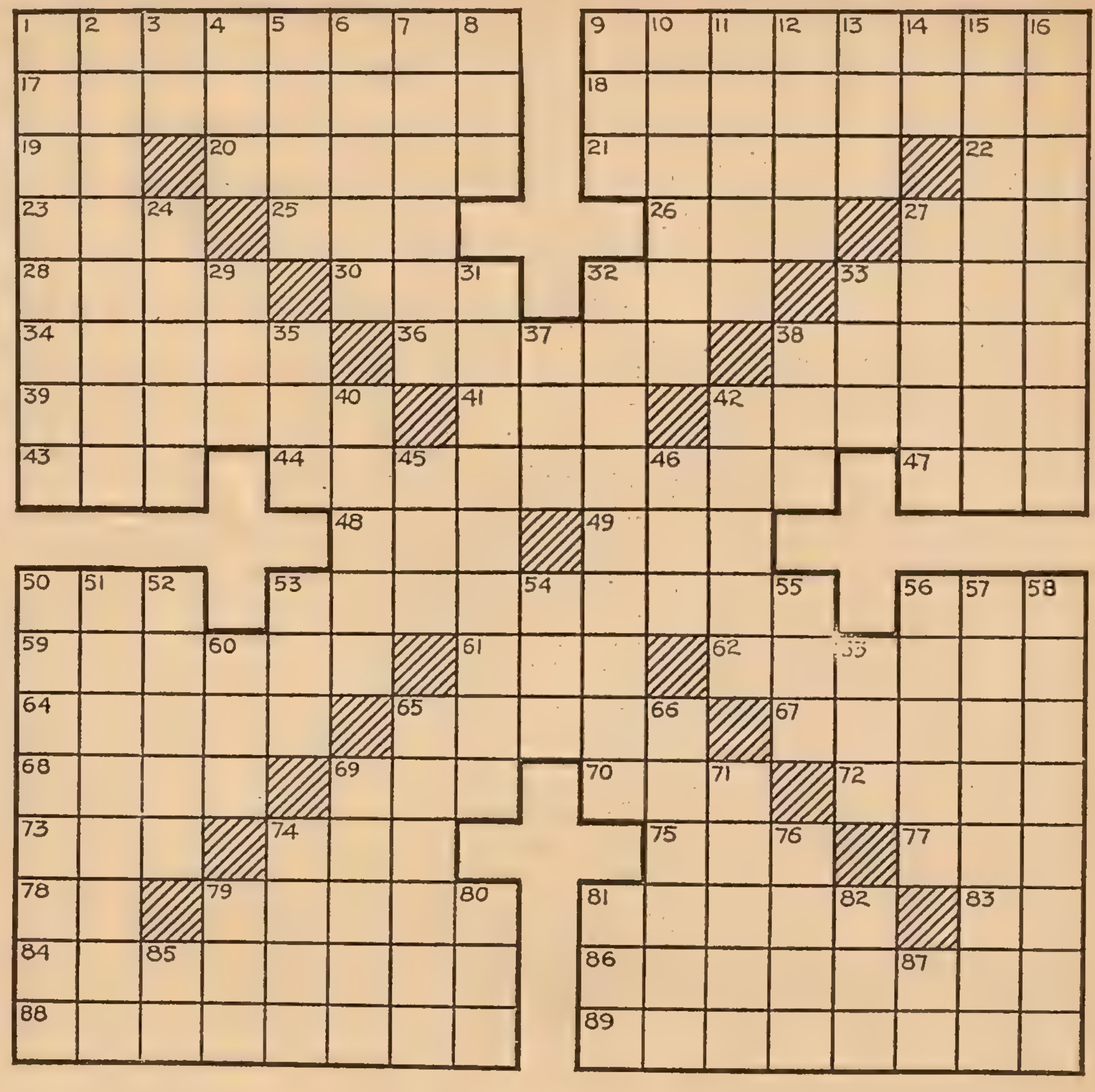
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HORIZONTAL

1 Coarsest
9 An institution for medical treatment
17 Repudiate
18 Deerlike animal
19 While
20 Embankment
21 Rotate rapidly
22 Bone
23 Obscure
25 Measure of weight
26 Insect
27 An equine
28 Employs
30 An assent
32 Annoy
33 Silent
34 A Titan
36 Exhaust
38 A heathen
39 Sounded in short rapid blasts
41 A resinous substance
42 Appoint as agent
43 Bird of prey
44 The horse-radish (bot.)
47 A color
48 Corrode
49 A breed of dog
50 Measure of length
53 Athletic
56 Feminine name
59 Eluded
61 Nave of a wheel
62 Tabulations
64 A bar with fulcrum
65 An antelope
67 Benefits
68 Ireland
69 A fish
70 Terminus
72 A molding
73 Deed
74 Salt
75 Procure
77 To stray
78 In such manner
79 A month
81 The eyelashes
83 By
84 To cause to lose flesh
86 To precede in time
88 Insane
89 Argued

R	A	D	I	O	G	R	A	M	S		S	P	A	C
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D	R	I	P	S	■	S	E	A	S	■	B	E	S	T
Y	A	C	H	T	S	M	A	N	■	T	A	N		
W	L	S	■	E	L	A	N	■	E	U	N	U	C	H
I	I	■	U	N	O	■	■	■	C	L	Z	■	O	A
N	A	P	S		P	S	Y	C	H	I	A	T	R	Y
E	N	D	S		E	T	H	I	O	P	I	A	N	S

Answer to last week's puzzle

VERTICAL

1 Change by degrees
2 A device to furnish resistance for electric current
3 Preposition
4 A note of the scale
5 Fat
6 An emissary
7 Divisions of a drama
8 A mound
9 Headgear
10 Forward
11 Stench
12 Saucy
13 Not healthy
14 Toward
15 Traitorous
16 Diminished
24 A fruit
27 To foretell
29 Perched
31 Daubed
32 Unable
33 Plan
35 Body of water
37 Attention
38 Edible seed
40 Apprehension of danger
42 Numerical symbol
45 Humanity
46 Reduce
50 Set free
51 To surmount
52 Hoisting device
53 By
54 Regret
55 Vehicle
56 A panegyrical funeral oration
57 Revere
58 Declared
60 Lair
63 To hoot at
65 Mannerly
66 Motor
69 A unit of weight for precious stones
71 Greek letter
74 Whirl
76 Binds
79 Playing card
80 Guided
81 Vehicle
82 Commotion; troublesome business
85 A form of to be
87 One indefinitely

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

Love Letters

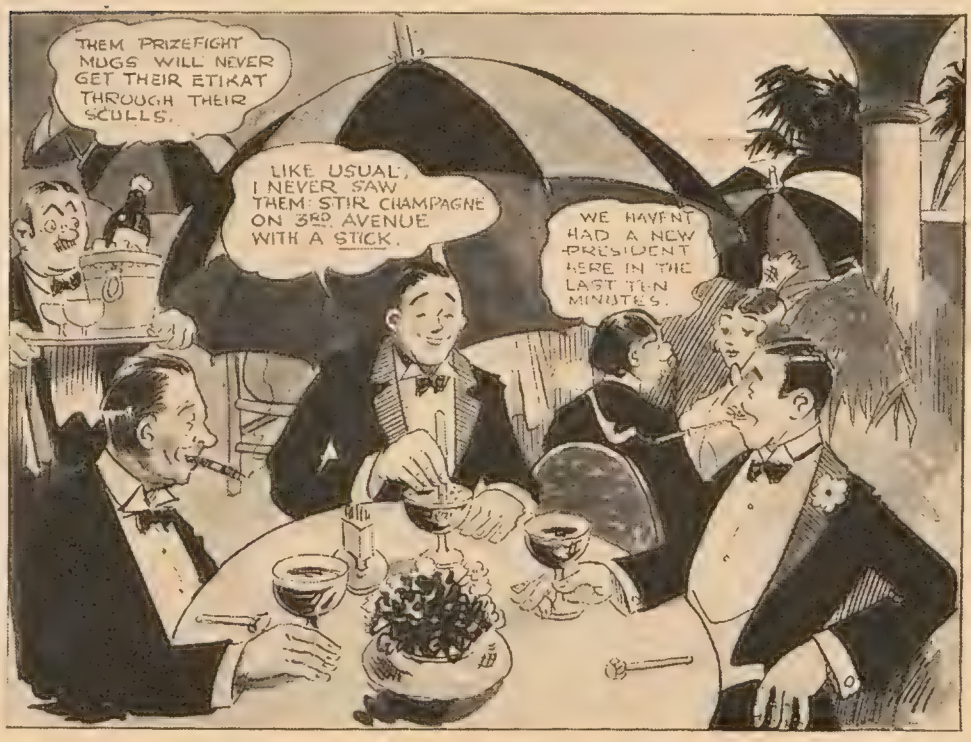
# of a Prizefighter and a Hollywood Extra

California or Cuba, It's a Gay Life—Ginger Gets Glory (Almost); Socko Sees Sights—and How!

WORDS AND PICTURE BY

BERT GREEN

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 30 SECONDS


THEM PRIZEFIGHT MUGS WILL NEVER GET THEIR ETIKAT THROUGH THEIR SCULLS.
LIKE USUAL, I NEVER SAW THEM STIR CHAMPAGNE ON 3RD AVENUE WITH A STICK.
WE HAVENT HAD A NEW PRESIDENT HERE IN THE LAST TEN MINUTES.

I'm sitting under a beach umbreller with a goblet of grape that cost eight slugs the container.

Vine Street,
Hollywood, Cal.
Socko O'Brien,
The Cuban Sports
& Carnage Club,
Havana, Cuba.
Dear Socko:

Gosh, I've had such a hectic week I'm almost *nuts.* Here, let me give you a load of all thats happened:—

In my last letter I tipped you off that I had recieved two hundred bucks reward from Maizie Metcalf, the star, for returning her lost shammy bag of cracked ice. Well, I gave Jack Dawson—my good looking dancing partner—half the prize and what do you think he's going to do with it? He's going to buy a little second hand car so *we* can ride back and forth to the Glendale night club, the place we're working at. Gosh, he's a perfect peach. He's always thinking of my welfare and doing those cute little things girls love. Honest, I'm beginning to get a wee bit wackie over him.

Oh, and heres another surprize. I *almost* got an *extra job* in pictures, but it went sour. Last week, my agent, Izzy Gold, barged into my place like a four allarm fire and told me he had a swell part for me.

"They vant you should play the part of a *nurse* in a *comedy.*"

"A comedy?" I exclaimed. "Say, listen, its a wonder you wouldnt give me a decent job in a feature once in a while? All you hand me is bum parts in two-spoolers doing nip-ups, or back-stopping for pies."

"Vat? You vouldnt ketch pies?" he asked, waving his arms like a traffic cop. "Listen, Miss Ryan, for seven-fifty the day I vould ketch pies from a wholesale house."

"Oh, yeah," I said—hurling him a look that would give an esquimo chillblanes.

Honestly, if nerve was books, that sap could pack a libary.

Well, anyhow, it ended by my trapsing out to the lot and landing the job. As I bounced on the sound stage in my nurses uniform the director said:—

"This is a very simple part, Miss Ryan. We made this sequense once before, but this time we're going to shoot it over again with variations and a *much wilder* finish."

"Yeah. Why?" I asked, wondering what he meant by a much wilder finish.

"Heres the dope," he said. "Suppose I read you the script so you can get an idea of the story:—The scene opens with Wood laying in a hospital bed. One leg is pointing to the ceiling held by a rope attached to a heavy weight. Nurse enters—thats *you,* Miss Ryan, with a professional smile.

"Cut to Street Scene: Stone drives up to hospital entrance, parks car and enters hospital.

"Cut Back to Wood's Room: Stone knocks and enters: walks over to window and throws it open. In doing so, he accidently pushes weight out window which hoists Wood to ceiling. Wood takes it big and yells murder. Nurse undertakes to pull Wood down. Stone,—realizing his blunder—attempts to rescue weight and falls out window. Nurse rushes to Stone's aid. In her attempt to pull Stone back, she *also* falls out window and both are suspended in mid air."

"Just a minute," I interrupt, "how far *up* is this window I'm hanging out of?"

"Ten stories," says the megaphone maniac, as cool as a winters night in Small America.

"In other words, theres nothing between *me* and the *street* but *ten stories,* is that right?" I ask, thinking of my overdue rent.

"Thats correct," he says, toying with a yawn.

"Oh, yeah," I said, hurling him a look that would freeze an ice-box pudding. "Lissen, brother, if you think this

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE . . .

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c.

WHAT AN IMPROVEMENT *Maybelline* DOES MAKE!

Eyes framed by long, dark, luxuriant fringe of lashes. Twin pools of loveliness — yours instantly with either Maybelline Solid or Cream mascara. Harmless. Tear-proof. Non-smarting. Not waxy, beady or gummy. Applies simply, smoothly, and gives a natural appearance. 10,000,000 discriminating women now use Maybelline mascara regularly. Black, Brown, Blue. Only 75c everywhere. Here is the very essence of romantic charm.

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

WIPE AWAY FRECKLES

Here's a special new-type cream that gently fades out freckles *while you sleep*. Simply apply Nadinola Freckle Cream over face and arms at night. Usually in 5 to 10 days you see marvelous improvement. Freckles disappear, your skin is cleared, freshened, becomes satin-smooth. Nadinola Freckle Cream is guaranteed by a famous laboratory with over 36 years' experience in skin treatment. Only 60c at toilet counters; 10c size at Five and Ten Cent Stores. • Or send 10c for trial package to Box 212, NADINOLA, Paris, Tenn.

NADINOLA *Freckle Cream*

babe is going to entertain a flock of guests by laying in a fur-lined casket, youve got another guess coming. Good-bye! ! !"

With that, I beat it back to Izzy Gold's office and what I told him would floor a truck driver.

Later, while I was telling Mrs. Watson—my landlady—about the incident, who breezed in the room but Mr. Watson, acompanied by his lawyer, Mr. Twist. Heres the dopey conversation that took place:

"Lissen, Wellington," said Mrs. Watson to her husband. "I 'ate to trouble you by referring to matters of trivial importance, but that blighter from the gas works was 'ere again. 'E said if we didnt 'ave the monatery requirement by the time 'e returned 'e would 'ave to turn off the gas."

"Tut, tut, my love," replied her husband, kissing her on the forehead as he thumbed the steel end of the umbrella case he used for a necktie. "Dont perturb yourself with such nonsence!"

Just then there came a loud knock on the door and in barged a short, puddgy little man with a red nose and a very large wrench.

"Well, what about it?" he asked, in a gruff voice, eyeing the four of us.

"My dear Sir," began Mr. Watson, drawing himself up to his full six feet. "I have no earthly desire to evade or apostatize the diminutive bill you wish to abstract, but at the moment—"

"I dont know nuttin about that," butted in the little man impatiently, "them mugs up at the company told me to get the dough or else—"

"Leave me handle this!" cut in Mr. Twist, pushing Watson aside and shouldering his way to the door. "Lissen you!" he barked to the stranger. "This man just sold his Texas oil wells to the McGinnis Pipe and Bung Company for 250,000 fish, so lay off giving the suicide ozone the wrench. Instead, fold your trap over this pint of pre-war giggle gravy and give your tonsills a work-out!"

I dont know what happened after that, Socko, but I *do* know when the two men returned from the hall they were riding the crest of a wave. Mr. Watson had the *reciepted* gas bill in his hand and Mr. Twist had the *wrench.*

Well, sappo, Jack just called up. He wants to take me out for a moonlight ride in the new flivver, so cheerio.

Your friend,
GINGER.

P. S.

Why not wear a catchers mask the next time you fight?

Sans Souci Hotel,
Havana, Cuba.

Dear Ginger:

Whats this about a moonlight ride and all that malarchy? Lissen, theys no use me warning you about that ham and egger because you dont take my advice nohow. All I got to say is, youre breeding a black eye, so leave us change the subject, hey?

Holy mackrel, is this Havana a SPOT! No kidding, Ive had the time of my life. Suppose I give you a inkling, toots, of what Ive been doing:—

Last week, Jack Downey, my manager, took me out to meet a pal of his, Michael Ernesto Fernandez, who has six bucks for every bannana grown in Havana. Not only that, but when Michaels old man went to the glue works he left Mike ten-fifths of Cuba, most of the rum and ample peaces-of-eight. So, you see, the kid was sitting pretty.

To make matters still more intrikid, Fernandez is one of them dashing, young, two-fisted, he-men who manufactures love like nobody's nevermind.

Well, anyways, Downey and Fernandez called for me in his V-16 so they could show me the sites. I had no sooner parked my hips in the snooty gasoline lounge than the next thing I know, I'm sitting under a beach umbreller twirling a swivel stick in a goblet of grape that cost eight slugs the container. Comb that out of your transformation!

Well, kid, after knocking the derby off a couple or four quarts, we barged over to the Sevilla-Biltmore roof, and ruined a feed that would floor a wrestler. I no sooner tattooed my initials in a flock of those Spanish Hor Doves when the waitor ankles in with an overgrown smelt what he called a barry-coota. Brother, was it the nuts? The only thing I didn't like was the way they dished it up. They surrounded us with gold dishes and if theys anything that gets my angora, its trying to cut something on a dood service plate. You gotta put ashes under one plate to keep the other one from slipping.

From there, we went to the Casino De La Playa where I made the manager a present of thirty-six bucks which I laid on Mr. Roulettes merry-go-round.

Now heres where I kinda stepped on my foot, Ginger. It all happened like this:—

While we was setting in the baccaret room, who ankles over to our table but a coupla Spanish babes—friends of Michaels. One was a swell looking number with a big turtle comb in her locks who sported a pair of dark brown eyes that would make any guy take up bool-fighting. The other dame was a tall, bucksom lass with four chins who musta been beautiful in 1812. Well, while we was busy hoisting a coupla back-ar-dies, I said to the hefty dame:—

"Listen, pull up your stockings, dearie, theyre bagging at the knees."

With that, she smacks me in the eye and says: "I aint got any stockings on."

Well, Ive got to sign off now and do a bit of training as I fight to-morrow night and leave for New York the day after.

Your ever loving pal,
SOCKO.

More of this interesting correspondence will be published in an early issue.

JUMBLED MOVIE STARS!

$1,500 KEEP YOUR ENTRY GOING

WILL YOU WIN $500? YOUR CHANCE IS FINE

COUPON No. 6 in the game of Jumbled Movie Stars is published at the bottom of this page. Be sure that you solve these jumbles without delay. There will be only one more coupon—watch for it next week—before the end of the contest. It might be advisable to check over your earlier solutions at this point. Next week, after you have solved the jumbles on Coupon No. 7, you may be too busy preparing your entry to make this check. Once your entry is in the mails, it will be too late for corrections. So take care of this now. It's time, too, to give some thought to the selection of the subject for the letter which must accompany your solutions. Why not make a tentative selection now, or when you have solved this week's jumbles? Then, after you have worked out the final ten names next week, if you find a star named who appeals to you more, it will not be too late to change. And do not plan an elaborate entry. Simplicity is best!

THE RULES

1. Each week for seven weeks Liberty will publish a list of jumbled names each of which, when the letters are correctly rearranged in proper order, will form the name of a prominent screen star as it appears in official billing. First and last names will be included in each jumble, and where a middle initial regularly is used, that too will be included.

2. To compete, use the official contest coupon on this page, listing your solution of each jumble in the column provided therefor.

3. When you have solved all seven lists of jumbled names, write a brief statement of not more than 100 words telling which of the stars you have unjumbled in this contest has contributed the most to the screen and why, in your opinion.

4. The entry with the greatest number of names correctly unjumbled, and which is accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement, will be adjudged the best.

5. In the order of their excellence on this basis, prizes will be awarded to the highest rating entries as follows: First Prize, $500; Second Prize, $250; Third Prize, $100; Twenty Prizes, each $10; Ninety Prizes, each $5. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

6. All lists must be submitted as a unit, at the same time, at the close of the contest. Lists sent separately will not count. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry. The judges are the contest board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best.

7. Send all entries by first-class mail to Jumbled Movie Stars Editor, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

8. All entries must be received on or before September 25, 1936, the closing date of this contest.

----------------------CLIP HERE----------------------

CONTEST COUPON NO. 6

JUMBLED MOVIE STARS

JUMBLE SOLUTION

1. ALANEUSTOP ....
2. NOLYMARY ....
3. BIEBUGKEY ....
4. JELLESKINNAN ....
5. WEBECALLYEAR ....
6. MODABARRELLCO ....
7. RUMMYFACREDAR ....
8. DIEGIVERLARIWIN ....
9. CANDRESAFFGLORN ....
10. ANNEROSELLAMUIVU ....

CLIP HERE

WATCH FOR SET NO. 7 JUMBLED MOVIE STARS NEXT WEEK

THE PASTE
that sticks!
CARTER'S CICO
Liquid Paste

WHETHER you're experienced or not when it comes to pasting, it's practically impossible to make a messy, untidy job with this unusual Liquid Paste. The adjustable rubber spreader brush applies the paste evenly and in the right amount. And *this* paste sticks best when applied thinly!

The clean, trim jar, too, is a far cry from the old paste pot. With its matching black and silver label and cap, it merits a prominent place on your desk or worktable. The Carter's Ink Company, Boston, New York, Chicago.

CARTER'S CICO
LIQUID PASTE • READY TO USE

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BROADWAY at 63rd STREET, N.Y.

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Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $15,000 a year. Thousands more are needed. We train you thoroughly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous bookkeeping knowledge or experience unnecessary. Training given by C. P. A.'s. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays," and learn about opportunities in this growing, profitable field.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 931-H, Chicago
The School That Has Trained Over 1350 C. P. A.'s

Better than Ringside—Come INTO the Ring with the Man Who Referees the Biggest Fights! . . . Some Bouts of the Past and the One to Come

as seen by

ARTHUR DONOVAN

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

MANY a time, just before the bell rings for the first round, I think of my anxious buddy from west Kent. We were in a trench "over there," under heavy shellfire, waiting for the word to go over the top. "I 'ope," he said to me, "that this time I draw a ticket for Blighty or I go west--anything to get it over with." That's the way the referee of a world championship feels before the fight—he'd give anything to be through with it. You feel desperate because you are a cog in such an important wheel.

Yet there's a fascination in it that nothing else can match. You are in there to see fair play between men fighting for victory that means fame and a million dollars or more. The fighters are so eager to win that their nerves are crackling. In a hot exchange either one may try to do some foolish thing that he'd never think of in cold blood. Unless you read his mind and stop him before he cuts loose, you've made a mess of the match, and you're the most hated man on earth. Worse yet, you know you've made a mistake. They say a mistake is worse than a crime.

There was a moment in the Baer-Carnera fight when I felt like passing out. Not because I had made a mistake, but because I came so near it. Playboy Max, after knocking Carnera down several times, was breathing hard as a man who had run a mile uphill.

In the fifth or sixth round he was so tired that he dodged over to his corner and rubbed his shoes in the rosin box—stalling to get his wind.

When he came in again he threw his right in a long, overhand swing that had all his weight and speed in it. It caught Carnera on the jaw and spun him half around as he fell. Baer plunged in so hard with his blow that he fell over Primo's back, and they hit the floor together, Baer on top. He jumped up and set his right for a punch. I saw it and stepped in front of him.

Carnera was down on his knees. Before Baer could shoot his punch, I grabbed his arm and swung him back.

"Get over to the farthest corner and stay there till Carnera's up and ready!" I told him. He blinked his eyes like a fellow suddenly waking up, and skipped to the corner. If he had hit Carnera, he would have struck him on the seat of his trunks, which would not have hurt him—but Baer hitting a man when down would have lost the round on a foul. And he was so hot with battle that he surely would have hit if I had not caught his arm.

What saved the situation was the quick footwork I had learned as a boxer; and the hunch I had that Baer had lost control of himself. A referee ought to be a boxer. It is only by actual experience in the ring that a man gets what you might call the feel of the game, the knowledge of how a fighter's mind is affected by the battle.

I have always liked to box. My father, Mike Donovan, retired undefeated middleweight champion, taught boxing at the New York Athletic Club, but he wouldn't teach my brothers or me; said boxing was no business for any man. But I liked it; born in me, I guess. By the time I was out of school I was having fun and earning a little money in preliminary bouts at small boxing clubs. One of his pupils who had seen me fight congratulated my father on his promising son.

"Want to be a fighter, do you?" he asked me next day. "Take off your shirt and put on these gloves. I'll show you who'll do the fighting in this family."

When I woke up and got off the floor, he said, "Now will you give it up?" I said all right, and through his friend and pupil, President Theodore Roosevelt, he had me apprenticed on the schoolship Newport. But the skipper heard about me and encouraged me to box. I won the middleweight, and when my time was up I was in such good condition that I went into the ring and beat some good men.

My father said, "Well, if nothing can stop you, I may as well help you all I can," and I improved a lot under his coaching.

I fought seventy battles and met some of the best middleweights and light heavies. My father never praised me, but always showed me how to do better.

WHEN we had trouble with Mexico, in 1916, I joined the artillery, New York National Guard, and served on the border under General John F. O'Ryan. We went over to France as the Twenty-seventh Division.

I fought five men after I was mustered out, but the war had taken too much out of me, and I had lost my speed. I was thirty-one years old, and I didn't want to get into the condition they call punch drunk; so I left the ring and began teaching the sport.

Not long after that State Athletic Commissioner James A. Farley, now Postmaster General, gave me my referee's license.

I've handled nearly all the big battles in the last seven years. First-class men give the referee no trouble at all. They know their business, and they go at it like two lawyers trying a case. Each one studies the other carefully, and figures out just what he must do to beat him. No top-flight boxer is in a hurry to knock the other fellow out, for in trying for a quick knockout he leaves an opening for a counterblow that may drop himself on the floor for the count.

No matter how hot the pace, the boxer must never let up in his caution. Johnny Risko's wild hurly-burly rushes seemed to spoil Max Schmeling's fine boxing the night I refereed their match. For eight rounds Johnny hustled him all over the place. In the ninth Risko rushed Schmeling across the ring and bent him backward over

NINE!

TEN!

the top rope, looking hopeless. Risko was just going to knock him out, when bang goes Schmeling's right fist in a short jolt to the jaw! Risko was on the floor, out, cold as a wedge.

When you see two boxers feinting each other out, stepping into hitting distance, slipping away and coming in again all through the first round, don't razz them and yell "Fake!" They are measuring and timing their shots like artillery officers working at problems of light, range, velocity, windage, and all that makes good shooting.

The first round of the recent Louis-Schmeling fight was practically actionless. I recall hearing one ringside spectator shout, "Throw the bums out!" I wonder how he felt after that sensational upset when every one realized that that cool deliberateness of Schmeling's was a vital part of his strategy.

The top-flight boxers never make any comment in the ring. There is too much on their minds. Besides, it isn't safe. You remember Jack Sharkey, in a hot mix-up with Jack Dempsey, turned to look at the referee and complain that Dempsey was hitting low. No one but Dempsey saw Sharkey's chin sticking out, and in a split second he clipped that chin with a left hook that put Sharkey out.

Sharkey's little speech cost him a million dollars—an exorbitant price to pay for a few words—for the winner was to challenge Gene Tunney for the world title.

Refereeing a fight is like running a ship through a storm—you are responsible for so many things. You have to make sure the crowd get their money's worth, and you have to protect the boxers against injury. Sometimes a man may be badly hurt without showing it at a distance, and when I stop the bout they hoot me, not knowing that I do it to save him from what might be a fatal injury.

Early in the business of refereeing I had a close call that has been a warning to me ever since. In a semifinal bout at the Garden a young Scottish middleweight named MacRorie was knocked out in the second round of his fight with Vince Soresi, a terrific hitter, after taking a nine count in the first round. MacRorie fell flat on his face, and when they fall that way they never get up. His seconds carried him to his dressing room and called the doctor.

Before I went home I found out that MacRorie had come round all right and gone home.

On Tuesday, MacRorie reported at the gymnasium for a workout. He pounded away at the punching bag for three or four minutes, then suddenly stopped and walked over to his manager.

"Did I fight last Friday night?"

"Yes; at the Garden."

"A lad they call Soresi, wasn't it? With a right hand. I mind him now. I've been in a fog ever since. But while I was punching the bag just now, something clicked in my head, and it all came back to me."

He drew off his gloves and began to unwind the tape from his knuckles. "Whitey," he said, "just book me on the first ship for Scotland. I'm going home."

Nearly every day some one asks me whether Schmeling can beat Jim Braddock for the title—but a referee has no opinion until after the battle. However, we all know that Braddock, after a long layoff due to his broken right hand, came back to the ring and fought his way to the championship of the world. That tells his story better than a whole book. He has the heart of a lion, great fighting ability, and years of experience in ring combat.

Schmeling has an exploding right, matches the same amount of experience, and goes into battle with invincible confidence in himself. You pick the winner!

THE END

One of the several knockdowns in the Baer-Carnera battle. It proved a tough assignment for Donovan.

GODIVA Was a Lady

by LAWRENCE SAUNDERS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK GODWIN

READING TIME
31 MINUTES 47 SECONDS

THE chivalrous act of rescuing a fan dancer from a roadhouse about to be raided by police has proved a boomerang of trouble for young Dr. Stephen Frost, a professor at New Harbor University. But, on the other hand, it has given him the first real romantic thrill of his life—a life in which most of his feminine interests have been limited to maternally inclined women. Stella King, debutante daughter of a member of the faculty, was so inclined toward him until his escapade with the fan dancer, Betsy Bliss. After that, strangely enough, she seemed to change. She even showed signs of jealousy. Stephen deduced that much when she performed a fan dance at her home for him one night and became enraged when he reprimanded her for it. She slapped him with one of the fans.

Stephen is cleared of the charges of obstructing an officer and driving while intoxicated. A private hearing engineered by his friend Roderick Ames and a former New Harbor man who is prosecutor arranges that. And the dean of the college grants him a leave of absence to forget it all. On Stella's suggestion, he decides on a cruise to the West Coast. But while attending a Junior Assembly gathering on the eve of his scheduled departure the hall is darkened and some one does an imitation of Betsy Bliss. Enraged, thinking it more of Stella's revenge, Stephen leaves, and goes to New York with the intention of doing free-lance writing and visiting Betsy. Stella, he ponders, is out forever. The next morning he has his beard shaved off, cancels his steamship reservation, and seeks out Betsy, who has cashed in on the publicity and is doing a dance at the Babylon Club.

He is sitting in her dressing room after her act when there is a knock at the door. There stand Roderick Ames and Stella.

PART FOUR—THE TEMPTATION OF FAUST

ROD AMES could only grin at Stephen's stricken face, but Stella found her tongue and the right words instantly.

" Why, Dr. Frost! " she purred. " How nice to see you again! You remember me, don't you? Dr. King's little girl? "

Stephen stammered: " Won't you—come in? "

It was Stella who introduced Professor Ames to Miss Bliss; it appeared that the girls had met.

Betsy said: " Clear a chair for Miss King, Stephen; I'm all greasy."

" I was amazed and enchanted by your dancing, Miss Bliss," said Stella, sitting down. " And so was Professor Ames."

" You really were stunning," said Rod warmly. He had sat down by Stephen on the couch.

" Thank you sweetly." Betsy scrubbed at her neck and

shoulders with paper towels, taking off the last of the cold cream and green paint. "I should have something fresher than the fan dance for this spot. I can't hope to stay long unless we think up something novel and startling. Please hatch an idea for me, you three."

Stella went into an attitude of deep thought, chin on fist, elbow on knee. "I can't seem to think of anything novel and startling except Dr. Frost's shaving off his beard. I always regarded him as a quaint old gentleman. This is a pleasant surprise, don't you think, Miss Bliss?"

Betsy regarded him in the mirror. "I liked him better with it. My father wears a beard, and I still consider him the most distinguished man I ever knew, though he's a small-town doctor."

Rod Ames said rather sheepishly: "We brought back your fans, Miss Bliss."

Stella said: "I thought Stephen had gone away and forgotten them. He left them at my house Sunday, and they got me into a very awkward predicament. I owe you both an apology. I showed them to some girls last Monday, and one of them begged me to lend them to her for a 'stunt'—she didn't say what. I refused; they weren't mine to lend. So Friday night I took Dr. Frost as my guest to the Junior Assembly, and imagine my horror when that little devil popped out on the stage and did a burlesque fan dance with your fans."

Betsy smiled rather too sweetly. "It's all just publicity," she said. "You don't have to apologize for it."

"But I do. I want you both to know what happened. She stopped at my house after she knew I'd gone to the Assembly, and sent her escort in; told him I'd forgotten the fans and asked her to pick them up. So Arthur, our man, innocently gave them to him. I know you thought I'd planned the whole thing, Dr. Frost, but I was innocent. Honestly."

Stephen smiled.

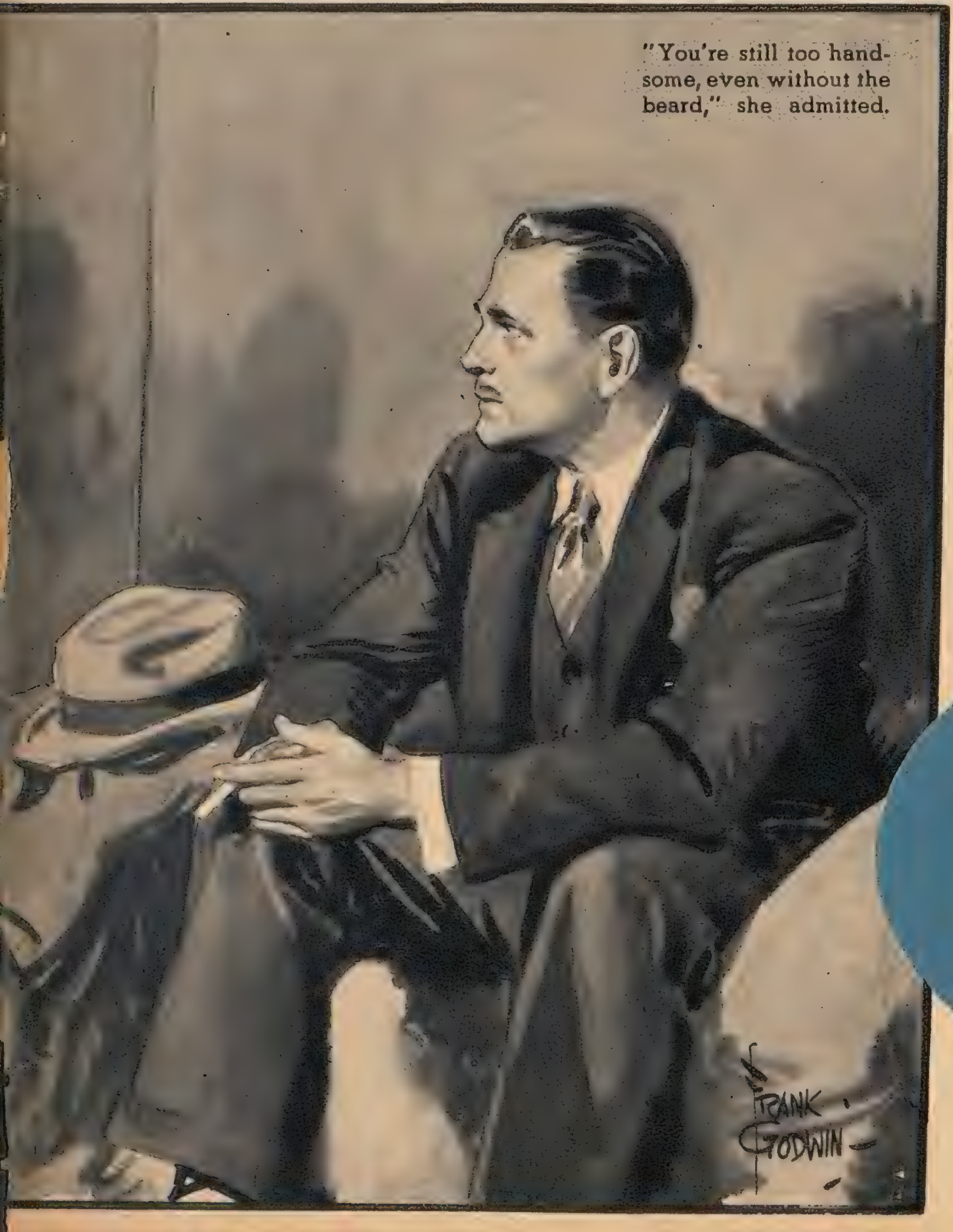
Stella went on: "It's raised the dickens of a rumpus in the Assembly. Some of us thought it was the acme of bad taste, particularly since Dr. Frost was a guest and Gerry Wade knew he would be there. Some of the board of patrons are insisting that she must resign. I'm sorry to say I rushed backstage and slapped the brat's face—she's only nineteen. I sent her an apology, and then her father—he's in the medical faculty—paid a formal call of apology and brought Gerry with him. So we laughed it off. Dr. Wade wants to apologize to you, Stephen; I believe he sent a wire to your boat Saturday."

Stephen got the conversation off that dangerous reef by saying: "Well, I'm awfully pleased to learn that you had nothing to do with it, Stella. I did blame you and it—rather upset me. It didn't seem like you."

She smiled sweetly. "Sometimes I'm a lady." She rose. "We have tickets for a show, and we'll just be fashionably late if we go now. May I come to see you again, Miss Bliss? And when you think up your new dance, please let me know." She took a calling card from her evening bag, wrote on it, murmured something to Betsy. Stephen heard Betsy say: "Telephone me at noon. The Park Towers."

Stephen walked out with Rod and Stella. In the corridor she said: "I came to the boat to explain and apologize. I was awfully cut up about that. Please don't think I came here expecting to find you; I'd made Rod promise last week to bring me to her opening. And we won't tell any one you stayed in New York; that's your business. I think your Betsy Bliss is perfectly charming and fascinating. Good luck!" She pressed his hand and left him feeling like a small boy caught in the jam closet.

He went back into the dressing room. Betsy was smoking. She lighted a cigarette for him, smiling into his eyes, handed it to


"You're still too handsome, even without the beard," she admitted.

Girls, a Professor,
Hilarity . . . and Trouble!
A Swift, Rollicking Novel
Develops New Thrills

him. He didn't smoke, but he took the cigarette because the gesture was like a vicarious kiss. She brushed his hair with her hand; went back to the stool at the make-up shelf, hooked her heels on to a round of it, sat there, chin in hand, smiling at him fondly.

"You're still too handsome, even without the beard," she admitted. "Now tell me about your plans."

"I haven't yet made up my mind whether to take the leave or resign," he admitted. "If I stay in New York, I can't do it on the university's time. Let's talk about you."

Betsy blew smoke through her nostrils, said: "Well, I don't trust women, but I do like your Miss King. She's genuine and no snob. The worst thing about being a fan dancer is the way the women one meets look one over. It's obscene, really."

"How long do you expect to be here?" Stephen asked.

"As long as I seem worth the money to Bonelli—he's the backer of this syndicate. He's paying me two thousand a week. After I leave here I'll go around the roadhouses. Next fall Rorty hopes to book a road tour for me. Of course I won't get two thousand a week except in the Babylon."

Stephen congratulated her, though he was reflecting: "Two thousand a week! That's as much as I earn in ten months."

She sighed. "It has its drawbacks. I got a unit together and rehearsed them for a week, and then Bonelli and Jerry Dalmatia—he's the manager here—turned down the ensemble number and paid off the girls. I still have hopes of finding something to use them in that will please Bonelli—they need the work so badly."

Rorty came in, just then, without knocking. He ignored Stephen, murmured something to Betsy. She said: "You've met Dr. Frost."

Rorty stared. "I didn't know him without the whiskers. H'ya, doc? So you couldn't take the kidding in the papers about the Bluebeard effect?"

Stephen laughed. Sooner or later, he thought, I'm going to have to put that oaf in his place. But he's important to Betsy.

Rorty had a bright idea: "Why can't the professor think up a new nude number for us? He teaches the drayma, don't he?"

"One course in the history of the drama," said Stephen.

"Well, ain't there a naked lady in the drayma somewhere? Besides Lady Godiva? The white horse has been worked to death."

"You might stage the Temptation Scene from Faust and take the clothes off Gretchen—or Marguerite, as Gounod calls her."

Rorty said: "Tell me about it. Opera's over my head."

When the plot was explained, Rorty pondered: "Maybe it's an idea. Think it over, Bet. Will you excuse her, professor? The owner of this shebang is waiting to see her."

Betsy clung to his hand, said: "Come back to see me soon. You don't have to waste money sitting out front. Come to the stage door."

MONDAY between one and two o'clock, while Stella King was talking to Betsy about him in a swank ex-speakeasy in the Fifties, Stephen was editing Americanisms in his cozy apartment at Wessex House.

Evenings, that week, he took in all the worth-while drama he hadn't seen for which tickets could be had at the cut-rate agency. On Friday he started a short story with Betsy and himself, thinly disguised, as heroine and hero.

He mailed the story outline, as far as he had been able to plot it, to Maxwell on Saturday evening. While he was out he bought all the afternoon papers with Broadway columns. He was reading those every day now. An advertisement of the Babylon Club, extra large, caught his eye. Betsy Bliss was to open on armistice night—which was Monday—in "a new dance drama based upon one of the great lovers of history. Daring! Original! Sensational! It will be the talk of New York!"

Would that be The Temptation of Faust? Not that Faust was a lover of history, Stephen reflected humorously. He telephoned the Park Towers. It was five o'clock; she might be there. Surprisingly, she was. Yes, it was his Faust idea, she said. Her voice was edgy.

"I wish you'd look it over," she said. "Can you come Monday night? I'll have a table reserved for you. You can ask Miss King and Professor Ames to come down. The party's on me."

He said: "Couldn't I see a rehearsal?"

She said: "Please—I'd rather you didn't. It's in terrible shape; I don't know what it'll be like by Monday night, but I don't want you to see it now. I've been working day and night for a week on it, and I'm exhausted. I haven't had a bite to eat all day. But I'm having something sent up. You could come over if you like. I want a shirt to cry on."

He took a taxi to the Park Towers. She was, for once, alone in the suite.

SHE led him into the bedroom, scuffing her mules disconsolately. She was in pajamas and a coolie robe, had on no make-up; she looked white and wan and utterly weary.

"Call up room service," she said, "and tell them to send up a waiter. You'll have to order your own dinner. All I want is some clear consommé, very hot, and some zwieback." She threw herself on the bed.

"You poor kid," said Stephen. "You should eat more than that."

"My tummy won't take it. Please don't insist, or I'll blaze out at you. You don't know what I've gone through. Dalmatia says the customers won't get this Faust number and won't read a program note explaining it."

When he had called for a waiter and the order had been given, she resumed: "If this thing happens to click, your future is set. Any one who can think up a new way to take the clothes off girls can name his own figure on this street. You're getting royalties on Faust, by the way."

"I'll take my royalties out in seeing you oftener. You're going on with the dramatic coaching when you get time?"

"If I ever get time!" she wailed. "I'm finding out that making two thousand a week is a full-time job."

He ventured: "If you weren't in this thing—I notice in the papers that two producers I happen to know are casting shows. I could get you a tryout with either or both of them."

She laughed, and it was not a pretty laugh. "Why don't you come out and say you want me to quit this meatball act? I know you despise it."

Stephen ignored the challenge in her tone. "I don't despise it—but I do wonder whether there's any future in it for you. I believe you could act; I know you can dance. If you're going to trade your chances of an enduring career for a mess of pottage, you should be sure of the pottage."

She flared up. "Two grand a week is a lot of pottage! And I'm sick of being poor. You never tramped Broadway looking for a job week after week—"

"But how long will you get two grand a week?"

She was working herself into a real temper. "And you're talking about giving up a safe job and a certain career to write stories! If you can gamble, why can't I? Of course I know writing is art, and dancing in the raw is prostituting art. So what?"

He said calmly, "That's your idea, not mine. Why must you look for insults and slurs where none is intended? If you think you are justified in doing this, do it, and don't apologize to any one. If you want to try for the stage, I can help you get a start; and I think that's all you need."

She was biting her lips, trying to keep back the tears. "You've done too much for me already. You saved your job by a miracle, but—suppose they find out in New Harbor that you're in New York. Will they believe you're here trying to write? No! They'll say you're here because—because I'm luring you to destruction."

"I don't have to go back to New Harbor. I don't think I shall."

She sat up on the bed. "Stephen, why don't you be sensible? Go on a cruise, like you promised the dean, and then go back where you belong. You don't belong on this lousy street, and you know it. You're a gentleman and a college professor, and I'm Betsy Bliss the meatball! I'll never live that down."

The waiter rapped; Stephen let him and the bus boy in, with the table. Betsy asked for the check; Stephen took it from her before she could sign it. They argued over that until he pulled out his wallet, paid the bill and tip. She had buried her face in the pillows.

"Shall I serve mademoiselle?" the waiter asked meekly.

"No—get out!"

The waiter tiptoed out. Stephen sat on the side of the bed, stroked the little brown head, waited for her to cry it out. He bent down to kiss her. She pushed him away.

"I'm sick of men trying to kiss me!" she snapped. "I'm sick of everything that has to do with what they call love. Bah! Tawdry, cheap, mercenary, commercialized sentiment. Radio crooners and torch carriers and blues howlers and sopranos and tenors and sister trios. 'Love, love, love—I love you!' Nuts!"

Stephen had to laugh at her tragic earnestness. "I haven't been singing about 'lurv,' have I? The real thing isn't like that, and you know it."

She looked at him straight and hard. "You think you're in love with me, don't you?" she challenged.

"I KNOW I am," he said, as lightly as he could manage the tone. "Particularly when you're like this. I like you best this way, so far. Of course you may have bigger and better tempers."

"You think you do, but if you had to stand for it every day, what?"

"I wouldn't. I'd civilize you! It could be done."

She dressed hurriedly after eating, and he walked with her to the Babylon Club. It was only twenty minutes to seven when they arrived at the stage door. "Good-by," she said sulkily. "Thanks for wiping my nose."

"When may I see you again?"

"Monday night, if you want to come. There'll be a table for four, and it's my party. If you try to pay for it, I'll be very angry."

"I'm not afraid of your wrath," he chuckled.

She blazed at him, there on the sidewalk. "Oh, you!" she spat. "You and your Yankee martyr complex. Why won't you fight?"

"You know why I won't fight with you. Whatever it's worth to you, I love you."

A burly pink-faced fellow in a dinner jacket was standing in the stage door he had just opened. Betsy glanced at him over her shoulder. "That's Jerry Dalmatia. If you want to know all about love, ask him. He's an authority."

She whirled, walked in past Dalmatia, who stood aside hastily, leaving Stephen to wonder what she meant by that. Dalmatia gave him a codfish glare.

Stephen went home and started a short story.

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RALEIGH CIGARETTES...NOW AT POPULAR PRICES...ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

He didn't invite Rod and Stella to the Faust opening. In tails and white tie, he went alone to the after-theater supper show. He didn't ask for the table Betsy had said she would reserve, so he had to take one a long way from the stage and dance floor. The big barn was jammed with armistice night celebrants, drunken and rowdy. Stephen shuddered for the Faust number if it should turn out to be high-brow.

His small table was jammed against another occupied by a thick-lipped man in a dinner coat for which he had grown too stout, and a sleek young-old woman, very smart. From their conversation, she was in the dress business and he was a buyer from Terre Haute.

The program said:

THE TEMPTATION OF FAUST

A sensational dance drama originated and staged by Miss Betsy Bliss. The old legend of Faust is familiar to all. Marlowe, Heine, Goethe, and Gounod drew inspiration from it for plays, great poems, and opera. Dr. Faustus, or Faust, an aged alchemist of great learning, is tempted by Mephistopheles, or Satan, to trade his soul to the Devil to be made young again. He succumbs because of his desire for Marguerite, a pure and innocent girl. The dance drama opens with Dr. Faustus in his laboratory.

The thick-lipped fellow next to Stephen growled: " What is this—the Theatre Guild? "

His companion laughed.

The lights went down. The orchestra was playing something creepy that sounded like Gounod. The setting was impressionistic; simple and effective. There was applause as the act began.

At one point Stephen held his breath. The lights came up to moonlight blue, and Marguerite, using willow branches as fans, began to dance for the feeble old Faust. He rose, hobbled after her, leaning on his crooked stick. There were drunken guffaws; others s-s-s-sh'd the offenders. She was holding her audience.

At the end, as she turned to flee the young Faust, he overtook her, fell to his knees embracing her feet as her head bowed, the fans dropped, in surrender. The lights blacked out, the lightning flashed, thunder rolled as the music came to a crashing close.

The demoniacal laughter of Mephistopheles crackled out through the loud-speakers. A woman in the dark auditorium screamed, shattering the silence. Then the applause broke.

The ballet, Faust, Mephistopheles, and Betsy took the first bow; then Betsy and the two men; then Betsy alone. People were standing up, applauding, pounding on tables with tumblers and cutlery, chiming glassware. They brought her back for two bows more, in a black astrologer's gown.

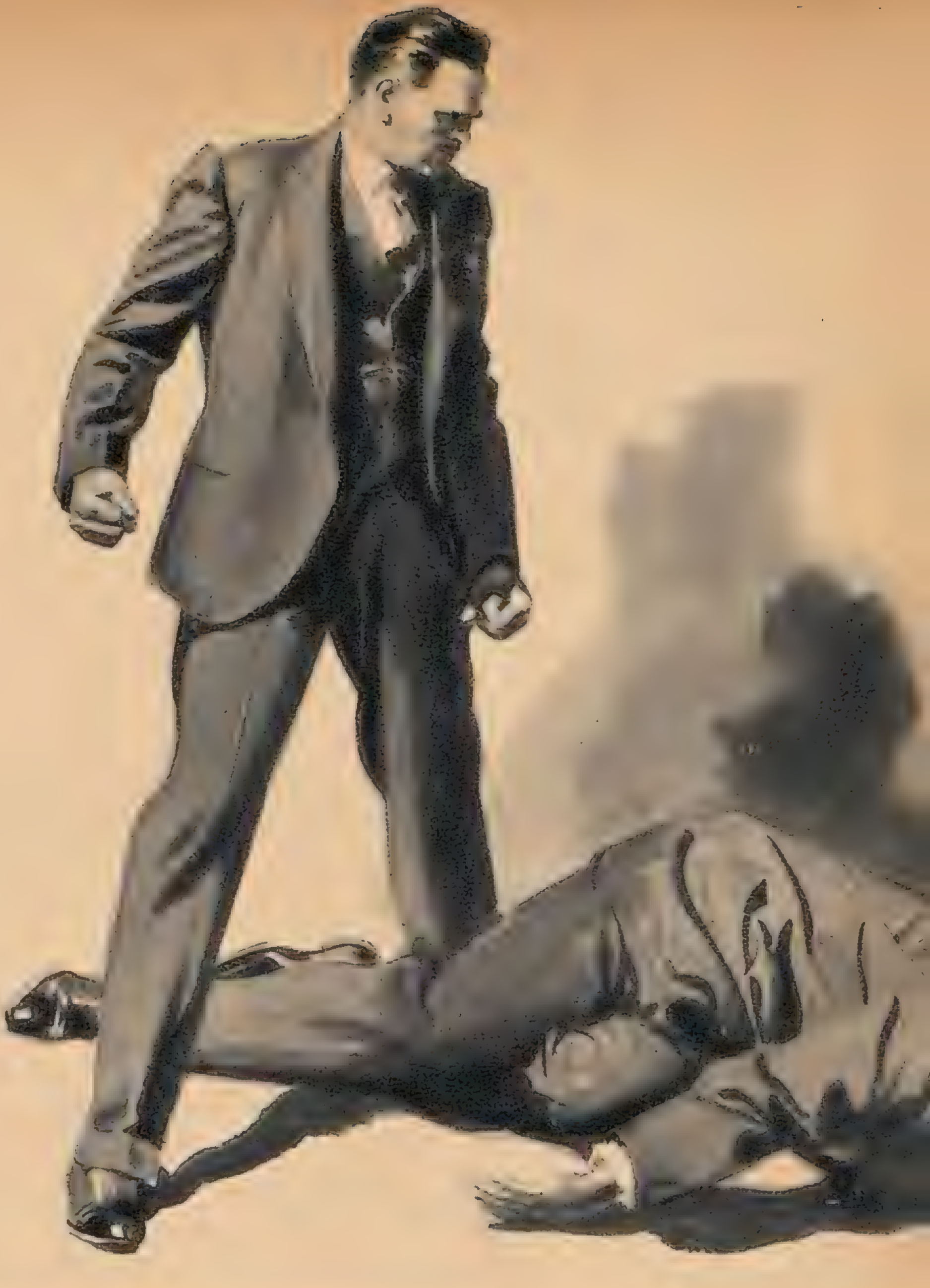
When the din had subsided and the curtains closed finally, the thick-lipped buyer at the next table said: " She stole his shirt? Then what happens to the poor guy? "

His smart friend laughed. " She cans him and sells him for deviled ham, of course. But that girl's an artist, Lou, whatever else she is."

STEPHEN didn't send back his card this time; he went backstage boldly. At the door of Betsy's dressing room he hesitated; there were harsh male voices inside; then he heard her voice raised in wrath. He stood there, eavesdropping—the transom was open—until his ears burned. Miss Bliss couldn't take it, perhaps, but she could certainly dish it out. Some of the words she was using with accuracy, skill, and force were not to be found in Fowler's Modern English Usage. The argument appeared to be about money and her contract.

Discreetly, Stephen tiptoed away. At the street door he halted; wrote on one of his cards a few well chosen superlatives about the excellence of the Faust number; added, " Please telephone me when I may see you," added his phone number. He gave the card to the doorman, with a dollar bill, said: " Give this to Miss Bliss, please, and no one but Miss Bliss. Understand? "

Friday came, and she hadn't telephoned. He had been writing eight hours a day, exercising in the Y gym, boxing whenever he could find a light-heavyweight opponent able to stand up to him, swimming, going to movies.



RORTY LOOKED AT STEPHEN. "YOU OUGHTN'T 'A' DONE TH

Might as well be in New Harbor, he thought, for all the excitement he was getting out of New York. Same routine; only the work was different, and harder.

That night he made his resolution: " I'm not going to run after Betsy Bliss. She can go to hell if she hasn't the decency to call me up."

Next day, looking for a line to quote from Robert Burns's poems, he happened upon a verse in one of the letters to Clarinda:

What art thou Love! . . .
    For thee the soldier quits his arms,
The king turns slave, the wise man fool.
    In vain we chase thee from the field,
And with cool thoughts resist thy yoke:
    Next tide of blood, Alas! we yield;
And all those high resolves are broke!

" The next tide of blood will have to rise in Miss Betsy's veins, not in mine," he told himself. " I've made enough of a fool of myself over that wench. She's not interested in anything but herself, her career, her two thousand a week." Then he reflected: " Next Tide of Blood would make a good story title." He entered it, and the seven lines of Bobby Burns, in his new notebook labeled Titles and Plots, went back to work. But he listened for the telephone to ring, with part of his attention, that Saturday as he had for four days past.

At five o'clock he stopped work, went down to the Y, from there to a chain restaurant on Broadway. He ate, morosely scanning the evening papers. Nothing to do now but go to another movie. There wasn't one listed that interested him much.

When he walked into the small lobby of the Wessex House, the switchboard operator hailed him.

"Mr. Frost, a Miss Bliss called—twice in the last hour. She wanted to know where you were, but I didn't know. She said it was very important."

Stephen didn't recognize the number, but when he called it as soon as he could get to his room, it proved to be the Babylon Club. He asked for Miss Bliss. A male voice growled: "Who's calling?"

"Tell her it's the person she just called," Stephen evaded curtly.

Betsy finally came. Her voice was low, edgy. "Will you come to the club at half past eight sharp?" She made it more of a command than a request. "I'll tell the doorman to let you go to my dressing room. I'll be on in the Faust number, but I want you to be there when I come off. I'll explain when I see you. Will you?"

C," HE STAMMERED HUSKILY. "YOU HIT THE WRONG GUY."

"Why, yes, of course," he said, puzzled.

"You're a darling. G'by." She hung up.

It was twenty minutes to eight; he had at least half an hour to kill. He changed to a dark suit, then sat down to read the Broadway columns; he hadn't even read those in the morning papers.

In the second gossip column he perused, a paragraph stopped him cold:

> What Broadway night-club manager is burning passion's candles at the shrine of a fan dancer who can't see him because he never went to college—unless it was a barber college?

Would that be Betsy?

He got up, jerked on his overcoat, jammed on his hat, started for the Babylon Club afoot. He said to himself: "I hope it's Dalmatia she's having trouble with. What a pleasure it would be to push that pink penguin's face in!"

The next tide of blood had risen. . . .

The doorman, when he asked for Miss Bliss, handed him an envelope, growled, "She said wait in her dressin' room. She's on now."

Stephen went into the dressing room, tore open the envelope.

> Stephen:
>
> I couldn't talk when you called me because I was just going on in the fan dance, and somebody was listening.
>
> My father turned up in New York this afternoon. He was here at the club when I got here. I thought he was on his way to Florida. Just what I feared would happen: my sister saw my picture in the Minneapolis papers, and of course recognized me, wig or no wig. Father wouldn't believe it was I, so he drove a thousand miles out of his way to be able to tell sis she was wrong. There's going to be the devil to pay, but I persuaded him to see my dances before he judged them, so he's out front. He'll be back as soon as Faust is over.
>
> I want you to put on an act for him. Pretend you've never seen Faust before and praise it. Tell me it's art and—you know. You're a New Harbor professor, and he'll listen to you. Do your best and I'll make it up to you.
>
> Hastily, SUSIE.

Stephen swore under his breath. "So she thinks I'm her trained seal, huh? Ignores me all week until she gets into a jam with her father. This is too ridiculous!" He sat down on the couch, glowering.

"At least," he reflected, "when she got into a jam, she turned to me for help. That's something."

The ballet was trooping back, chattering and laughing. In a moment came Betsy, breathless.

"Oh, darling!" she panted. "You're so nice to come! Now go outside and wait, and when you see him come in, you come in, and pour it on. I've been telling him he's just old-fashioned. But he won't listen to me. I'm just his little girl who has taken off her clothes before company. I think he's really angrier, though, because I lied to him about what I was doing."

She was acting like a fourteen-year-old, but she made a very disarming and charming child, certainly. Stephen went out, up the corridor to the telephone booth, took the receiver off the hook but didn't put in a coin.

FINALLY Dr. Bayliss came. There was no mistaking him. A tall, lean figure, with iron-gray hair and neat beard, very distinguished in appearance, really. He walked with a decided limp, using a heavy stick.

Stephen waited until the dressing-room door had closed, drew a long breath, walked up to the door, rapped. Betsy opened it.

"Why, Dr. Frost!" she gasped. "How *nice* of you to come to see me. This is my father, Dr. Bayliss, from Minnesota. Dr. Frost is an instructor at New Harbor, daddy."

Dr. Bayliss got to his feet, with aid of the rubber-tipped stick, held out his hand, said he was glad to meet Dr. Frost. He didn't appear to be very glad, however. He sat down.

Betsy was dabbing cold cream on the green make-up. "Clear a place to sit," she said. "Did you see me dance?"

"Yes," said Stephen, and was stricken dumb.

"How'd you like it?" Betsy prompted.

"I thought it was splendid," said Stephen nervously. "Really remarkable."

"Were you shocked at anything?" she prompted.

"Why, no—of course not." Stephen tried to make it sound hearty; it only sounded hollow.

Her eyes flashed the message: "Play up! You're letting me down!"

Stephen glanced at Dr. Bayliss, who seemed to be about as much impressed as the Great Stone Face would be.

Betsy took a deep breath. "Dr. Frost adapted the Temptation Scene from Faust for me," she volunteered desperately.

"Really," said Dr. Bayliss coolly. "New Harbor appears to be dabbling in all the arts these days."

"Well, it *is* art!" Betsy snapped. "Pretty soon fan dancing in the nude will just be a regular form of dancing, like—well, like the Greek dancing that Isadora Duncan revived. People were shocked at her because she showed her bare legs."

"I don't recall that I ever was," said Dr. Bayliss. "The human leg holds little allurement for a physician. You're trying to make me out a prude before Dr. Frost, daughter, but I won't be badgered. Have you had anything to eat?"

"No," said Betsy sulkily. "I thought I'd dress and you two could go out with me while I get a bite."

"All right," said her father.

Stephen had to admire his pose, his simplicity.

Betsy, with a last swipe at her shoulders, rose from the stool, retired behind a screen to dress. "Father's a New Harbor medical graduate," she informed Stephen on the way.

Stephen found his tongue. "Well, that's a pleasant surprise. You didn't tell me he was a New Harbor man. What year, sir?"

Dr. Bayliss told him. "We can hardly talk over old times; you weren't even born when I was graduated. But I try to get back to a reunion every five years at least. What do you teach, Dr. Frost?"

Stephen told him. They tried to find mutual friends among the elders of the faculty. Dean Benson was the only one Dr. Bayliss recalled. At least the topic lasted until Betsy was dressed.

"I have until half past ten before I have to put on the fan-dance make-up," she said.

"Then," said her father, "I'm sure Dr. Frost will excuse me. I must get to bed early. I'm starting for Florida in the morning."

"He has the cutest house car," Betsy said. "He made it himself—he and my brother-in-law. Why can't Dr. Frost come along, daddy?"

"It's a trailer, not a house car," her father corrected. "Because I only have two hours to talk to you. I'm sure Dr. Frost understands."

"Certainly," said Stephen. "I am very much pleased and honored, doctor, to have had this opportunity to meet you. I hope we'll meet again."

"Thank you; I hope so." Dr. Bayliss got to his feet, shook hands.

Miss Betsy Bliss—or Dr. Bayliss's little girl, as she very much was at the moment—linked one arm through Stephen's, one through her father's, as they went out. On the sidewalk she clung to Stephen's arm. "Oh, come on," she pleaded. "Let's take Stephen. You're only going to be cross with me, and you know it."

Dr. Bayliss looked at Stephen over her head. Stephen got the message. He disengaged her hand from his arm, after a swift pressure, lifted his hat. Dr. Bayliss saluted with his stick. "Good night," he said. Stephen said "Good night." Miss Bayliss didn't. She turned her back on him.

Stephen began to laugh. "The little minx!" he chuckled. "I hope he gives her hell for lying to him. There's one person she's afraid of, and probably he's the only one."

All the next day, which was Sunday, he dallied with the temptation to call her up, ask her how she came out, take his hiding for failing her in her hour of need. Better not seem too anxious, he decided.

MONDAY he wrote on the short story, decided it was ready for Maxwell's criticism, mailed it at five o'clock when he went out to the Y for his exercise. He cut the gym session short, took a quick swim, dressed, went home to telephone Betsy—he might catch her before she left the Park Towers for the club. He couldn't wait any longer to find out how she'd come out with her father.

The Park Towers desk was laconic. "Miss Bliss has checked out." He could get no further information.

Stephen rang the Babylon Club. "Who is calling?" the girl asked.

"Is Miss Bliss there?" he countered.

"I don't know. Who is calling, please?"

"Stephen Frost."

She appeared to recognize the name. "Will you leave your number? I'll have her call you when she comes in," she said smoothly.

Stephen left his number. At eight thirty the telephone rang.

It was Joe Rorty. "Hello, doc," he said cordially. "Where are you? I want to talk to you."

"I'm at home. The Wessex House."

"I'll be right up."

"Certainly," said Stephen. "But you might tell me—"

Rorty had hung up.

It was twenty minutes before the telephone rang again. A Mr. Rorty and another gentleman were calling. "Send them up," Stephen said. He took off his lounging robe, put on a coat. The doorbell buzzed.

The other "gentleman" was Jerry Dalmatia. Rorty introduced them, after they were inside. Stephen put out his hand. Dalmatia ignored it, glaring.

"Now, professor," Dalmatia snapped, "where's Bliss?"

Stephen looked his amazement.

"We know you know where she is," Dalmatia pursued, with the air of a tomcat playing with a mouse. He brushed past Stephen, opened the bathroom door, looked in, opened a closet door, and then another. Stephen, turning brick-red with amazed anger, started after him. Rorty caught his sleeve.

"Wait a minute, doc," he said, low. "That's no way to handle this. You let me do the talking, Jerry."

"Did you expect to find her here?" Stephen challenged them coldly.

"Now, listen, doc. We won't get anywhere gettin' sore. Betsy took a runout powder on us."

"When?"

"She packed up last night and checked out of the Park Towers at seven thirty this morning. I didn't find it out until noon."

"Well, I didn't find it out until you told me," Stephen retorted.

"Yeah?" Dalmatia sneered. "I suppose you don't know where she is."

"I do not. What made you think I did?"

"SHE called you up from the club twice Sat'day night. You came over there, and you went out with her and some old guy that looked like another college professor. You took her up to New Harbor."

"I left her on the sidewalk in front of the club with her—" He checked himself. He wasn't going to volunteer anything to this Dalmatia heel.

"With her what?"

"Her friend the elderly gentleman. Didn't she come back?"

Dalmatia laughed ironically. "She come back in time for the fan dance, yeah. Then she stayed in her dressin' room with the door locked, and when she come out anybody could see she'd been cryin'; her eyes looked terrible. I ast her what was the matter and she walked right by me. I ast her again when she come off from the Faust number, and she told me where to get off and mind my own business, and locked herself up again. I telephoned for Rorty, and of course he wasn't anywhere he could be found—"

"I had to catch an act in Brooklyn," Rorty put in.

Dalmatia went right on: "She played the late show, and walked out, with me askin' her what was the matter, and she said 'Nothin',' and wouldn't let me walk to the hotel with her. So I thought—well, she's had a spat with the boy friend. And we ain't seen her since. Now, what was the name of this old guy you say she went off with when you left her?"

"I don't choose to tell you," said Stephen.

"Yeah?" Dalmatia growled, and seized Stephen's wrist, to twist it behind him. "You don't choose to tell me!" he mocked.

"All right, let me go," said Stephen as though he were frightened, and wrenched away.

Dalmatia had his hands down at his sides; he was wide open. When he grabbed at Stephen's left arm again, Stephen had his feet in position, his knees slightly bent. He let his right come up, with his body and legs behind it, square to the button of Dalmatia's pink jowl.

Dalmatia took a long time getting to the floor, but when he got there he stayed.

Rorty, small as he was, grabbed Stephen's arms from behind. Stephen twisted, sent him spinning on to the armchair. Rorty looked at Dalmatia, then at Stephen. He was scared bloodless.

"Gees, doc!" he stammered huskily. "You oughtn't 'a' done that. You hit the wrong guy! He's one of Bonelli's men. You can't fight that mob!"

Another tide of blood has risen for Stephen Frost. Bad blood, this time; and with it a gangster's dangerous wrath. Will he face it? And what will he learn about Betsy? Is her disappearance a hoax or a reality? You'll be surprised at the revelations found in next week's installment.

COSTUMES à la Carte

An Overdressed Film from Hollywood and an Underdressed One from Prague Demonstrate Anew the Perplexing Hazards of Art

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT
2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR
0 STAR—VERY POOR

U.S. MAIL
ROESE

The movie dog star receives his fan mail.

★★ MARY OF SCOTLAND

THE PLAYERS: Katharine Hepburn, Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, Douglas Walton, John Carradine, Robert Barrat, Gavin Muir, Ian Keith, Moroni Olsen, William Stack, Alan Mowbray, Frieda Inescort, Donald Crisp, David Torrence, Molly Lamont, Ralph Forbes, Jean Fenwick, Anita Colby, others. Directed by John Ford. From the play by Maxwell Anderson.

A LAVISH, impressively mounted spectacle, but utterly lifeless in its characterizations, Mary of Scotland must be listed as one of the major cinema disappointments of the current season. Based on Maxwell Anderson's fine play, and translated to the screen by Director John Ford and scenarist Dudley Nichols, the story has been given a stilted, loosely assembled treatment that receives no great aid from the costumed players.

Katharine Hepburn's interpretation of the title role takes the lush, fiery Mary Stuart and makes a shallow, prattling girl of her. Miss Hepburn's portrait is really nothing more than Alice Adams on the Scotch throne. As Bothwell, Mary's most ardent suitor, Fredric March gives the film what little gusto it has; but the rest of the men—Ralph Forbes, John Carradine, Douglas Walton, and Ian Keith—offer those typically theatric performances that costumes seem to bring out in actors.

As Queen Elizabeth, Mary's arch-rival, Florence Eldridge's strident grimacing is often interesting, but it does not re-create the vibrant personality Elizabeth must have been. In fact, the chief fault with Mary of Scotland—aside from its weary pace and story lapses—is the flat one-dimensional quality of the characters. Not one of them has depth or direction.

The film opens with Mary's return from France, and traces her fateful career through the political maze that leads, finally, to her execution. Though the story attains a certain poignancy in its final chapters, this is due, I suspect, more to exquisite photography than to the efforts of the players. Mary of Scotland is, for that matter, as beautiful as it is dead.

VITAL STATISTICS: Hollywood taking its epics most self-consciously, this was filmed behind a closed set, with all the air that English history had just been discovered in the RKO executive offices. . . . Pick the boners yourself, there being quite a few, thanks to carelessness, cupidity, the censor, and Hollywood habit of marshmallowing the truth. Typical boner: Mary was forty-five, and looked it, when she lost her pretty head, having been in prison twenty years, dying only by roundabout gag of Elizabeth's. Picture makes Mary the age, cuteness, nobility, and litheness of Hepburn; has a sexy, inglorious, villainous Elizabeth visit her in prison, kill her directly. Naturally, there is no mention of the Church in the story, Legion of Decency forbidding such awful matters to films—and the Reformation was real issue behind Mary-Liza troubles. . . . Hollywood's most gifted scenarist, Dudley Nichols, who did this, claims subject of Mary grows more obscure than clearer with the years. . . . Duller facts: 12½ tons of armor custom-cast for cast, split timing made necessary thereafter to keep clanking of dishpan clothes from dinning out dialogue. Holyrood is in Scotland, not California, and the castle, scene of Rizzio's murder, is still there, now a museum. Scots were he-men and raw-porridge eaters in those days, long curls and powdered sissy wigs not being the vogue yet, hence the smooth-shaven dour mugs you see. Bothwell, otherwise James Hepburn, is no ancestor of Katharine Hepburn. Bothie left no heirs, and had he, they'd have been movie villains, Bothie being a rough, tough guy. Jane Loring, a gifted gal, cut the picture all by her lonesome. That's not a Scotch accent Freddie March uses as Bothwell—it's a libel. . . . John Ford, otherwise Sean O'Fearna, is a Portland, Maine, Irishman; is Jack to every one; chooses his companions, from props to stars, indiscriminately; broke a lifelong rule to direct women stars for this; directs in old white flannels, tennis shoes with toe holes, cap, unbuttoned shirt, and soft voice; does all his Irish emoting (fighting) with brothers, hired en gang on all his productions; speaks Gaelic; lives in same house he built fifteen years ago, with same wife and same two kids; hates all pretense; sends kids to public school despite enough money in jeans to buy Harvard a winning (manly) football team; bites through two pipestems a day megging; yachts a lot; is built like a tiger and walks like one; mistook Irish mysticism in this for Scotch dourness—and who ever heard of a Scotchman who sang melting high tenor like the one does in this? . . . Flo Eldridge is a super-Brooklyn gal; her paw was a silk importer. She chorused a bit, stocked a lot, met and fell firmly in love with Fredric March in Denver stock; escaped to Mexico to marry him; stocked some more; got disgusted with hard work, little pay; old-carred to Hollywood to enter movies for a rest. Freddie made good, rising to $7,000 a week in spots. Flo stayed behind at home to watch kids, her being wife of a star retarding her movie career. She doesn't want steady career; she does want a couple roles a year, one stage part every two years—and will probably begin having them. . . . Fred March was Fred Bickle till John C[illegible]well decided it sounded too much like Pickle—a very unromantic th[illegible]t indeed. He's thirty-eight now, content to free-lance because it lets him pick his own parts and rest blame for floppos on his own sturdy shoulders. Studied Bothwell real hard to get the real he-man porridge and man destroyer into this. . . . John Carradine got turned down for part in stage Mary from which this movie version of her. John's a great-great-grandson of John Marshall and his young idea was to become Chief Law Repealer of the Supreme Court instead of a movie villain. This is his first sympathetic part, having even been Judas in a pilgrimage play. He wanted to be the Christlike fellow in Galsworthy's Windows a few years back; got to be a simple-minded peasant. Learned to play the lute in two weeks. . . . Alan Mowbray's royal again, most democratic part he's played yet being George Washington in a filmed Alexander Hamilton. . . . Moroni Olsen used to cut plays and play every part himself in Chautauqua circuits. . . . Frieda Inescort has a veddy social way offstage and holds forth on any subject equally brilliantly for an actress. . . . Five-year-old Bobby Watson as Baby Stuart rebelled against wearing a dress until they brought in the bekilted Scots and showed him dresses weren't sissy. . . . D'Arcy Corrigan studied for the priesthood, has four degrees, is author of Irish-Scots-Welsh history and article on Language Change Resulting from World War in Encyclopaedia Brit. . . . Patrick, Earl of Annesley, otherwise Pat Sands, has bit in this, having plenty of ancestral lands abroad but no money to live on 'em. . . . All the pipers in the pipe band blew their brains out in the World War. . . . Ian Keith played Bothwell on the stage. . . . Doug Walton planed from Hollywood set to Light Brigade location at Lone Pine, California, on alternate days. . . . Much tea was spilled at four afternoons, wot with so many veddy British Britishers about being teddibly Scotch. . . . Kitty Hepburn, as usual, refused a double. Learned side-saddle riding, then spent eight hours on stretch in saddle. As a child, marched with maw in suffrage parades. Doesn't make many friends, but overwhelms those she does with affection. Never cocktails, rarely smokes the dingy weed. Has green eyes; wears slacks and sweaters outdoors and million-dollar negligees indoors; makes the boys photograph her mind and mood as well as face. Didn't have the courage to witness sneak Santa Barbara preview of this, but sat in car block away reading a book while Leland Hayward held her hand.

Katharine Hepburn as Mary Stuart and Fredric March as the Earl of Bothwell in Mary of Scotland.

★ ★ ECSTASY

THE PLAYERS: Hedy Kiesler, Jaromir Rogoz, Albert Mog. Directed by Gustav Machaty.

PRODUCED a few years ago, but just recently admitted to these shores, Ecstasy is the much discussed film that won prizes all over Europe. It is certainly not the artistic triumph its advance acclaim would lead one to believe. But, if the film has no distinction in its playing and dialogue, it is at least an amazingly frank and sensuous pictorial record of a sexual theme. Indeed, so daring are some of the scenes that one wonders how they ever passed our usually rigid censorship.

Told in a heavy-handed, pretentious manner, and hindered rather than helped by the awkwardly dubbed-in English dialogue, the film tells quite a simple story. A young, frustrated wife, whose middle-aged husband completely ignores her, finds solace and relief in the brawny arms of a muscular youth. The plot hits its climax when the husband learns of his wife's indiscretion.

Full of erotic and obvious symbolism, Ecstasy derives its interest not from the story or its crudely amateurish playing but from two or three startling sequences. Though much of the film is dull and at times outright silly, these torrid passages give it a pornographic excitement. Hollywood has never turned out anything quite so outspoken as Ecstasy's seduction scene. Besides this feverish bit, there are those talked-about views of the nude heroine swimming and running through the fields.

Despite the picture's artistic ambitions, however, it remains no more than a plodding celluloid aphrodisiac. Still, in its occasional good moments Ecstasy has a memorable quality that makes it worth your while to sit through the long and drab portions.

VITAL STATISTICS: This fireball *d'amour* was made in Prague, Czechoslovakia, for $50,000, under the title of Symphony of Love. The French, getting the point of a thing better, renamed it L'Extase. Starred sixteen-year-old Viennese Jewess Hedy Kiesler, who, for $5,000 and her Art, consented to move about in the complete lady chatterley, registering ecstasy. Picture was a sensation all over Europe, except Nazi Germany, where it was banned because Hedy was Jewish. Meanwhile Hedy had got herself married to mystery millionaire ($20,000,000), the shy, sensitive Austrian munitions-maker Fritz Mandel, who, shocked by his wife's former actions as an actress, sent agents all over Europe, buying up all prints of Ecstasy and all photographs of his sweet flower and having them destroyed. Spent a fortune on such, and thought he'd wiped out Hedy's awful past, when suddenly news came that Ecstasy had passed Mussolini's strict censorship and was to be shown as classic example of Czech art at big Film Exposition at Venice. Mandel attempted to put kibosh on Mussolini war shipments; but Muss knew how to handle Austria, including its firecrackers, so picture was shown, and stole the show from such humdingers as Little Women. Pope Pius heard of this ironic hideosity, deplored the situation, but was unable to do anything about it. Mandel tried to buy up post cards made of his wife in Ecstasy; but as fast as he bought them, just that much faster did the presses turn them out. In due time Ecstasy was imported to U. S. by a couple of artistic American picture distributors, Sam Cummins and Jacques Koerpel. Federal men (Aw Gee Men) seized it off boat, in name of U. S. Treasury, on grounds it violated decency clause of Smoot-Hawley Tariff Bill—first time any such moral act had been handled by governmental pure-money interests. Picture caused buzz in Washington. Al Smith, forgetting his sourness, wired F. D. R. to ban it. Finally Sectry of Treazh Morgenthau had his wife look it over to see if 'twas as hot as 'twas said. Mrs. Morgenthau liked the photography, said it was hot and should be put on ice, lest nation's morals be corrupted. Messrs. Cummins and Koerpel burned up, summoned counsel, had it shown to jury, who evidently enjoyed it, then banned it. Fed men burned print costing $3,500. Immediately Cummins & Co. imported another print, had it burned, then sent for another, and spurred counsel to herculean efforts. After expenditure of $100,000 for lawyers, Ecstasy at last got a clean slate from Fed Judge Learned Hand, provided certain insertions were made. So picture you will see differs in this way: Original Ecstasy has but 75 words—these in good Czech. Now it has 300, all synchronized on. Originally Hedy was married to her pathetic husband. Now she is divorced, tap-tapping typewriter and lawyer's voice making this moral move for her. As for all art scenes, they remain. Cummins & Co. hope to clean up on it, having paid but $10,000 for all American rights and the other $100,000 not making the total cost much more than a much less publicized quickie. Naturally, tremendous nation-wide publicity will help put it over. Wherever it's played, it's cleaned up, some men coming eight times to see it. Meanwhile, another picture called Reka (The Stream) originally in Czech, and renamed Ecstasy of Young Love for business reasons, has turned up, and Cummins & Co. are injuncting it, plus slapping a $250,000 suit on importers for infringement. Two movie people suing each other for plagiarism is too much. . . . Hedy Kiesler comes of a good family, is well educated, got singled out of a rehearsal by Max Reinhardt as the loveliest woman in Europe. Has red hair. Refused to give up stage for sweetheart Ritter Franz von Hochstetten, who promptly shot himself. Since marriage to Mandel has become a devoted *Hausfrau*, Mandel's ideas being something or other about woman's place in the home. Friends say, as she fingers the blueprints for new high explosives and deathless death rays, her memory wanders fondly back to when she was an ecstatic living star, and she may yet return to stage and screen. Meanwhile she humors her shy bombmaker.

★ ★ OUR RELATIONS

THE PLAYERS: Stan Laurel, Oliver Hardy, Alan Hale, Sidney Toler, Daphne Pollard, Betty Healy, James Finlayson, Iris Adrian, Lona Andre, Ralf Harolde, Noel Madison, Arthur Houseman. Directed by Harry Lachman. Story by W. W. Jacobs.

IN Our Relations, both Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy play dual roles. While this doubling up does not make the silly doings twice as funny as most comedies, the process does give the stars ample play room for their deliberate, stylized brand of comedy. And as a typically good offering from these veteran funsters, the picture provides a palatable amount of easygoing amusement.

The amiable screen play, by Richard Connell and Felix Adler, has Laurel and Hardy as a couple of respectably solid citizens, happily married and well behaved. Both of the men have twin brothers, sailors, who are the harum-scarum pranksters of the navy. When this ship arrives at the brothers' home town, the bad twins begin to run wild.

From there on, Our Relations tosses the well-worn mistaken-identity theme about with gay and often novel abandon. With the married brothers getting most of the blame for the deeds of their seagoing twins, the complications that ensue are hardly the latest twist in storytelling. But it is all unfolded with an engaging good humor that makes this enjoyable if not exactly hilarious film fare.

VITAL STATISTICS: Life around the Laurel & Hardy company is precarious. Drive a brand-new car near their stage, and some gifted gagman will paint it up so's to look as if it'd been in a terrible smash. Get mad at such subtle socking of the funny bone, and your life will be made that much more miserable. . . . Hal Roach's gagmen are the most imaginative people in the movie business. Pictures are often made around their suggestions. Other companies crave their freakish secrets. They sit up late nights perfecting ways of having Laurel's ear pulled back a mile, so it'll snap back with a terrible ping. Business of embedding L. & H. in cement, then having them teeter-totter on wharf edge before dropping in the river, springs from their fertile minds but is actual practice of the more humorous side of gangland. Said gag costs $5,000 for gadgets alone, Hardy needing 800 pounds of lead (used for cement) to weight down his poundage so's it would totter properly. . . . At start of O. R., Hardy (Babe) weighed 285 pounds; at completion, 303; Laurel remaining a masochistic 165. Paris paper holding recent contest to guess weight of Laurel & Hardy got 50,000 differing replies. Laurel refuses Hardy admission on his fast cabin cruiser (Ruth L.) because his huge presence aboard makes the boat dwindle down to rowboat size, not to mention making capsizing imminent unless he sits smack in the middle. After their recent talk of divorce they've been thoroughly reconciled, $$$ being mightier than the sword. They rarely appear in public together, however, and are rarely recognized when apart. They've been slapping each other around ten years now, the only comedy team to survive sound. . . . Hardy used to be a pro boy soprano. When his voice began to change he went into silent pictures to recuperate. He's a swell dancer, operating with the grace of an elephant's trunk, but doesn't like it to be known. His mama, papa, and sisters all weigh 200 pounds or more. His wife's Myrtle Reeves, ex-actress. He gollufs, plays the races. . . . When Laurel America-debutted with the Fred Karnoians, including Charles Chaplin, a New York critic (wise guy) summed the show as " filled with a lot of blithering blathering English idiots not worth the price of shipping back." Laurel's new wife is a beauteous blonde, shy and reserved, given to fishing and sitting on set with her new husb. Laurel's rather on the serious side, fancying himself as a writer, and, like all professional comedians, hard to draw a laugh from. He's an amateur Burbank; has crossed the tomato with the potato—the topamo—result being the outside appearance of a tomato, interior white potatoish with a potato-tomato flavor. Is still trying to eliminate the fragrance from onions. Is member of Honolulu's exclusive flying club, the Flying Boneheads. His unruly hair came as result of shaved head for convict role. . . . Daphne (Daffy) Pollard claims smallest adult foot in the world—1D. Used to offer free admission to Pollard Opera Co. to any one who could wear it. Has gold shoe studded with diamonds and sapphires, gift of late Lord Northcliffe. . . . Betty Healy suffered Ted Healy's gags for years until divorce set in. . . . Arthur Houseman's been a film drunk for three years now, and thinks all drunks are creative and progressive, and hopes yet to play a drunken Hamlet. . . . Off screen Hardy is victim; on screen, Laurel. Last April Fool's Day, f'rinst, Laurel got Hardy to leap into a sty of pigs and nestle the porcines, saying it was according to script.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Romeo and Juliet, Nine Days a Queen, The Green Pastures, Show Boat, The Country Doctor, These Three, The Trail of the Lonesome Pine.

★★★½—San Francisco, The Road to Glory, Anthony Adverse, Under Two Flags, The Great Ziegfeld, Mr. Deeds Goes to Town, Sutter's Gold, Captain January, Little Lord Fauntleroy, Follow the Fleet, Modern Times, Next Time We Love, The Milky Way.

★★★—To Mary—With Love, My Man Godfrey, The Bride Walks Out, The White Angel, The Poor Little Rich Girl, The King Steps Out, Fury, The Princess Comes Across, The Dancing Pirate, The Ex-Mrs. Bradford, Let's Sing Again, Small Town Girl, The Moon's Our Home, Petticoat Fever, Too Many Parents, Everybody's Old Man, Screen Snapshots, Love Before Breakfast, Three Little Wolves, The Prisoner of Shark Island, Gentle Julia, Wife Versus Secretary, It Had to Happen, The Voice of Bugle Ann.

TWO WORD PUZZLES

by F. Gregory Hartswick

1. Make a good English word out of the letters in

ROAST MULES.

No letter is to be used oftener than it appears, and all letters are to be used. Just one word, obviously containing ten letters.

2. Work out the following sum in addition, substituting figures for the letters, so that it works out properly:

$$\begin{array}{r} \text{SEND} \\ \underline{\text{MORE}} \\ \text{MONEY} \end{array}$$

That is, assign such values to the letters that E plus D equals Y, R plus N equals E (with or without anything to carry), and so on.

(The answers will appear next week)

DID YOU EVER TAKE AN INTERNAL BATH?

This may seem a strange question. But if you want to magnify your energy—sharpen your brain to razor edge—put a glorious sparkle in your eye—pull yourself up to a health level where you can glory in vitality—you're going to read this message to the last line.

What Users Think of J. B. L. Cascade

I received your internal bath ten days ago; have taken eight baths, and feel twenty-five years younger. I was just about ready to give up, as I was suffering with colitis, symptoms of appendicitis, severe constipation and utter lack of energy, up to the time I received the internal bath. Now all is changed.

The very first bath revealed a condition beyond belief. It was not a matter of having such a diversity of things wrong; the real wonder is that I lived at all. Now I feel as well as I did years ago, remarkably youthful for one of my age, and so light on my feet that when I go walking I want to run.

Before I commenced using it, I had no appetite; nothing agreed with me or digested properly, although I had tried all the diets on the market. Now I can hardly wait for the next meal, although my meals are three times as large as they were two weeks ago, and everything agrees with me perfectly.

The book is like a heart-to-heart talk with a sincere, progressive physician; but no doctor or anyone else could have convinced me in advance that I would receive such remarkable benefits from the internal bath in ten days.

Henry S. Bedaine
4441 University Ave., Chicago, Ill.

•

I received my J.B.L. Cascade March 12th and started using it exactly according to your directions. The results are marvelous for so short a time and I am anticipating much for the future thru using it.

Six days after using it I visited my doctor and the nurse who has given me, to be exact, 131 colonic irrigations during the past three and one-half years. They were very surprised and delighted at my condition and appearance. It was the first time they had seen me without being bloated. The nurse said my intestines were in better condition than she had seen them since my last surgery. My whole family are so happy about it.

I had my surgery and take my colonics in Wichita, which is 96 miles from Salina, so you can imagine what a relief it will be, with the help of the Cascade, to discontinue those trips. Then, too, the last three months my intestines were worse each trip and I did not seem to get relief from the colonics as I did at first. We realized that each ten days was not often enough but I felt I had neither the strength nor the money to go oftener. Now, with the Cascade, I can use it as often as I feel the need of it.

Several of my friends have asked me if I am not feeling better of late, stating that my color is better and I don't seem so tired out. I do feel better. It is such a wonderful relief to not be so bloated all the time.

I just wish it were possible for every one who has bowel trouble to have a Cascade.

A. L. (name furnished on request.)
Salina, Kansas.

•

I have used the Cascade since 1920 and can truly say it does all and more than is claimed for it. Have recommended it to men in almost every section of the country. It is the one thing that ministers need to keep them fit.

Rev. W. Augustus Jones
4080 Spring Garden St.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

•

October, 1935, I ordered and received a J.B.L. Cascade. I want you to know how well pleased we are. My health has improved noticeably. Would never be without a J.B.L. Cascade again.

Mrs. G. C. Andrew
East 1418 13th Ave., Spokane, Wash.

•

I received the Cascade January 2nd, 1936, and am highly pleased with it.

Mr. S. B. Stookey
745 Center St., Warsaw, Ind.

What Is an Internal Bath?

Some understand an internal bath to be an enema. Others take it to be some new-fangled laxative. Both are wrong. A real, genuine true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case.

A bona-fide internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure, warm water, Tyrrellized by a marvelous cleansing tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J. B. L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, who perfected it to save his own life. Now, here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the enema.

The lower intestine, called by the great Professor Foges of Vienna "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus ∩. The enema cleanses but a third of this "horseshoe," or to the first bend. The J. B. L. Cascade treatment cleanses it the entire length—and does it effectively. You have only to read that booklet "Why We Should Bathe Internally" to fully understand how the Cascade does it—without pain or discomfort.

Why Take an Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise, and highly artificial civilization, a large percentage of persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poisons breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

These poisons are extremely insidious, and may be an important contributing cause to the headaches you get—the skin blemishes—the fatigue—the mental sluggishness—and susceptibility to colds—and countless other ills. They may also be an important factor in the cause of premature old age, rheumatism, high blood pressure, and many serious maladies. Thus it is imperative that your system be free of these poisons, and internal bathing is an effective means. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of impurities—quick hygienic action. And each treatment tends to strengthen the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened.

Immediate Benefits

Taken just before retiring you will sleep like a child. You will rise with a vigor that is bubbling over. Your whole attitude toward life will be changed. All clouds will be laden with silver, you will feel rejuvenated—remade. That is the experience of thousands of men and women who faithfully practice the wonderful inner cleanliness. Just one internal bath a week to regain and hold glorious, vibrant health! To toss off the mantle of age, nervousness, and dull care! To fortify you against epidemics, colds, etc.

Is that fifteen minutes worth while?

Send for This Booklet

It is entirely FREE. We are absolutely convinced that you will agree you never used a three-cent stamp to better advantage. There are letters from many who achieve results that seem miraculous. As an eye-opener on health, this booklet is worth many, many, many times the price of that stamp. Use the convenient coupon below or address the Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Inc., Dept. L9-5, 152 W. 65th Street, New York City—NOW!

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Send me without cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet on intestinal ills and the proper use of the famous Internal Bath—"Why We Should Bathe Internally."

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Vox Pop

What the Townsend Dollar Will Do, Mr. Kemmerer

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—In July 4 Liberty Edwin Walter Kemmerer, in What Would the Townsend Dollar Be Worth? calls the Townsend Plan a "tragic hoax."

Well, the Townsend Plan sees another and much greater tragic hoax in the fact that our banks have approximately fifty-five billion dollars in practically idle credits, fifteen billions invested in tax-exempt government securities, and have taken nearly five billions out of circulation at a time when the nation is gasping for its financial breath because of the shortage of money in circulation.

And, in the meanwhile, we have twelve million idle men, millions of fathers and mothers and millions of babies half fed, half clothed, and being ruined by the deadly dole.

It sees a staggering bond issue, billions in interest that we must pay to bankers, and other billions in wasted taxes which must be paid. And the Townsend Plan says it is time to call a halt and compel a change.

It proposes to *force* our idle money into circulation, into the hands of the people, force it to remain in circulation, thereby putting idle men to work, feed, clothe, and educate our children, and kill the deadly dole.

Will the taking of our idle dollar out of our banks and putting it to work render it worthless?

In their order, Mr. Kemmerer claims that the Townsend Plan would result in a complete breakdown of business, tremendous credit and currency inflation, the Townsend dollar worth only a petty fraction of fifty-nine cents, asks you to imagine the effect upon our aged people today of a practically worthless dollar, claims our dollar would become as valueless as did the German Rentenmark in 1924, and that the faster money is spent the faster do prices rise.

The best short answer can be found by considering the veterans' bonus money. Our veterans have put more than eleven hundred million of our dollars into active circulation by spending them in our stores, and our newspapers are printing columns about its stimulating effect upon business, and claiming that, instead of turning business concerns "from black to red," it has saved many of them from bankruptcy.

Did the government "print an enormous quantity of inconvertible paper dollars" because of this bonus money? Has this activity damaged the dollar? Has any store refused to accept it as a hundred-cent dollar? Has any one called this inflation? Has it produced any semblance of the German monetary debacle? Has the expense of its distribution almost bankrupted the nation? Has the price of commodities skyrocketed, and has the credit of the nation suffered because of this spending?

Has this spending reduced the value of a dollar so it "would not pay for a postage stamp," and have our children become idle and dissolute, and have they decided to "live on the old folks" because of this bonus money?

America has plenty of money, but it is locked in our banks. The Townsend Plan proposes to *unlock it*—hence the opposition.

The Townsend Plan claims that business men "invest money to make money," paying discounts, commissions, traveling expenses, and bonuses, ranging from 2 to 40 per cent, in spasmodic and uncertain efforts to get more business; that they "absorb" all of these expenses into their "overhead," created for that purpose, and that they do not, because of these expenses, increase the price of their goods one penny; this is anticipated or provided for.

It claims that the Transaction Tax will *create* business in a definite, permanent manner, at an investment cost of only 2 per cent on all transactions. Why, then, won't the merchant likewise absorb this investment cost into his overhead and without increasing the price of his goods?

It claims that the transactions of the nation from June, 1936, to June, 1937, will approximate nine hundred billion dollars, producing, under a two-cent tax, one billion five hundred million dollars the first month, hence eighteen billions a year.

It claims that each one of these dollars will turn over thirty-five times, or transact thirty-five dollars in business during the year, thereby creating six hundred and thirty billions of *new business*—business which will not exist unless and until the Townsend Plan does that which our banks and big business refuse to do—namely, *force* idle dollars into active circulation, in quantities sufficient to cause the production of enough raw materials, enough manufactured goods, and enough buying and selling to supply every family in America with sufficient good food, clothing, housing, medical attention, and a practical education.

The Townsend Plan is prepared to analyze and prove, right down to the most minute detail, exactly what it will do and how it will do it, asking only newspaper space and fair play. Fifteen million people can't all be "crackpots."—*Willis Owen, Associate Editor Townsend Weekly.*

PLUSH-BOTTOM SURPRISE

WILKES-BARRE, PA.—In answer to Bertha H. Woodland in July 25 Vox Pop, it might surprise you what the so-called "religious plush-bottoms" could do in the way of earning their bread and butter some other way. Almost any way would be easier than serving a church of four or five hundred members if they were all like yourself.—*A Minister's Wife.*

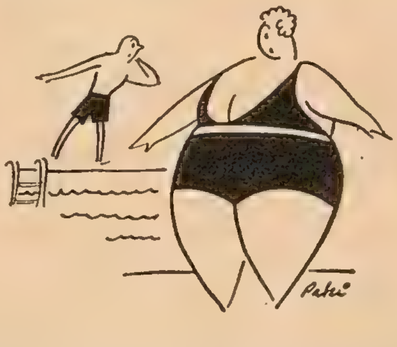
WHICH NEEDS SECRET PUNCH?

FAIRFIELD, CONN.—I am in possession of a secret which can be instrumental in improving the punch of a boxer 100 per cent. I would like very much to know your and your readers' opinion as to whom of these two men I should give the information — to Braddock or to Schmeling?—*Boris M. Lang.*

SWIMMING FIGURES BEST

ALPINE, TEX.—My kick: In your July 25 issue Madame Sylvia states that swimming is fatal to feminine upper arms, hips, and thighs by causing over-development if indulged in to any great extent.

In ten years of experience in the ownership and operation of a pool in this town, I have found that women and girls who swim and dive the most generally have the best figures and health of any in our community.



For over twenty years I have been a disciple of Bernarr Macfadden and his physical-culture ideas, and I do not recall that he ever made such a disparaging statement against swimming as Madame Sylvia did.—*Cas Edwards.*

JERUSALEM SURRENDERED TO TWO "TOMMIES"

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.—I am reading Hell in the Holy Land, by Lowell Thomas and Kenneth Collings, with much interest, as I participated in the campaign myself with the 12th Cavalry Brigade, and I can vouch for the authenticity of the story.

While the author gives in detail the events which led up to Allenby's official entry into Jerusalem, he mentions several of the generals by rank and name, but omits the names of the two Tommies to whom the city was originally surrendered, so I should like to correct the discrepancy. They were Privates H. E. Church and R. W. J. Andrews of the 2/20th London Regiment, and they in turn notified Sergeants Hurcomb and Sedgewick of the 2/19th London Regiment, who accepted the flag of truce; and, incidentally, the Tommies were not looking for " heggs for their horficers " but were looking for water.—*C. H. Jones, Late Trumpeter, 1/1st Staffordshire Yeomanry, 12th Cavalry Brigade, E.E.F.*

COWBOYS CAN WRITE

FORT SILL, OKLA.—To Skeptic Sylvia's question, Can Real Cowboys Write? (July 18 Vox Pop) I say—Cowboys can write.

But, my dear Sylvia, just what do you mean by *real cowboys?* You wouldn't expect to see a boy with a cow's head, would you? Cowboys are *men* that ride horses and drive and herd cattle.

Sylvia spoke of " a mere cowboy " and mentioned Madame Literary Muse. How could she write such silly stuff and get by with it? Is Sylvia the daughter of some great literary genius or a Vox Popper?

Liberty is my favorite magazine and I get a big kick out of reading Vox Pop. I think it has some bright poppers. I classify Catnip for the Major (May 30 Liberty), written by The Roving Cowboy, as a piece of bright writing. Any one knowing anything at all about cowboys would not question the authorship of that piece of work.—*V. H. Vecera.*

PAGING MR. ALAN WALLER

A QUIP, " Money is like a piece of rope on a camping trip: you can always use more," by Mr. Alan Waller, appeared on Major Bowes's Amateur Page for June 20 and won a prize of five dollars. That sum, and another five dollars as original payment for this quip, await the author's claim here in our office. A check sent to his given address has been returned.

Ten dollars for sixteen words isn't anything to ignore, Mr. Waller!

USE THUMB INDEX!

MEMPHIS, TENN.—Mr. John C. Abel, Jr. (July 25 Vox Pop) does not like pages numbered at the bottom. May I suggest that the numbers be placed at the middle of the outer edge of each page? In holding the magazine the thumb naturally strikes just below the middle and could serve as an index finger.—*David H. Hepburn.*

MILITANT EDITORIALS

BALTIMORE, MD.—I have enjoyed Bernarr Macfadden's militant, open editorials. Free from fancy wordage and pedagogy, his forceful editorial comments have offered constructive criticism and have shown our government under Roosevelt in all its economic inefficiency, and have pointed an intelligent program for reconstructing the ruinous path of this administration.

Mr. Macfadden has not aimlessly criticized; he has given definite ideas and facts which will lead to better government.—*Samuel A. Sughar.*

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—We find the following in Mr. Macfadden's July 18 editorial: " High prices always mean a decrease in buying power. The number of customers are materially lessened when prices advance."

This is an absolute reversal of the true facts. It is demand which raises prices, and nothing else. You cannot raise prices when the demand lessens. The greater the buying power, the greater the demand—the greater the demand, the higher the prices—the higher the prices, the greater the sales and profits.

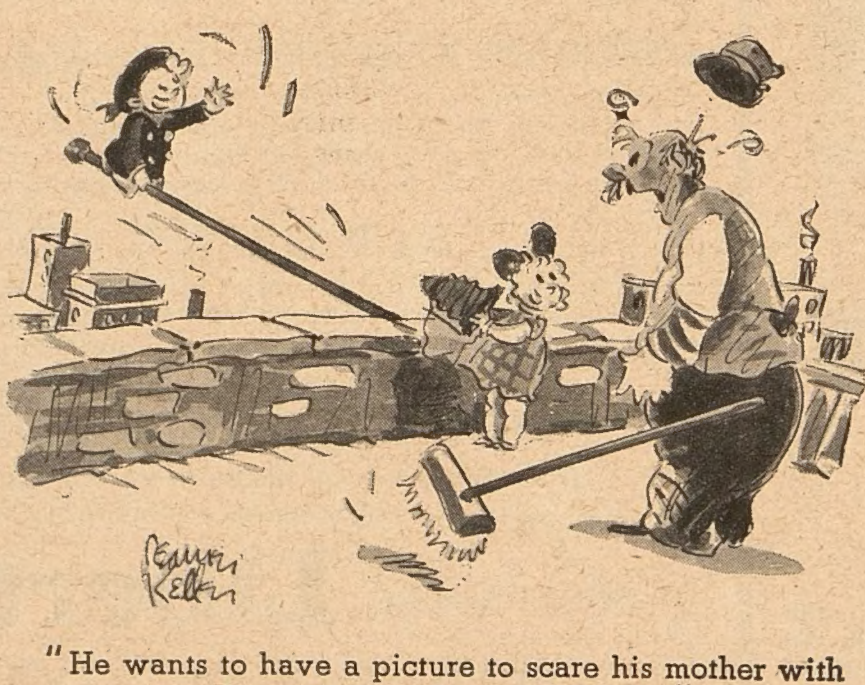
The whole cause of the depression has been that capitalists, industrialists, large agriculturists, trusts, chain stores, the racketeers and robber barons—or, as Roosevelt so aptly calls them, " the Economic Royalists "—have drained the last cent of purchasing power from the poor laborer.—*R. J. Derbes, Jr., C. P. A., Retired.*

"FOR WIVES I DIDN'T MARRY"

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Much interested in the organization of unhappy married men, Stellers Greenling, Jack Cavala, and Red Salmon, in Vox Pop of July 25, who want the government to make a loan to cover the cost of divorces.

But what I want is to have the government—the Roosevelt government—pay me for the wives I didn't marry, not the pigs I didn't raise. How do I go about it?—*Madison Taylor Rice.*

"HARDTACK"

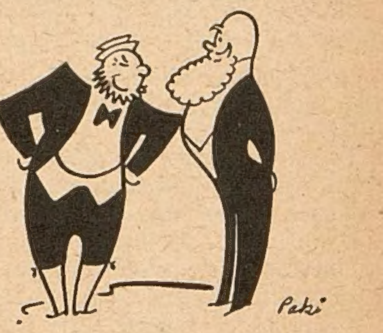


"He wants to have a picture to scare his mother with the next time she gets hiccups."

THE IRISH SEE THROUGH SHAW

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—George Sylvester Viereck and the editor of Liberty (August 1, 1936) would have us believe that George Bernard Shaw is one of the world's great prophets.

Well, like all great prophets, he seems to be without honor in his own country. In his native Ireland no one pays much attention to the mental gymnastics of this intellectual charlatan. The " great prophet's " profits are derived mainly from his English and American adherents, who evidently possess more money than sense.



When asked some time ago why he did not remain in Ireland and make a living, Shaw replied, " Why, the Irish would see through me in ten minutes! "

Evidently the editor of Liberty does not possess the keen insight of the natives of the Emerald Isle, when he foists upon his defenseless readers this monumental humbug and calls him " one of the world's most civilized minds."—*P. O'Neill.*

GALLANT SEX AND "THE GALS"

DAYTON, OHIO—I was amused and somewhat angered at Jay Tee's suggestion (August 1 Vox Pop) that " all the gals " be fired to end the depression.

Perhaps it would be well to remind said gentleman that first of all his gallant sex took our jobs from us by industrializing all of the home crafts. Our clothes are now made in factories; our foods are prepared in factories; our linens, rugs, curtains, etc., are all made in factories. When our work was taken from the home, we went with it.

Men who feel that women are robbing them of their jobs had better think this over.—*I. G. T.*

ALL SHE LEARNED!

MORRISTOWN, TENN.—Personally, I get a kick out of Vox Poppers' kicks, but please don't start an argument over Washington's being our first President (July 25 Vox Pop). That is all I learned in history, and I'd hate to think I had to start to school again at my age.—*Zela Reams.*

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

It Happened In

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Cries and screams from a dumbwaiter stuck in its shaft brought a call for police at 4 A. M. For one hour twenty-seven men sweated and strained, and finally got the dumbwaiter to the roof. Out flopped Ford Jensen, 6 feet 3 inches.

He explained, " I just went for a ride."

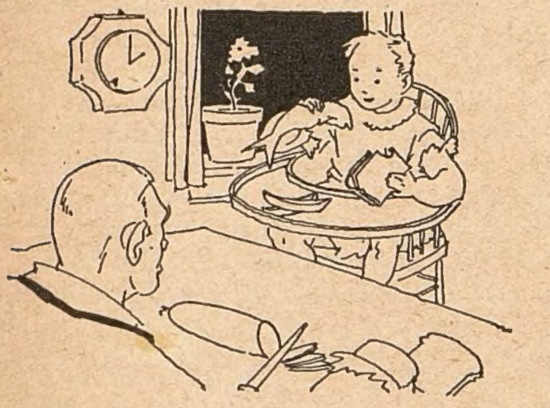
MONTREAL, QUE.—When Marie Fontaine was arrested for vagrancy, she called a friend—a stevedore—to post a hundred-dollar bond.

The stevedore was about to sign the bond when he looked out the window and saw it was raining. He threw down the pen and ran out the door yelling: " I have twenty-five hundred pounds of flour on the dock waiting to be loaded! "

" But your friend will have to stay in jail! " shouted the clerk.

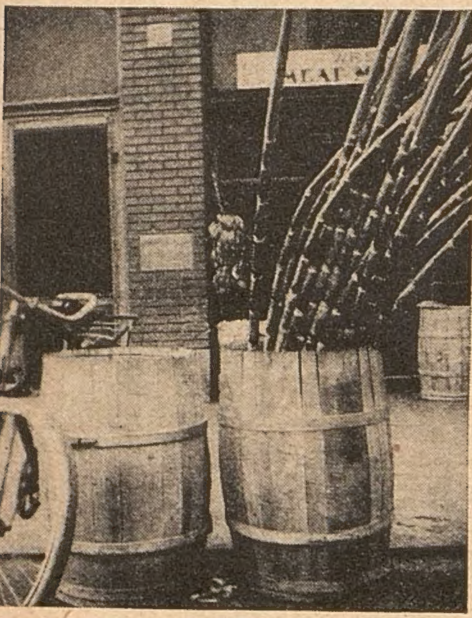
" She'll keep," replied the stevedore. " The flour won't! "

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Mrs. Bess Provisor, suing for a divorce, claimed Harry J. Provisor insisted on wakening their three-year-old baby at 2 A. M. and feeding it pickled herring, bananas, and salami sandwiches.



SIGNS BY THE ROADSIDE

Stop for refreshments in Waycross or any town along U. S. Route No. 1 in Georgia. Have a sugar cane out of the barrel—two for a nickel. Peel off the bark with your pocketknife; chew the juice out; throw the chewed-up splinters in the empty barrel.



MORE SIGNS

This comes from a coffee shop in the Southwest: " We have agreed with the banks that we will not cash any checks if they will not sell any soup."

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER PAINTED BY EDGAR FRANKLIN WITTMACK

" For five months—without a single letdown—I was a Roman girl of sixteen, living amid enchanting surroundings."

THIS FROM A WOMAN OF 78!

" Almost from one moment to another the lead in my veins turned to quicksilver, the heavy masses of cloud in my brain rolled away."

THIS FROM THE WOMAN AT 66!

who, since then, has written seven novels, an autobiography of 578 pages, four or five short stories, more than fifty articles, and has traveled extensively in Europe, Asia, and Africa!

GERTRUDE ATHERTON, Famous Author of BLACK OXEN, the book which electrified the world in 1923, now reveals not only her story of that first famous reactivation, but describes the results of her second experience in 1928, and declares that now she is ready for Number 3! This story, which discusses a much-mooted question with complete frankness, comes to you in Liberty next week, together with

BIVOUAC IN HELL

which brings back to you the thrills of the desert that you enjoyed in Hell Riders and Company of the Damned following the adventures of " Digger " Craven, the Mad Fakir, beautiful Zara, the Armenian secret agent, the mysterious Mme. Olga, who in her tigerish way was infatuated with " Skipper " Armstrong and twice made him her prisoner. And—

MY WIFE LEFT ME TO JOIN FATHER DIVINE

A White Man's Story—of the forces which sway one of religion's newest cults.

Also, stories and articles by Josephine Bentham, Wallace Irwin, Roger Garis, and others.

NEXT WEEK IN **Liberty** ON SALE

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2

FIVE STEPS TO SUCCES

One of these self-help books may be exactly what you need

SECRETARY-STENOGRAPHER'S Deskbook
Charm AND Personality
ATTAIN THEM
home lessons in tap dancing
SO YOU WANT TO WRITE A SONG?
by ROBERT BRUCE
A.B.C. SHORTHAND

The Secretary-Stenographer's Desk Book, by William Allan Brooks, introduction by Andre Maurois—a book that will help you to solve at once hundreds of questions of correct form, usage and sound business practices—points the way to better jobs and better pay by showing you how to raise yourself to the standard of the highly skilled, highly paid secretaries of big business executives. It contains hundreds of personality hints, efficiency suggestions, lists of words often misspelled and confused; how to build a vocabulary; rules for correct capitalization; accurate punctuation; letter writing; sources of useful information; postal information; patents; copyrights; passports; weights and measures; special terminology and information about advertising; publishing, insurance, real estate; what you should know about contracts, correct form in salutation, closing and address of public officials. A fine, big, helpful book. Send for it today. Postpaid **$1.00.**

CHARM AND PERSONALITY—How to Attain Them—By Dr. Edwin F. Bowers, acknowledged authority and writer on psychology, psychiatry, medicine, hygiene and other social subjects, tells you how to develop a powerful, charming personality which is one of the greatest assets any human being can possess—even greater than riches, for riches can be lost never to be recovered. Many men and women possessing personal magnetism in marked degree attain riches, happiness, popularity, power—everything worth striving for in this world. It is they who are most apt to make outstanding successes in their chosen fields whatever they may be—the professions, the stage, radio, movies, politics, business, marriage. No matter what your ambition is, a winning personality will help. 229 pages. 15 chapters bursting with valuable information. Beautifully bound, printed on excellent paper, our special price **$1.00.**

HOME LESSONS IN TAP DANCING—Complete with 58 illustrations. With this excellent course you can learn to tap dance right at home. This system is so clear and simple, that anyone who can read can follow the instructions and start the simpler steps of tap dancing after only a few hours of practice. Tap dancing is not only a wonderful social accomplishment but is invaluable as a health culture and weight reducing exercise. Professionals make big money. The author of this course, Rita Ramsey, is a professional teacher and dancer. She has written her text with extraordinary clearness and with 58 revealing illustrations. Also she indicates the kind of radio, or other music, that is best for the beginner. If you have often wanted to tap dance, here is your opportunity to learn. Well and substantially bound, mailed postpaid for only **$1.00.**

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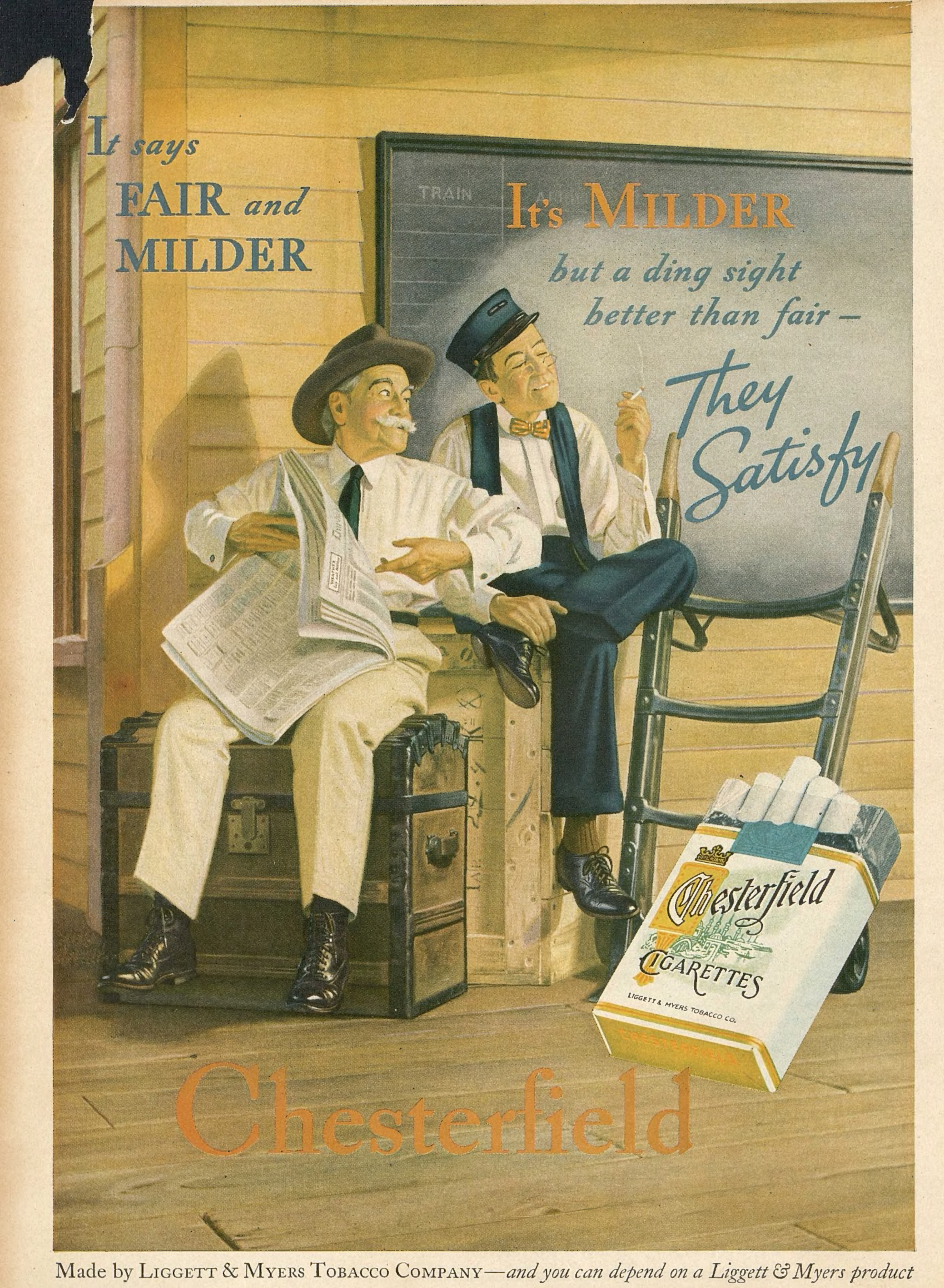
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